SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1890. No. 2.

LIFE AMONG THE CONGO SAVAGES.

By Herbert Ward.

Upoto War Knife.

ABOUT noon on March 12, 1877, Stanley, bronzed, meagre, and with blanched hair, leaning forward in his canoe, and shading his eyes from the fierce tropical sun, gazed upon the vast expanse of water since known as "Stanley Pool." In his flotilla of native canoes he had with him his sole surviving white companion, Frank Pocock, and his gallant band of Wangwanas, natives of Zanzibar. For more than two years and a half they had travelled ever onward, undergoing the keenest privations, frequently escaping only by that happy tact and judgment which are among Stanley's principal characteristics.

It will be forever fresh in our minds how, after circumnavigating the central African lakes, he pushed his way to Nyangwe, where he augmented his forces by engaging some Arabs and their following to accompany him down the Lualaba River for sixty marches. A portion of the caravan floated down the river in canoes, and the remainder forced their way along the banks through the dense and deadly forests, after frightful hardships and large loss of life. The Arabs refused to accompany Mr. Stanley any farther, on account of the ravages which sickness had made among their numbers, and also on account of the extremely hazardous character of the enterprise, in which they had but little faith.

Stanley, undaunted by this desertion, and accompanied by his sole remaining white man (the plucky young Englishman Frank Pocock), and his faithful but discontented handful of Wangwana followers, determined to push on at all hazards in canoes. They embarked near the Seventh Cataract, since popularly known as Stanley Falls. Very soon they encountered serious hostility from the natives. At the mouth of the Aruimi River thousands of savages came out in their enormous war-canoes to attack him, crying, "Nyama! nyama!" (Meat, meat), for in these regions the people are cannibals, and the significance of their cry was obvious.

By dint of hard fighting, indefatigable energy, combined with masterly diplomacy, he forced his way down the Congo River to the Atlantic Ocean, thus clearly solving the course and connection of the Lualaba with the Congo. There is, even to this date, no more thrilling book of travel than Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," in which the great explorer has narrated to the world the interesting record of this memorable expedition.

When Stanley reached Europe, the keenest public interest was directed toward this vast country, never before visited by a white man, and His Majesty King Leopold II. of Belgium commissioned Stanley to return again to the Congo country, and post stations at the most advantageous points, in order that

Copyright, 1890, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these benighted savages in the heart of Africa might receive the benefits of civilization. For four years Stanley trav-

Type of Bangala.
(Drawn by the author.)

elled about the country negotiating treaties for concessions of territory with the native chiefs, which were to form the basis of the creation of the Congo Free State.

It was while transporting his boats and small steam-launches through the cataract region of the Congo, in order to put them together on Stanley Pool for the navigation of the Upper Congo, that Stanley was christened by the natives Bula Matadi (The Stone-breaker), from his having blasted rocks which obstructed his road. The name Bula Matadi is uttered with respect and awe by the almost numberless inhabitants to the utmost limits of the Congo Free State.

In the beginning of 1884 I reached England, suffering from malarial fever contracted while travelling in the far interior of North Borneo. As I regained my health my desire to travel in new countries revived, for the fascination of being the first white man to view a new country—to be the first white to visit strange savage tribes, who live in far-away wilds, which have hitherto proved inaccessible to civilization—was at that time strong within me. I could not do better than to become connected with an enterprise such as Mr. Stanley's; consequently, upon receiving an appointment from Brussels, through Mr. Stanley's influence, I proceeded in 1884 to the Congo.

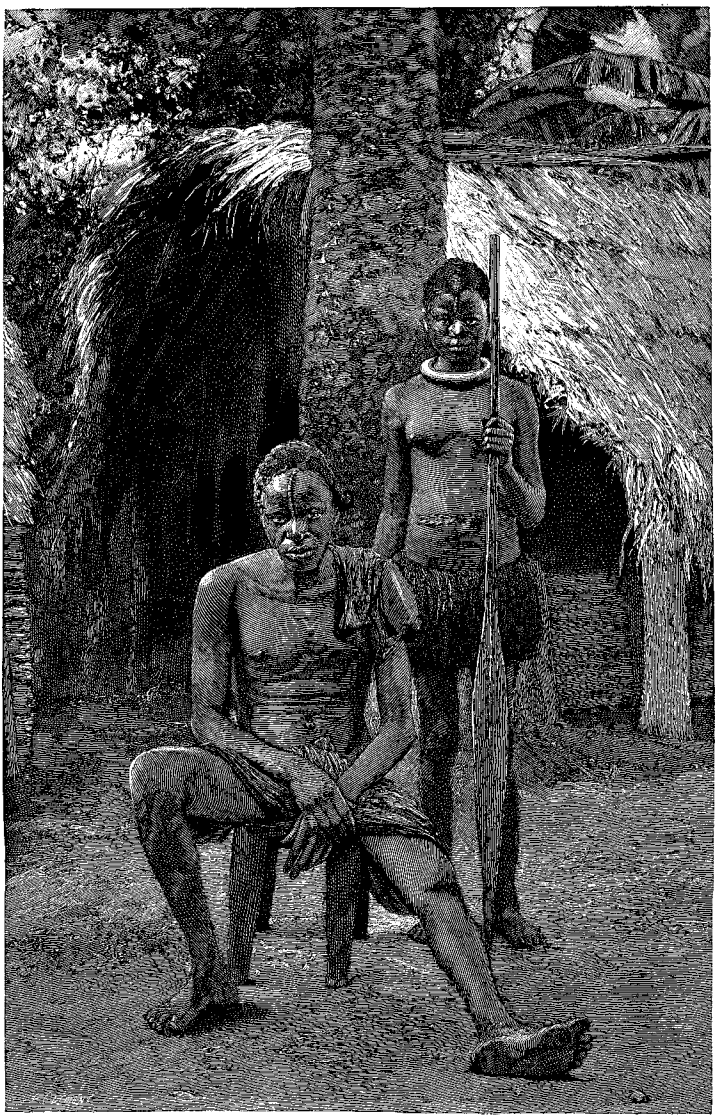
Landing at the mouth of the Congo River, and embarking on a small steam-launch, we steamed an entire day past mangrove swamps, until we reached Boma, now the seat and the principal depot of the Government of the Congo Free State. Here are now several large factories belonging to French, Dutch, Portuguese, and English trading companies, who exchange Manchester and Birmingham goods for native produce.

From Boma, steaming another entire day, we reached Vivi, a station established by Mr. Stanley at the farthest point of navigation. Vivi Station was at that time the base of administration. There were here about fifteen white men of different nationalities, living in houses made, some of planks, others of mud and grass, and a few, of higher pretensions, were roofed with corrugated iron. After remaining in Vivi for a few days, in order to receive my instructions, and to prepare my loads for the overland march into the interior, I started with native carriers of the Bakongo tribe. For four days I marched on the north bank of the Congo, over rugged hills, through dense patches of forest, ever and anon catching glimpses of the Cataracts of the Congo River, eddying and whirling among enormous rocks and cliffs; while on the south side most picturesque glimpses of the far country beyond were plainly visible. It was the rainy season. Wet weather, deep muddy swamps, long grass, and mosquitoes, were prominent features of this journey.

At Isanghila a station had been established as a depot for the boat service between Isanghila and Manyanga, a stretch of wild, swift water, navigable only with great caution and local knowledge. The natives are lazy and indolent. The influence of trade-rum here has its demoralizing effect; their only ambition seems to be to scrape together a few ground-nuts and palm-kernels, which they carry to the European traders at Boma, to sell for trade-rum, a fiery, spirituous poison prepared in Europe solely for the African trade.

The Bakongo of this region are intensely superstitious. For instance, one of their superstitions is the belief that certain individuals are in league with the elements. Upon one occasion the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Bangala Native and his Wife.

missionaries desired to build a little iron church on the summit of a hill, near the mouth of the Congo. The natives, however, indignantly refused to allow them. Bribes and persuasions were of no avail, but eventually they explained to the missionaries the reason of their objections. They said, "If you build a great, ugly house of iron like that, we shall have no rain. Never has such a house as that been in this country. Such a thing would surely frighten away the rain." Even to this day, in certain parts of the lower Congo, when there is a drought, they attribute it to the white man, "For," they say, "before the white men came these things always went on regularly. Our dry season was so many days, and our rainy season lasted so many days, but now the elements are demoralized. It was very weak of us to let the white men pass into the country." They have a playful little habit, also, of kidnapping people, and keeping them bound, hand and foot, close prisoners, until the rain comes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Women are, of course, the cause of the majority of the native wars. But the eccentricities of the elements are the cause of a great deal of trouble and bloodshed. One chief will threaten a neighboring chief, in a moment of anger, that he will tie up the rain. Consequently, should the rain be late, the reason is attributed to the threat of this chief, and bloodshed follows.

Type of Bopoto.
(Drawn by the author.)

Manyanga has a commanding position on the north bank of the Congo, being built on the crest of a hill, about eighty miles from Isanghila. But it has proved fatal to the health of white men. The rows of rough stone-heap graves at the foot of the hill tell their own sad tale. It might be reasonably supposed that a site so high above the sea-level would be sufficiently elevated to escape the malarial fogs; but the contrary is found to be the case, as at the station on the opposite side of the river, situated on a sand-bank just above the river-level, there is hardly any sickness. Hilly sites are constantly undergoing changes of temperature; after the blazing heat of the tropical sun comes a cold withering wind, which too frequently is the forerunner of chills which prove so fatal in that country; whereas the low-lying and sheltered situations are not subject to such sudden changes.

From Manyanga to Stanley Pool, a distance of about seventy miles, the country becomes more park-like, with long plateaus and picturesque landscapes. It is a remarkable feature that this portion of the country should be utterly devoid of game. It is, doubtless, on account of the nature of the soil. From the coast to this point the inhabitants are Bakongo, whose language is soft and rich in expression, and is rendered particularly harmonious by its alliterative concord. Stanley Pool marks the commencement of the Bateke tribe, whose language is of a monosyllabic order, and they have a peculiar sing-song mode of speaking. They are traders, acting as middle-men in the ivory trade between the Babangis of the upper Congo, who come down in their large canoes with tusks of ivory, and the Bakongos, who dispose of the ivory to the European traders on the coast. The Batekes are indolent, cunning, and utterly devoid of the elements of civilization.

Leaving Stanley Pool, the scenery up to Kwamouth is remarkably picturesque, being thickly wooded country, with bald patches on the summits of the hills, the action of the rain having washed down the rich soil. One is immediately impressed by the superiority of this country, when compared with that lying between here and the coast. There the hills are more abrupt, more rocky and arid, especially after the grass fires, which occur at the end of each dry season. The first village of importance after leaving Stanley Pool is situated on the south bank. Mr. Stanley established a small post here, in 1882, leaving in command Lieutenant Jannsen, who was known to the natives as Nsusu Mpembe (White Fowl). He was unfortunately drowned in the autumn of 1883, while crossing the river, his canoe being capsized in a tornado.

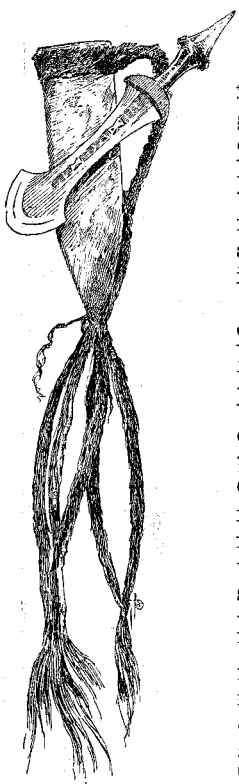
The country now becomes more cultivated, and one catches passing glimpses of little villages snugly stowed away in the dense forests which fringe the river. The undulating country at the back is here and there cultivated with patches of cassava, planted in rows. It is here that the Kasai River empties itself into the Congo. There is a marked contrast in the color of the waters, the Kasai being of a thick clayey color, while the Congo is black and muddy. Captain Wissman, the German traveller, was the first to explore the course of this great Kasai River. Previous to his descent, in 1885, its course was purely a matter of conjecture. At the time of his arrival there was a State station at its confluence with the Congo. Wissman had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Village Scene at Bangala.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been travelling down the Kasai River for many months in canoes. Upon reaching the Congo he could hardly realize where he was, and his anxiety got so much the better of him that, before he had time to get his canoes properly beached, he had plunged into the water, and wading ashore eagerly asked, "What river is this?"



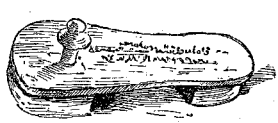
Knife and Sheath, Kassongo, Central Africa.

Since that time other expeditions have ascended the Kasai and its tributaries, and its whole course is now known to the world. The Congo State has now a post at the far-away headquarters of this river, and for many years past Portuguese adventurers have been in the habit of visiting these districts, engaged in the slave and ivory trade. They are even to this day carrying on their nefarious traffic.

The next village of importance on the Congo is Chumbiri. Palm-trees abound, planted in avenues, and under their friendly shade are the huts of the natives, built in streets and open squares. These palm-forests, combined with graceful banana-trees of different hues, and occasional fan and borassus palms, form a beautiful picture in the strong, tropical sunlight. Kwamouth is the division of the Batekes and Babangi tribes. The Babangi are a much more enterprising tribe, and of a more open disposition than the indolent, avaricious Bateke. There is a great variety of food in this village—pumpkins, sweet potatoes, egg-fruit, bananas, plantains, palm-nuts, palm-wine, maize, peanuts, manioc; also many plants used by the natives as vegetables, most of them resembling spinach in flavor. Portions of old canoes turned upside down, and placed at right angles, with a grass roof over them, form seats and are used for native palavers, palm-wine drinking, and general places of assembly.

The chief, "Ibinda," is an old man, generally to be seen lying back upon a log, smoking a long Bateke pipe, with a bent metal stem, the bowl resting on the ground; his son, a bright-eyed, mischievous boy of about ten years, sitting beside him. The old chief's face is generally adorned with paint and with white chalk on his eyelids, and yellow and red stripes and spots down his arms and on his breast; his mustache is shaved from the upper lip, with the exception of two ends over the corner of the mouth, standing out like bristles; his beard is plaited into a string about six inches long; and hanging over him from a bough of the beautiful, soft-leaved, shady tree under which he reclines, is his staff of state, an old spear, ornamented with strips of wild-cat skin, and the knob covered with some yellow stuff resembling the bread-crumbs on a fish-ball.

During the founding of the Congo State it was decided to establish a station at Bolobo, on account of the vast population. But it was not until 1883 that a white man was found competent to deal with the natives. Twice the station had been burnt down, and several fights had occurred, when Lieutenant Liebrechts, a Belgian artillery officer, was placed in command and established order. At Bolobo the natives have great trading interests, and act as middlemen between the up-country ivory traders and the Bateke of Stanley Pool. There are, here, two separate tribes, the Bayansi and the Bamoé. The Bayansi of Bolobo are essentially traders, but the Bamoé cultivate on an extensive scale and are great fishermen. There is an abundance of fish, from small white-bait to fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds; and the natives have various modes of fishing.



Tippo Tib's Sandal, with his compliments to Herbert Ward.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hamad ben Mohammed—"Tippo Tib."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For instance, in order to catch the fish that frequent the shallow parts around the sand-banks they use lengths of cane trellis about six feet high. They approach stealthily by night, as a rule, and surround a large portion of the shallow water by means of the cane-work, so that no fish can escape. They then contract their circular wall until the circumference is small enough to admit of their using their barbed spears.

Cannibal Trophy at Upoto. (Drawn by the author.)

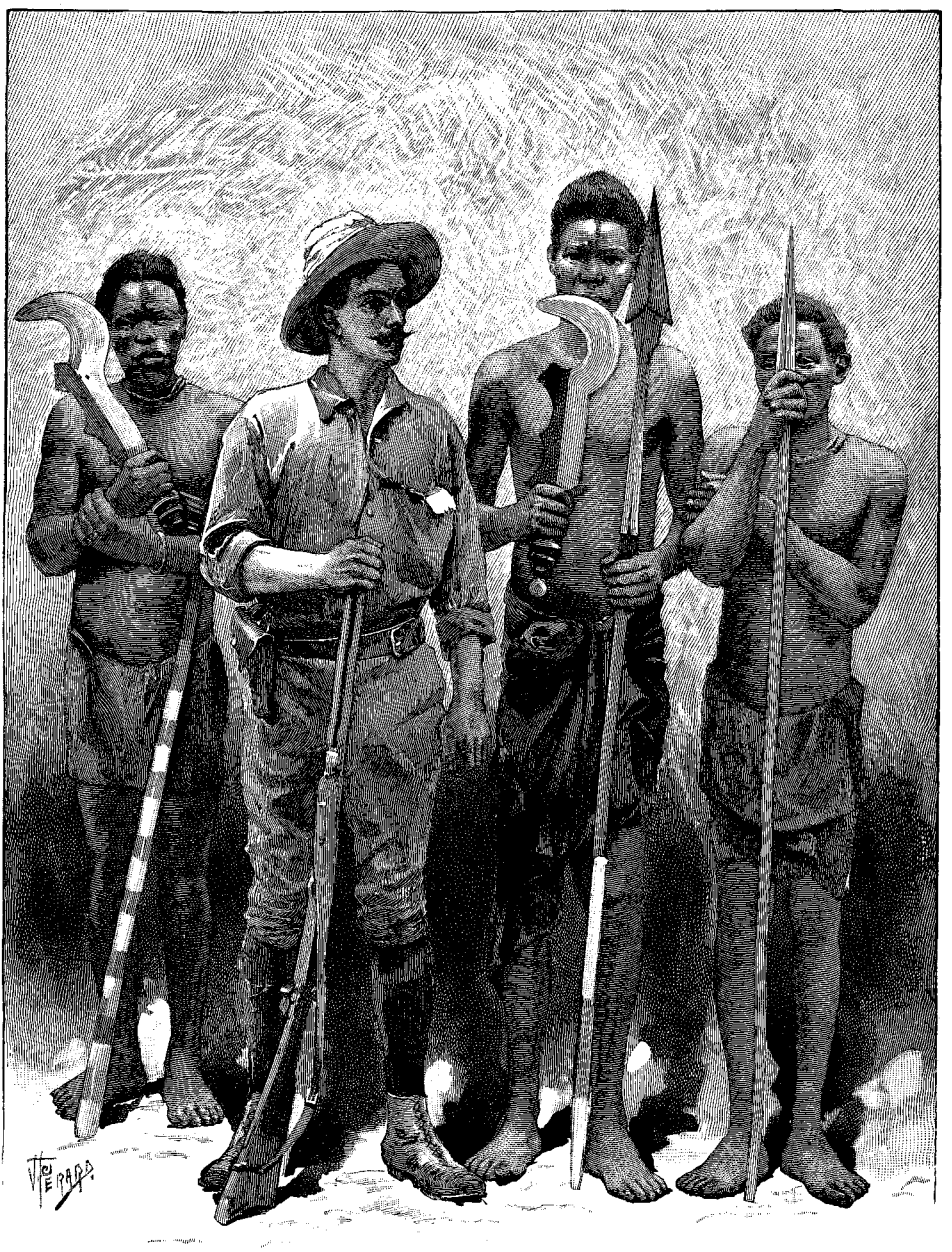
To the fish who are inclined to bask in sluggish water the natives are accommodating. They arrange a stockade projecting into the current about twenty yards, at right angles to the river bank. Upon this they attach small bushes, the whole forming a breakwater, in the lee of which the indolent fish can resort, sheltered from the current. In the most advantageous position are placed artfully contrived traps, made on the principle of our lobster pots, and baited with manioc root. They are well acquainted with the art of curing fish. Upon a platform, built about two feet from the ground, across which are laid small sticks, the fresh fish are arranged, and then thoroughly dried and smoked by means of a fire placed underneath. During the hot, dry weather they are able to cure fish in the sun, but the climate being generally damp, this process is only occasionally practicable. A great trade results, in the exchange of fish for vegetable food, between the natives who reside on the river banks and the inland tribes. In the district of Bolobo is to be found everything that this portion of central Africa produces —large plantations of maize, peanut, sugar-cane, plenty of goats, fowl, ducks, and sheep ; and the surrounding forests and plains harbor numberless herds of elephants and buffalo. In the plantations are always to be found guinea-fowl, red-legged partridges, and wild-duck in abundance.

It was in a large plain, just below the village of Bolobo, that my friend and companion, E. J. Glave, once had a very narrow escape from a charging buffalo. He had come upon a large herd, consisting of about two hundred buffalo, but unfortunately only managed to wound a bull in the shoulder. The remainder of the herd stampeded off, but the wounded animal trotted into a neighboring patch of scrub. As Glave approached, the infuriated brute rushed into the open and stood dazed for an instant, then, with neck extended, he stuck back his ears, stamped with his foot, and sniffing the air and with an ominous twitch of his tail charged straight for Glave, who was about fifty yards off. Glave was armed with a Martini rifle, and at the pace the wounded buffalo was charging he had to depend on the one shot. Waiting coolly until the brute had approached within a few feet of him, his head close to the ground, bellowing with rage, Glave raised his rifle and shot the infuriated animal in the heart. So sudden was the shock and so great the impulse that the brute turned a complete somersault, and Glave had only time to jump aside to avoid being crushed. The two Zanzibaris who accompanied him remained in the background, and as they realized the danger keenly when they saw the dead buffalo, they uttered fervently the Mohammedan prayer, "Hem'd Il Allah!"

While stalking the herd, Glave had given a native his helmet to carry, but in the excitement the native had ran off into a neighboring bush, where he was safely perched in a high tree. So thoroughly scared was he by the charging buffalo that he could not be persuaded to come down with the hat. They shouted to him that the danger was past, but he would not believe it. At last another man had to go up the tree and bring down the helmet. In consequence of the exposure without a hat, Glave was attacked with a very severe fever. That night he became delirious, and it required the united efforts of his blacks to control him.

A station was established at Lukolela in 1883 by Mr. Stanley, and left in charge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Herbert Ward and Followers, at Bangala, Central Africa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of my friend Glave. It is an important post, from its strategic position, as here the Congo narrows very considerably, so that everything that passes up and down the river at this point can be clearly seen. It is situated in a dense forest, probably the thickest in the whole country, and which contains a great variety of timber. The natives are a peaceable and good-natured people. Lukolela is also the centre of a large game district, many species being found in that vicinity.

Type of Aruimi Native.
(Drawn by the author.)

In the country at the back of Lukolela there are some powerful but peaceable tribes, at the head of whom is a chief who has rather a unique superstition, which is that he must not see the river Congo. He is now an old man, close on to seventy years; but neither himself nor his father before him has ever seen the river. He has the impression that the day he sees the river will decide the date of his funeral. He will go down within a few miles of it, but never runs the slightest risk of catching a glimpse. Among these peoples there is a custom that a big chief in a district, on having proved to the satisfaction of the assembled chiefs that he is the wealthiest, and, physically speaking, the strongest, is invested with the order of the Tall Hat. This resembles very much the stove-pipe hat of civilized life, only with the brim at the top, and is made of plaited fibre.

Nearly opposite Lukolela Station is situated the mouth of the Alima, a river very important in connection with De Brazza's enterprise, as this water-way completes his transport service through the French Congo territory. The head-quarters of the French Congo possessions are at Gaboon, situated on the southwest coast of Africa, one degree south. They convey their transports up the river Oguwe, the mouth of which is at Gaboon. The French ascend this river to the limit of its navigable waters, when they march overland for seven or eight days, and again embarking at the head-waters of the Alima enter the Congo near Lukolela. This is a very dangerous route, on account of the many rapids and the rocky nature of the water-way.

Many of the villages on the upper Congo consist merely of fifty to sixty log-huts, two-thirds of the population being generally women. In many districts women are considered as currency, their value increasing as they attain a greater degree of corpulency. Each woman has as many metal ornaments as she can wear, some composed of iron, others brass and copper. These metals are the money of the country, so that the more a woman can heap upon herself the greater becomes her value. Each chief has as many wives as he can afford to buy or marry, which is only another form of purchase. Early in the morning few of these women are to be found in the villages, as they start off at daybreak to work in their plantations, and do not return until about noon. However, a few always have to remain to attend to the necessary domestic items of life, such as cooking and their toilet. These central Africans are very particular in all items in connection with their toilet, which consists of plaiting their hair, shaving off the eyebrows, pulling out the eyelashes, cutting their nails right down to the quick, and besmearing their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and camwood.

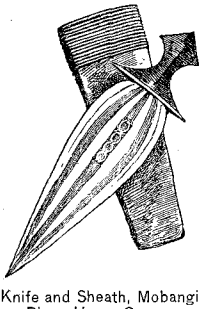
In another part of the village are seen some of the villagers engaged in making fishing nets and basket-work, and being helped by the young boys of the village, who become initiated into these crafts at a very early age. Again, under some shady tree, in another corner of the village, some natives will be engaged in the manufacture of pottery. In this they display a great knowledge of their work, mixing the different clays so as to stand firing. They have no moulds—nothing but the practised eye and hand to assist them, and it is really wonderful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to see a lump of clay, in the hands of an African savage, moulded, in the space of a few minutes, into a useful article of pottery, rendered really artistic by its neatness and tasteful design.

Balolo Type.
(Drawn by the author.)

A busy nook in a village is always the blacksmith's shop, generally merely a grass roof supported on bare poles. Like the corresponding institution of civilized life, it is the resort of local gossipers. In the centre are the rough bellows, composed of wood and skin. The smelting of the ore is done by means of charcoal fires made in ant-hills. As a rule, the whole kit of the blacksmith's tools includes three or four different kinds of hammers, resembling doctors' pestles —some pointed, some flat, and others square. For an anvil, a block of iron about four inches square, and some native cups, made of special clay, for melting metals. The rough iron ore, as provided by nature to man, enters this rough African savage's hands, and leaves it either in the shape of a knife, arrow-head, or spear, so deftly and artistically worked as to be universally admired. Long practice has given them a very wide knowledge of the nature of metals, and they know exactly how to temper them. A good deal of brass passes through the hands of the village blacksmith, because for means of intertribal trade the brass anklet is in great demand. This metal is introduced into Africa by the white traders, who have penetrated into that country. Before the natives can use this metal they must render it malleable. To effect this they melt into it native lead. One strange thing about all their work is that they make no measurements. They rely solely upon their eye and hand, and a glance at a collection of central African weapons shows that they are very seldom deceived. Some of the more intelligent have even found out the simple points in the mechanism of a gun. It must always be borne in mind that these people are totally unassisted by the benefits such as the white mechanic has in his aid. The native must commence from the very bottom of the tree. He has the iron in the rough, and every tool he needs he must make himself. It is so that they have been compelled to have such a wide grasp of their industries.



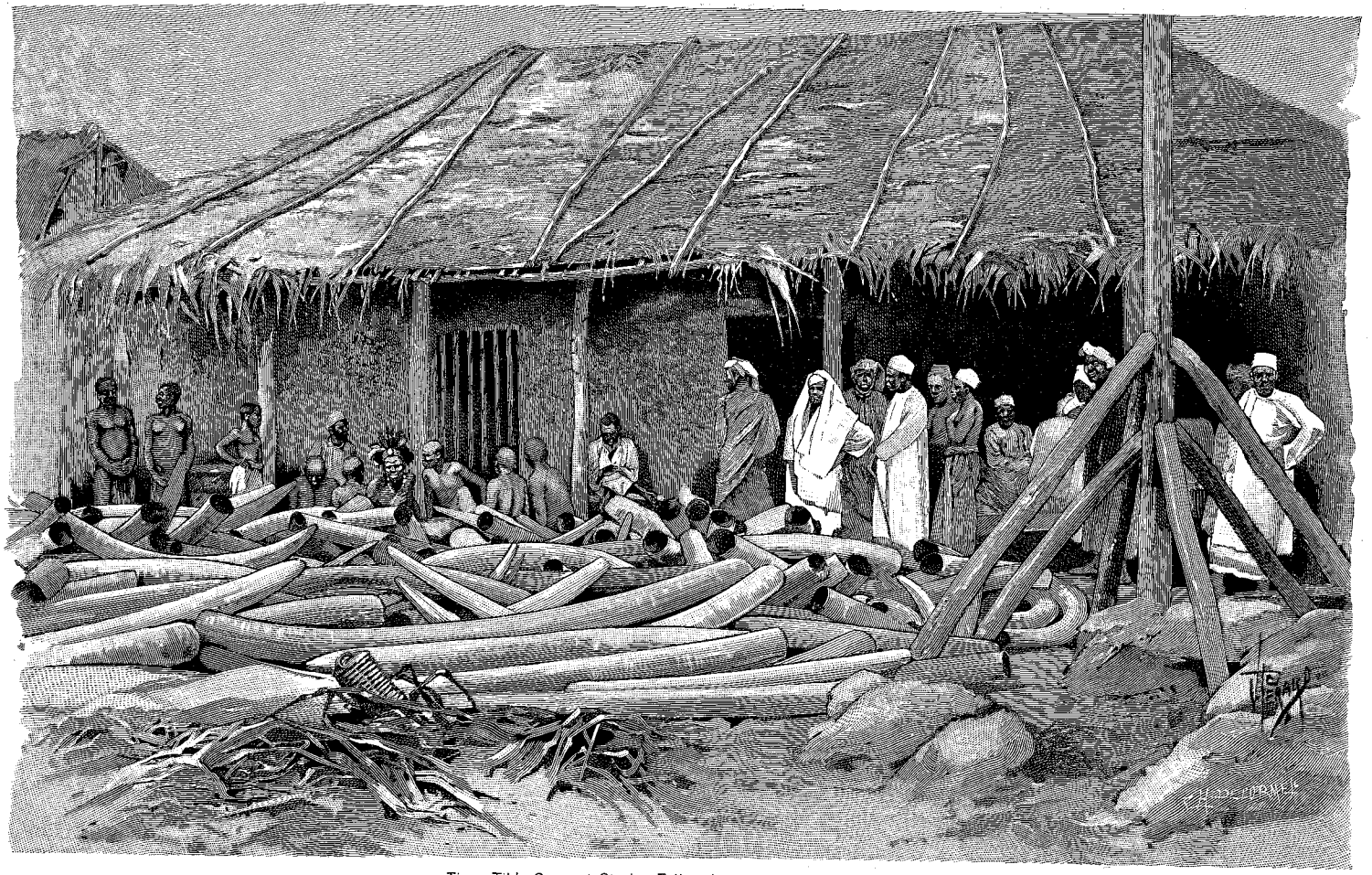
Knife and Sheath, Mobangi River, Upper Congo.

Some of the villagers are occupied in catering for the thirsty nature which seems to belong to mankind, whether black or white, and which must, at times, be satisfied by something stronger than water. This is provided by pounding up sugar-cane, and, having obtained the juice, allowing it to ferment a day or two, when one of their favorite beverages is formed. The young people of a native village are always in high spirits, amusing themselves by games, mimic warfare, and bird-trapping and hunting on a miniature scale; but it is not all play with them. Their parents or masters compel them to take part in work in which they themselves may be engaged. It is a mistake to imagine that these people are incorrigibly indolent when we come to consider the enormous amount of time and patience they bestow upon all their industries. In the morning, when people are at work, a native village strikes one as a very busy place indeed.

Idols of Lower Congo.

The next important districts, about fifty miles up river, are Busindi and Irebu, which are thickly populated by native traders. They are middle-men, taking the produce—of ivory, camwood, and slaves—down to the lower river markets of Bolobo and Stanley Pool. There is an arrangement between the Busindi and Irebu to the following effect: Busindi has very large plantations of its own, and is situated altogether in an agricultural district, being surrounded by the large inland villages of Lusa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tippo Tib's Camp at Stanley Falls, with an accumulation of ivory.

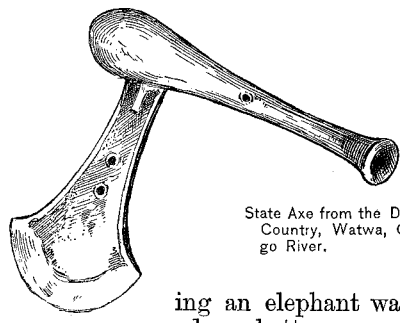
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kani, a very powerful tribe, who at times wage war on the surrounding, but small, villages and thoroughly clear them out. Irebu does not practise agriculture, but has an extensive industry in native pottery, as they have in their territory suitable clay. They do not engage in agriculture, and the Busindi people do not make pots, so that an extensive exchange is always taking place between the Busindi and Irebu—pots against agricultural products. Just above Irebu is Lake Mantumba, which, in conjunction with Lake Leopold, forms a sort of channel between the river Kasai and the main river Congo, rendering the land enclosed by them geographically an island.

Large herds of elephants are to be found almost throughout the whole territory of the Congo Free State. Away in the deadly swamps and impenetrable forests of this portion of central Africa they are secure from hunters of any kind. They frequently devastate the plantations of an entire district, and they seem to be instinctively aware of the comparatively inoffensive weapons of the natives. The thundering noise of a herd of elephants stampeding through the forest is indescribable. The shrillness of their screaming and trumpeting, and the crashing of trees as they plough their way through the dense, matted undergrowth, is an experience never to be forgotten. As a rule, elephants do not lie down to rest. They stand in a dreamy kind of way, swaying their great bodies backward and forward, and making a peculiar gurgling sound in the throat. Occasionally baby elephants will skip playfully about like young lambs, being rebuked with a push from the trunk of an old tusker. The elephant's lack of eyesight is amply compensated for by its acute powers of scent and hearing.

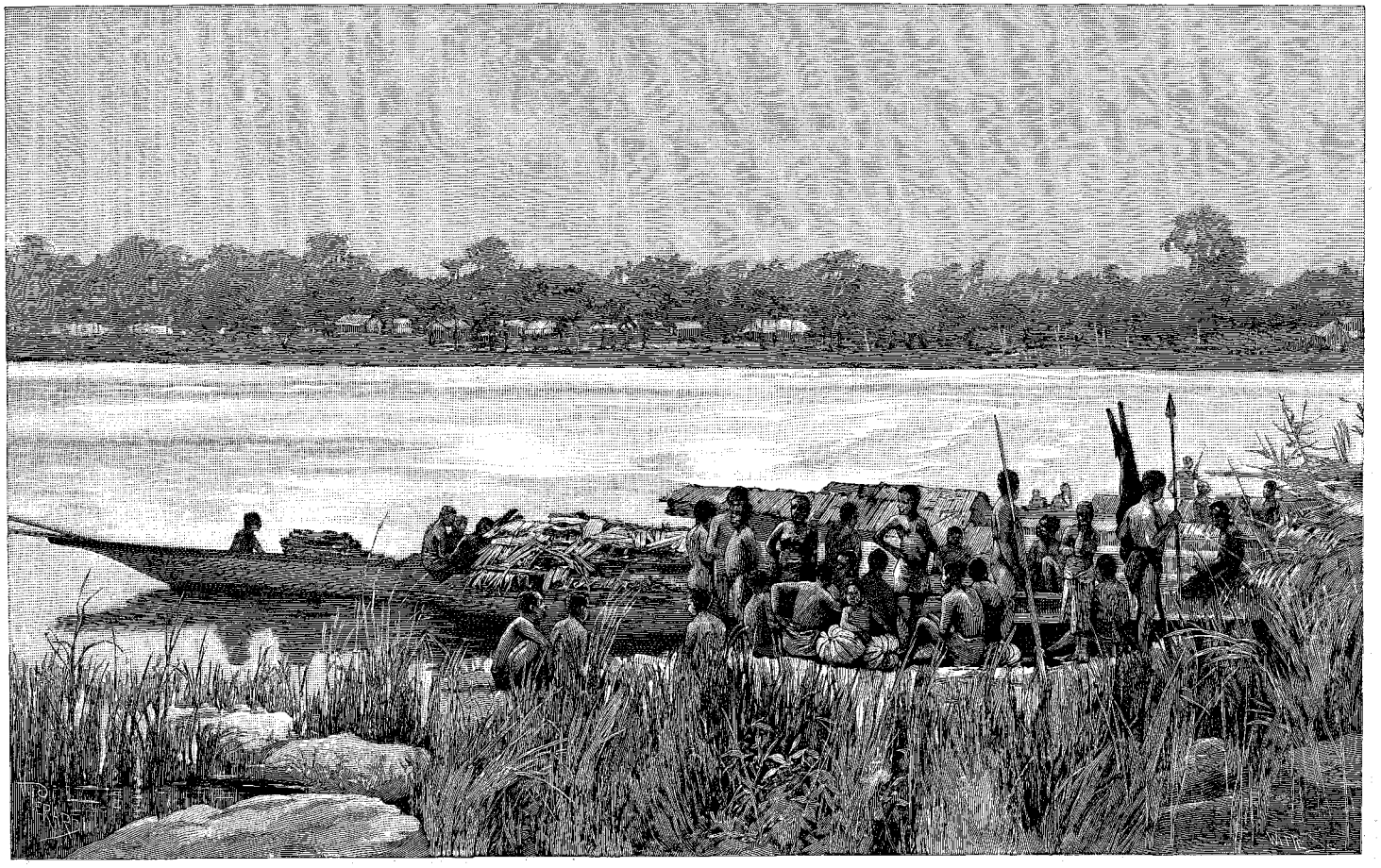
The next place of importance is the district of Bukute, commonly known from the geographical position as the Equator Station. Its site is one of Mr. Stanley's most happy selection, being situated in the centre of an important river-system and in the midst of several tribes. Here are found the Babangi and Bankundu. The Bankundu are the rightful possessors of the country, the Babangi being immigrants who have settled there for the purpose of trading. The formation of the land is low. Indeed, the only portions of the land which are dry at high water are thickly populated. The most important tribe in this district is the Monsolé, who acknowledge but one chief, Euelu. E. J. Glave, who is frequently mentioned in Mr. Stanley's last great work, "The Founding of the Congo State," was the first white man to visit these people and to be a blood brother of Euelu. This chief is short, with strongly knit limbs, and with strong lines of determination in his savage face. He has attained his position simply by his prowess as a warrior. Over his left eye he has the deep scar of an arrow-wound, while all parts of his body are more or less marked from spear and knife wounds.

Close by, Glave discovered a settlement of Barumbe, a tribe of nomadic hunters, until then entirely unknown by white men. Formerly they were in the habit of going about from place to place, staying only a few days to hunt the wild pig and other small animals. Their sole arm was the bow and arrow, with which they were very expert. They were timid, and of a lower class than the ordinary equator Bankundu, and were content to admit their own inferiority. Intermarriage with the Bankundu was not permitted, so much lower were they considered. He found these people to be most keen sportsmen, and when tracking an elephant wanted no better companion than a Barumbe hunter. Euelu was intelligent enough to see that it was to his advantage to have such people about him; so while they were on one of their expeditions in his country he prevailed on them to give up their no-



State Axe from the Dwarf Country, Watwa, Congo River.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Scene at Stanley Falls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

madic life and settle down near the Monsolé. With regard to the river people at the Equator, they cannot be passed without paying a tribute to the Bankundu for their pluck and faithfulness.

There are three large rivers, besides the several small ones, which enter the Congo within a radius of ten miles of the Equator Station: first the Oubangi, which enters on the opposite right bank of the Congo—a river possessing four hundred miles of navigable water before coming to rapids. Its banks, as a rule, are dense forest, with the most luxuriant vegetation — immense trees with foliage of varied tints, draped from the topmost bough with brilliant-flowered creepers, and vines hanging in festoons down to the water's edge, forming at times most gorgeous pictures, animated by the gay chattering of numerous species of monkeys, and at times impressing you with an awful silence, broken only by the weird calling, and its accompanying echo, of some strange bird. These forests literally swarm with herds of elephants. Here and there are some large grass plains, the home of the buffalo, antelope, and smaller animals. The natives of the lower reaches are Balui, a branch of the Bangala. They are well-known pirates and cannibals, and are men of fine physique, and are brave when fighting among themselves. This river is identical, no doubt, with Schweinfurth's Ouelle, as the weapons, utensils, and general habits of these people are the same. In some places are to be seen bunches of twenty or thirty skulls hung up together; at other places the skulls would be arranged around a mound; then again they are frequently arranged on a small platform around the house. These are skulls of cannibal victims. Asking a young chief, "Do you eat human flesh?" "I should think so," said he in his own language; "don't you?" These people fight among themselves simply to provide meat, and accordingly have to be always on the alert, as they may be in the midst of their family circles this morning, and form a savory dish for their enemies at mid-day.

The way they fortify their villages shows that they are of no mean intelligence. Around nearly every village there is found a heavy stockade, twelve feet high, made of poles four inches in diameter, being of different lengths so as to form a ragged and uneven top. These poles are sharpened and lashed together horizontally by cross-sticks, forming a most effective and solid barricade. Then, lashed along at every four or five yards of the stockade are bunches of twelve and fifteen lances, made of wood sharpened at the end and burnt to harden them. These are always kept in readiness for an attack, which may happen at any moment, and without the slightest warning. Besides this, they dig a deep dike around their villages, and leave only one small stick across it as a drawbridge. At night and in time of war this drawbridge is drawn in, rendering the village almost impregnable, so that these people do most of their fighting on the water. They are clever fishermen, and display great ingenuity in making nets and fishing-traps of all descriptions. Their food consists of banana and fish, and at some places a little maize. This river is actually a miniature of the Congo; in some places broadening out to a width of five miles. At low water it is full of sand-banks, whilst at others it is penned up in a space of one-half mile, at which points are found, as a rule, dangerous banks of rocks, forming whirlpools and rendering navigation very dangerous.

Another of the important rivers is the Ruki. This is situated two miles above the Equator Station, and flows from a southeasterly direction. It is peopled by the most hostile natives, whose fierceness is only equalled by their arrogance. They are a branch of the Bankundu, and so fierce are they that the neighboring tribes dare not enter their country, except in very strong force, and then only a distance of a few miles. Their only weapon is the bow and arrow, some tipped with iron, and others of reed smeared with a deadly poison.

The burial ceremonies among the Congo people vary according to the habits of the different tribes, and the following particulars apply only to the burial of natives of importance, as slaves throughout the whole continent are of but little consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the lower reaches of the Congo, between the coast and Stanley Pool, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, upon the death of a native the body is cleaned and then tightly wrapped round with nearly all the clothes left by the deceased, sometimes forming a bundle eight feet long by five feet in diameter, in shape very much resembling a huge skittle. The corpse is then laid on a platform built for the purpose, under which fires are laid, so that the whole becomes thoroughly smoked. During this operation the natives are engaged in firing off guns and mourning. It is needless to remark, knowing the native character, that very few tears are shed in sympathy.

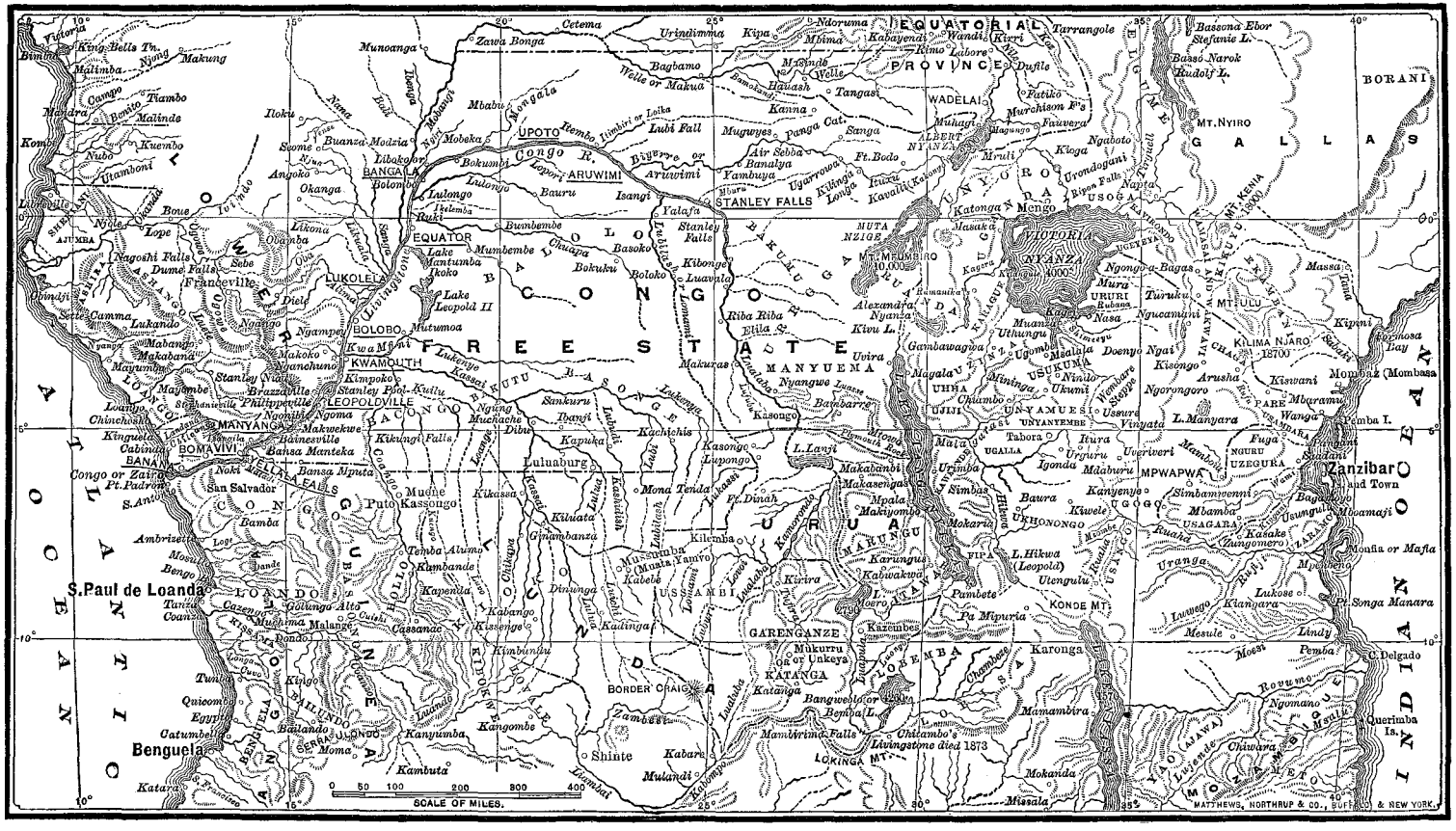
From Stanley Pool up to Kwamouth we find very much the same type of natives; therefore their customs, with very little variation, are similar; but above Kwamouth the notions of the Babangi are entirely different. Upon the death of anybody of importance in the Babangi tribe the body is at first placed in a sitting posture, and having been covered with different-colored chalks the hair is then arranged, and the lower part of the body is draped around with cloth. Just before burial the corpse is carried through the village, amid the mournful wailings of the women and the merry dancing of the young people. During the whole time the death-guns are continually heard. The body is now lowered into the grave dug out for the purpose, and then the executions take place. All these people believe in the existence of a future world. A chief thinks that after death, in order to retain his position, he will require as many men and women as attendants, as he has been accustomed to in this world. So upon his death a human sacrifice takes place, the number of victims depending upon his wealth and general prestige. For instance, a chief dies, leaving behind him twenty male slaves and twelve female slaves; eight or nine of the former will be beheaded, and four or five of the latter will be strangled, so that their spirits may attend him in the next world.

If there are eight victims, four will provide amusement for one day, and four the next; but, as a rule, the entire number of intended victims are ranged out on view during the whole ceremony to witness their fellow-creatures' decapitation, and to have the awful, lingering experience of seeing their own doom gradually approaching. The victim is placed on a block of wood, with his legs stretched out stiff in front of him. Beside each ankle a small stake is driven firmly into the ground, the same at the knees and at the sides, running up under the arm-pits. These are then firmly bound together by cords, securing the body rigidly in its position. His head is then placed in a kind of cage formed by a ring of cane fastened round the neck with numerous strings attached to it which are drawn up over the head and tied together in a loop. A pliant young sapling is now stuck in the ground about twelve feet from the victim and bent over toward him until the extreme end is caught in the loop, and all the strings round the ring are drawn taut and the neck stretched stiff by the strain.

The executioner then makes his appearance, escorted by the young men and women of the village, each holding over him a palm-leaf, forming a kind of canopy. On reaching the victim they fall back and leave him there alone. He wears a cap formed of large black cocks' tails; his face is blackened with charcoal down to the neck; his hands and arms are also blackened up to the elbows, and the same with his legs down to the knees. Around his loins he wears several wild-cat skins. Standing in front of his victim, he makes at first two or three feints with his knife, to get a proper swing. Then, deliberately bending down and taking a piece of chalk, put there for the purpose, he draws a thin line around the neck, and putting a little fine sand on his hand so as to get a good grip, with one quick blow with his knife, severs the head from the trunk. Until just before the execution the whole village is wild in expectation of the event. Groups of dancers are to be seen, drummers at work, and every kind of musical instrument to add to the tumult. The head, after being severed, is jerked up in the air by the released tension of the pole.

Then, upon the sight of the blood,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


EQUATORIAL PROVINCE
BORANI
GALLAS
MT. NYIRO
MT. KENIA 18000
MT. KILIMA NJARO 18700
MT. RUWENZORI 16000
MT. MEMBEIRO 10,000
MT. UCU
NYANZA 4000
VICTORIA NYANZA
ALBERT NYANZA
STANLEY FALLS
BANGALA
UPOTO
ARUWIMI
LUKOLELA
BOLOBO
EQUATOR
KWAMOUTH
LEOPOLDVILLE
MANYANGA
BOMAVIVI
Luluaburg
Mputo Kassongo
Kassongo
Nyangwe
Kasongo
Kabambare
Mpala
Makiyombo
Mokarii
Kilemba
Mukurru or Ukeya
KATANGA
GARENGANZE
Kazembes
Pambete
Karonga
KONDE MTS
Benguela
S.Paul de Loanda
San Salvador
Shinte
Kabare
Mulandi
Kambuta
Kanyimba
Kangombe
Bihe
Bangwelo or Bemba L.
Mamburima Falls
Chitambo's
Livingstone died 1873
Mokanda
Missala
Zanzibar and Town
Mombaz (Mombasa)
Pemba I.
C. Delgado
Querimba Is.
Monfia or Mafia
Pt. Songa Manara
Lindy
Mesule
Lukose
Kisanara
Uranga
Kasake
Tungomero
Mbamaji
Simbamoeomi
Kanyenye
Mpwapwa
Uyuyu
Uyeriveri
Igonda
Madaberi
Tabora
Itura
Fuga
Wanga
Kisuani
Kiswani
Arusha
Ngorongoro
Kisongo
Ngai
Doenyo
Uthungu
Ugombi
Nasa
Ngucamini
Kipeni
Massa
Tauruku
Ngongo-Bagas
Kagera
Kitangule
Mura
Uruiri
Rubana
Alexandra Nyanza
Kivu L.
Uvira
Ganibawagwa
Magala
Mininga
Chumbo
Ulenzi
Ninde
Usukuma
Uzinza
Ugaya
Ukerewe
Ukonongo
Usagara
Ugogo
Ukhutu
Ukimbu
Unyamuesi
Unyanyembe
Ujiji
Uhha
Ugalla
Urimba
Simbas
Baura
Kiwele
Mokarii
Fipa
L. Hikwa (Leopold)
Ulengulu
Karungus
Kabwakwa
Kurira
Moero L.
Lofoi
Lofoa
Chambesi
Lofemba
Mamambira
Karonga
Moses
Pemba
Lwengo
Mesule
Lindy
Rovuma
Ngomano
Mesule
Chiwara
Lucinde (Ajawi)
Mozambique
Mesula
Kabinda
Malemba
Nkusu
Vivi
Isangila
Manyanga
Ntombo
Boma
Banana
Nokki
Falls
Congo or Zaire R.
Pt. Padron
S. Antonio
Ambriset
Mossul
Bengo
Loge
Bamba
Ambrizette
Quicombo
Egypto
Catumbella
Benguela
Katala
Quillengues
Bailundo
Sambos
Moma
Bihe
Kambuta
Kangombe
Kanyimba
Kabango
Kasenda
Dinunga
Kalunga
Kisenge
Kimbundu
Kalukembe
Kilengues
Quillengues
Cassamae
Malange
Pondo
Cuanza
Cuango
Cuilo
Alto
Golungo
Muchima
Lombige
Tumbo
Quiloa
Kinguela
Cabinda
Pt. Padrao
Chinchoxo
Loango
Mayumba
Setta Cumma
Lukando
Mabanja
Makabana
Mayombe
Loango
Ajumba
Nyale
Lope
Boue
Okanga
Angoko
Ilokru
Nona
Buanza
Modzia
Lubokotor
Bokumbi
Lulonga
Lulongo
Bauru
Isangi
Yalafa
Stanley Falls
Lubilash
Lomami
Kibonge
Luavnla
Basoko
Boloko
Bokuku
Mumbembe
Lake Mantumba
Ikoko
Lake Leopold II
Mutumoa
Kwa Mouth
Kimpoko
Stanley Pool
Kinshassa
Ngombi
Ngoma
Makukewe
Bainesville
Bansa Manteka
Bansa Mputa
Kikuingi Falls
Kikasa
Kisenge
Kiluiata
Ginambanza
Temba Alima
Kumbande
Kabango
Kisenge
Kimbundu
Kalunga
Kalebele
Mussumba (Muata Yanvo)
Lubudi
Lubilash
Lovoi
Lovoa
Lualaba
Lomami
Kamolondo
Kamorondo
Kasongo
Lupongo
Ft. Dinah
Mona Tenda
Kikasa
Kasongo
Kachichis
Kapuka
Dibu
Muchache
Ngving
Sankuru
Ibanji
Lubudi
Lomami
Lubefu
Kasai
Kutu
Basongé
Lukenye
Kassai
Lukenye
Kwa R.
Mutumoa
Lake Leopold II
Lake Mantumba
Ikoko
Mumbembe
Bumbembe
Equator
Lulonga
Bauru
Isangi
Yalafa
Stanley Falls
Lubilash
Lomami
Kibonge
Luavnla
Basoko
Boloko
Bokuku
Riba Riba
Etila R.
Makuras
Manyuema
Nyangwe
Lusaka
Bambarre
Kasongo
Lake Tanganyika
Ft. Bodo
Ugurrowa
Kyinga
Longa
Kavalli (Katonga)
Ituri
Kagera
Kitangule
Mutan
Yambuya
Air Sebba
Banalya
Mugunyes
Panga Cat.
Sanga
Lubi Fall
Aruwimi
Biyerre or
Lopori R.
Congo R.
Bumbembe
Mobeka
Bokumbi
Upoto
Mbongola
Mbabu
Ilenga
Lubi
Nona
Mobanga
Ilokru
Lubokotor
Bangala
Bolomba
Lulonga
Lulongo

their vilest and most inhuman passions are aroused. They act like wild beasts, clutch at the head, smear each other in the face with the blood, and a general scrimmage always ensues, resulting, more often than not, fatally. The reason for this ghastly competition is that the next of kin to the deceased has to give a present to the man who can bring him the head after the sun goes down, so as to prove which man is the strongest of all the tribe to hold this hideous trophy. After a little time groups are formed again, and the dancing, drumming, and general tumult is resumed, until another victim is ready, when the same scene is repeated. In cannibal countries the body, of course, is eaten; but in some villages the inhabitants do not eat human flesh. They throw the headless trunks into the river, and the heads they put into the ground until all the flesh is decayed, when they place them about on their houses, or in some prominent position in the village, as family relics.

They do not practise decapitation on the women; they strangle them, and it is always arranged that the favorite wives are executed. This strangulation is performed in the following way: The victim is dressed in all the finery that can be gathered together; she wears bright-colored cloth, is literally smothered with anklets and bracelets; her toilet is carefully attended to, she is painted over with oil and red camwood; her hair is neatly plaited. She is then taken and handed over to the executioner. A rope is tied around her neck, and she is then lifted up, the rope being passed up to a man who has climbed the tree; he ties it to a branch, and the poor woman is allowed to swing. It frequently takes a long time for women to die in this way. The convulsive and trembling body is jeered at by the spectators, and its movements imitated, as far as possible, in their dancing. It is at such ceremonies that the wild, savage, cruel nature of the African native asserts itself. Everybody in the village claiming any relationship to the deceased wears native cloth as a badge of mourning. Moreover, they do not trim their hair, and neither do they smear their bodies with the oil and camwood until the time of mourning is proclaimed at an end, generally three months after the death. The sacrifice of another slave generally takes place to celebrate this event.

Farther up in the interior funerals take place in a far more ghastly style, because the people, being cannibals, eat their dead. The natives themselves admit that very often prices are arranged for the different limbs of a man before he is dead. When a chief during some excursion loses his life by drowning, all the slaves whom it has been decided to kill are bound hand and foot and tied down into a canoe. The canoe is then towed out and sunk in the middle of the river. The natives themselves have been accustomed to such sights so long that death, no matter how cruel, never seems to them at all repugnant, and not one single spark of sympathy is ever shown for the victim. Little boys and girls, four and five years old, are to be seen among the spectators, and a woman will often take in her arms her child of two or three years old to witness one of these blood-thirsty exhibitions, so it is not therefore surprising that these people grow accustomed to blood.

Throughout central Africa the fetich man holds despotic sway, an ordinary native's life being, to a great extent, controlled by this man's whims. He represents himself as being possessed of supernatural power, and extends his protection to any who may need it, provided they are able to pay for it. He figures prominently at births, deaths, wars, hunting, fishing, and, in fact, in every phase of a native's life. These men must necessarily be of a higher intelligence than the ordinary native, or they would not be able to impose this fraud so successfully. Upon serious dispute arising between two natives, the matter is referred to the fetich man by mutual consent. He has several ways of testing the guilty and the innocent, his principal method being the administration of Nkasa—a vile decoction of herbs of a poisonous nature. Sometimes this poison will, immediately upon being swallowed, throw the drinker into convulsions, which in a very short space of time end fatally. In this case the guilt of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the person is satisfactorily proved. But, on the other hand, if the poison simply takes the effect of an emetic, then their innocence is established. Chiefs and people of any importance never take Nkasa. They compel a slave to take it instead, and abide by the result. The natives themselves say that this mode of judgment is very successful, and the action of the poison is controlled by the conscience. If a man knows that he is innocent, he will be sure to vomit. So thorough is their belief that a man, knowing well the deadly effects of Nkasa, will, upon being charged with the slightest offence, volunteer to undergo the ordeal.

The fetich man also is credited with the power to stop rain. This, however, is not one of his most important qualifications, for there are always plenty of people in each village who are supposed to be possessed of this ability. It is not difficult to understand that the power is, to their minds, easily acquired. The showers of rain in central Africa are, as a rule, terrific down-pours, but do not last very long. When a shower has been in action an hour or so, and looks like clearing off, some rain doctor will make his appearance outside, and holding in his hands some charm in connection with this particular kind of superstition, he will wave his arms about frantically and exclaim, "Omole! omole!" which means, "Pass away! pass away!" Then he mentions the names of several districts in the vicinity, and invites the rain to leave his district and visit the others, saying: "They want rain; they have been crying for rain; their crops are parched for want of rain. We have had too much rain and do not want any more. Pass away! pass away!" He will continue this till the rain does stop, and then figures as a ruler of the elements. Sometimes he will be deceived, and the shower of rain will continue in spite of his gesticulations. Then he will return to his hut, drenched, cold, and miserable, and credit his failure to some other fetich man's contrary influence on the elements. Other natives boast of their power to cause rain, but on a fine day, when there is no chance of a shower, these individuals generally have some other engagement.

The Lulungu River, with its two tributaries, Lopori and Malinga, derives its importance on account of its commercial wealth, as it is perhaps the richest ivory-producing country in the world. The natives inhabiting the swamps of the upper reaches of these affluents are great elephant-hunters. They exchange their ivory for beads, cowries, and brass ornaments, with the traders at the mouth of the Lulungu. The most popular form of killing the elephant, being the least dangerous to the hunter, is the pitfall. This is a large hole dug in the ground, about twenty feet deep, five feet wide, and twenty feet long, at the bottom of which are three or four large wooden stakes, driven deep in and hardened by fire. The mouth of this pit is covered with a net-work of small sticks, on which are placed grass and other materials, so as to harmonize with the surrounding locality; and a herd of elephants coming in that direction are, as a rule, taken unawares, and it generally happens that one at least falls into this snare.

Slave-trading canoes are to be seen coming out of the river daily with their cargoes of wretched humanity. The slaves are the Balolo branch of the Bankundu, and a very inoffensive tribe. They are distinguished by their tribal mark, which is a large tattoo cut on the forehead, just between the two eyes, and again on the side of the temple, between the ear and the eye. It stands out like the half-shell of a walnut. Often they supplement these standard marks by smaller ones, like hazel-nuts, along the bridge of the nose right up to the end, and sometimes on the chin and dotted about the face. It seems to be a type of beauty to have as many hideous protuberances as the face will admit of.

Cannibalism becomes more and more prevalent as one travels farther into the heart of Africa from the West Coast. The Bakongo tribe, which extends from the mouth of the Congo into the country for a distance of between two and three hundred miles, are not cannibals, and shudder at the mere mention of eating human flesh. They are a mild, indolent people, thoroughly impregnated with superstition.

Next are the Bateke tribes. They eat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dogs, and consequently there is a good ground for believing that at no very remote period they were cannibals, although they deny the "soft impeachment." After passing the mouth of the Kwa River the people of the Babangi tribe are occasionally cannibals, but to no very great extent. The people of Bangala eat their prisoners, "For," say they, "we eat men to get a strong man for war—it makes us brave and savage." I have frequently seen parties of Bangala with poor wretched victims, bound hand and foot, lying in the bottom of their canoes, together with great earthenware jars of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane. After becoming intoxicated with their drink, they then butcher and eat the poor unfortunate wretches that they have perhaps been fattening up for months in their village. Cannibalism is more and more prevalent among all these tribes, as far up as the Lokeri country, about fourteen hundred miles from the West Coast. These people eat human flesh to satisfy their craving for meat. I myself have been offered lumps of human flesh on sticks, together with bunches of bananas, dried monkeys, and a few bony fowls.

Upon one occasion I came into a village in the heart of these deadly forests, with my followers, and we had great difficulty in persuading the people to approach us. Presently a majestic figure stalked out alone from a clump of banana-trees. He wore a head-dress of feathers, around his neck strings of human teeth, his wrists and ankles were ornamented with massive iron bangles, which clattered and clashed as he approached us. In one hand he carried an enormous spear, upon his back was slung a large square shield, and in his other hand he carried by its hind leg a native pariah dog. He said—speaking of course in his own language, which was translated to me into Kiswahili by a native girl whom the Arabs had captured two or three years before from this tribe—"No white man has been in my country before. I have never heard of a white man. He has come into my village quietly. He has not killed my people nor burned my houses as the Arabs have so often done. I would be friends with the white man, and Ma!" said he, holding out the struggling pariah dog by the hind leg; "this is for the white man's food. Friends who come to my country must not be hungry."

About one hundred and thirty miles above Bukute commences the Bangala district, where it will be remembered Mr. Stanley met with such serious hostilities on his journey "Through the Dark Continent" in 1877. The Bangalas are a large and warlike tribe, numbering forty or fifty thousand. They live for the most part on the river bank, on the north side of the Congo, their villages extending a distance of about fifty miles. I was put in command of the State Station in this country in 1886. It was five hundred miles to the next European post. Among my first experiences was the ceremony of blood brotherhood with the old king, Mata Bwiki. An incision was made in both our right arms, and as the blood flowed mystic powder was sprinkled on the wounds; then our arms were rubbed together, so that the flowing blood intermingled, and we were thus blood brothers, promising to assist each other in time of need.

From Bangala to Upoto, a distance of about two hundred miles, the river banks are more or less populated with branches of the Bangala, Bobeka, and Bopoto tribes. At Upoto there is a break in the hitherto monotonous low banks, and the Upoto hills on the north bank are about four or five hundred feet high, one range running northward. The Bopoto people are singularly savage in appearance. The men are of good physique, their chest development being unusually fine. The women, however, are most repulsive. They are absolutely nude, and their hair is dressed in a manner resembling the helmet of the Prussian Guard. All the tribes of the upper Congo scar their faces with cicatrization. Each tribe has its own particular fashion. The Bangalas, for instance, are scarred down the centre of the forehead; the Bopoto face is literally a mass of lumps.

From Upoto to Stanley Falls there are a succession of densely wooded, low-lying islands. Stanley Falls is the advance post of Tippo Tib. The Arab

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

encampment is situated on the right and left banks of the river, just below the Falls. In 1886 there was a serious fight between the Arab and the Congo State, which was represented by Captain Walter Deane and Lieutenant Dubois. The fight lasted four days. Captain Deane's soldiers deserted on account of the worthless ammunition. Lieutenant Dubois was drowned, and after four days' heroic struggle Deane fired his station and escaped into the forests, where, for upward of thirty days, he underwent terrible perils and privation. He was attended by four men, who stood by him most bravely. During their adventures in the forests they suffered keenly for want of food, having to live upon caterpillars and roots. Captain Deane was subsequently killed, two years afterward, by a wounded elephant.

Hamad ben Mohammed—Tippo Tib—accompanied Mr. Stanley down the Lualaba to the Seventh Cataract in 1876. The origin of the latter sobriquet is peculiar. It was applied to him by the people at Kansongo in consequence of their hearing the sharp, distant rattle of the bandits' guns when on some of their slave-catching excursions. The crack of the rifle-shot sounded in their ears like "tip — tip — tip." Another name that has been given to this remarkable man, on the eastern side of central Africa, is "M'Kango Njaa"—"Afraid of Hunger"—for the natives in the famine-stricken regions declare that that is the only enemy of which Hamad, with his large caravans traversing their barren country, is in dread. This man's life for the past thirty years has been one constant succession of adventures. He is at the present moment the strongest and most formidable ruler in the Congo regions of Equatorial Africa.

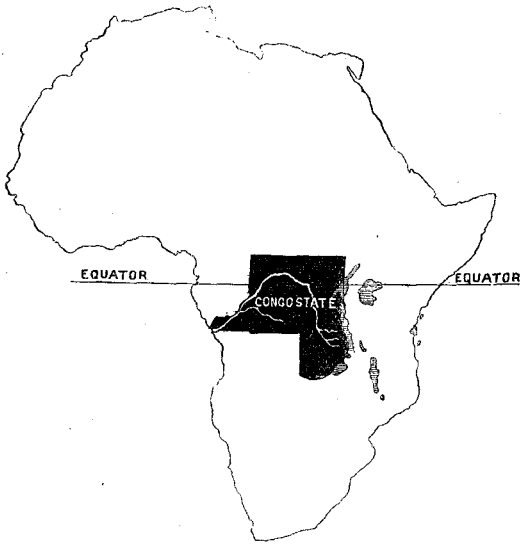
The view of Stanley Falls is quite an ordinary-looking tropical scene. It is situated exactly in the middle of central Africa. The distance from the ocean in either direction is about fifteen hundred miles. The picture on page 148 is an instantaneous photograph. The figures in the foreground, of natives carrying their spears or using their paddles, are caught under the most favorable conditions for getting a glimpse of them while following their ordinary occupations. In the distance, upon the opposite shore, is located an encampment of Tippo Tib's Arabs. It is, in fact, their principal depot. Thence their predatory expeditions set out into the country in all directions, pillaging, massacring, and capturing the unfortunate natives. Upon these marauding excursions the numbers of the natives always far exceed those of the attacking Arabs, but the Arabs carry all before them with their guns, the natives only possessing such weapons as their home-made knives and spears. The gun, say the natives, resembles the elements; its flash is like the lightning, then follows the thundering report.

The picture affords a fair idea of the proportion of their canoes. At Stanley Falls there are large colonies of people living in canoes. They have been driven from their original settlements—hunted like wild animals by the Arabs—and have had to abandon all idea of living on shore. They gain their subsistence by fishing, and in exchange for the fish they catch they are able to procure plantains, bananas, and other kinds of food from the stronger tribes who have been able to retain their countries.

The Arab system of raiding is unique. About fifty years ago they subdued the extensive Manyema country, of which Nyangwe and Kassongo are now well-known centres. The Manyemas, after being thus disbanded, gradually allied themselves with the Arabs, and eventually have spread their operations throughout the country to an enormous extent. The Arabs, on their expeditions in search of slaves and ivory, generally surround the native villages early in the morning. At a given signal they rush in from all points, firing right and left and capturing all the women. If the men offer resistance they are shot, otherwise they are allowed to escape. The marauders then pillage all the huts in the village, which they afterward fire. If, however, the place happens to be extensive, the Arabs adopt different tactics. They form a stockade or zareba. Thus fortified they establish themselves, maintaining a strict watch at night. During the whole of their stay they keep this attitude of defence. After the lapse of several days they release

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two or three of the women prisoners, who are instructed to deliver a message to the men—in hiding far away in the forest—to the effect that if they want their women back they must come and redeem them with tusks of ivory—each woman being valued at the rate of one large tusk. Then several days pass, until perhaps one morning early a gruff voice is heard in the distance hailing the encampment. He inquires as to



Map showing Position and Boundaries of the Congo State.

the truth of the statement brought by the women, and then follows a parley. During the subsequent days the persecuted natives come with ivory to redeem their mothers, sisters, or wives. Eventually they make friends with their conquerors, who then use them as guides to the next encampment, where the same treatment is repeated upon the neighbors of those recently plundered. Part of the reward that the guides receive from the Arabs is the flesh of the people who are shot in the next attack.

Arabs who have travelled in these parties have frequently related to me the ghastly details of these cannibal orgies. The bodies of those who are shot in the streets are dismembered, and the flesh is thrown into one general heap, so that the head man may, with greater facility, direct its distribution. This human flesh is cooked over the fire on sticks. It is a singular characteristic of these people that they are ever ready, after having become reconciled with their Arab enemies, to lead them on to the destruction of their neighbors, and even manifest the keenest interest in doing so.

The picture on page 146 represents a portion of forty tons of ivory, the result of a little over three months' raiding. The value of this ivory in British money would be £40,000, while the outlay to the Arabs in obtaining it would be but a matter of a few hundred dollars' worth of gunpowder, wherewith to shoot and intimidate the poor wretched savages. They are all very large tusks, much above the average size and weight.

The Congo Railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool has now commenced operations; and we may fairly predict that this enterprise will mark a most important era in Equatorial African History, as this improved communication will enable the civilized world to reach and grapple with the slave-trade with all its attendant barbarism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THROUGH THE GATE OF DREAMS.

By T. R. Sullivan.

ON the longest day in one of these later years whose wine is not yet old enough to drink, whose history is still too recent to record, the ancient town of Mayence lay asleep in that radiant sunshine which, perhaps even more than its former commercial prosperity, may have given it the name of "golden." The wide Gutenberg-Platz was a blinding desert, with no shelter anywhere for man or beast; and Thorwaldsen's statue of the good printer looked parched and dry as the dusty laurel-wreath bound about his head at the last anniversary ceremonial, and still clinging there. The white walls of the theatre turned toward him vast posters, in the type of his invention, hopelessly out of date. Its doors were closed indefinitely. Even the *Café de Paris* was silent and empty, but for its attendants and their presiding divinity, enshrined at her high desk and dozing behind her fan. The noonday glare had laid upon the place a potent spell which only far-reaching shadows could remove.

Just beyond the theatre, however, in the little square of the Triton, it is always possible to draw a breath. There the boughs of the clipped lindens cast perpetual shade, with at least a look of refreshment in it. The fountain spouts and splashes, and flings its foam-wreath down among the flowers that thrive and blossom in colors which elsewhere would be uncomfortably bright. Midsummer in its fiercest mood can only salute that merry water-god with lowered lance, and leave him master of the field. So the townsman smiles upon him gratefully in a leisure moment, and drinks deep to him, at some *Brauerei*, in draughts that have their foam-wreaths too. And the stranger with time at his command lingers on to eye the water wistfully; while the *Kelner* forgets to be alert, but leans against the door-post, limp, expressionless; and mine host fills his pipe, with a sigh of regret for the busy winter, as he wonders how long he has been reading his newspaper of yesterday upside down.

The only consumer of beer to be seen in the Triton-Platz on this particular afternoon was a pallid youth, whose looks, to put the adverse judgment mildly, told but little in his favor. His yellow hair, tangled and neglected, had grown much too long. His beard, also untrimmed, served no ornamental purpose, and was so thin and colorless that it did not even conceal the extreme plainness of his features. His broad-brimmed hat of soft felt and his long coat—unfashionably cut—had once been dyed black, but were now threadbare. He looked unkempt, uncouth, and rusty, even to the worn-out clumsy shoes; and the spectacles, through which his watery blue eyes gained all their reflections of the universe, gave his face the blank, forbidding cast of an owl's in the daytime. The brain behind it might well be a treasure-house of learning, but the medium of defence was apparently so dull and impenetrable that no chance observer would have cared to make an attack upon it. A blue cotton umbrella and a shabby knapsack, hollow in its folds, completed the accoutrements of this odd soldier of fortune, who, whether sage or pedant,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had nothing of the personal charm that means more than half the battle for such empty honors as the world can give.

But within us all lurks that unknown quantity the world cannot gauge, whose exact dimensions remain a mystery even to ourselves. And this shy, negative personage, distinguished solely by his name of Einhard Becker, could display, in critical moments, a trembling resolution akin to heroism; like that of the fighting unit who longs to run away, but whose spirit keeps his face to the music. The poor student, for such at least he surely was, had faced his music more than once to find it singularly discordant. And now, again, his spirit was sorely tried.

He was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main; the old free town of which Heine has left a fond remembrance in the saddest poem of all that his sad song-book holds:

"Frankfurt, du hegst viel Narrn und Böse-wichter,
Doch lieb' ich dich, du gabst dem deutschen Land
Manch guten Kaiser und den besten Dichter,
Und bist die Stadt wo ich die Holde fand."

"Many good emperors," of whom the first was Charlemagne. But if any drop of imperial blood diffused itself in Einhard Becker's veins, he was unaware of it. Though he had lost his parents so early in life that he could hardly be said to have known them, he did not lack abundant proof of his humble origin. A crabbed old uncle, Jacob Koberstein, the saddler, had taken possession of the orphan boy, rearing him as his apprentice, with a certain rough fidelity. According to this high authority the elder Becker had been a good-for-nothing, whom the mother, Koberstein's sister, had persisted in marrying out of pure caprice. She had been told often enough that no good would come of such a marriage; well, no good had come of it, as anyone could see with half an eye. The case was always closed by this emphatic statement, which a significant glance at Einhard made doubly impressive; and the boy would then be told to put up the shutters carefully, and to remember that his uncle was one of the best and thriftiest men in Frankfort. Einhard believed, of course, what was repeated in the same straightforward terms on almost every day of his life; yet for some ancestral sin he had been cursed with a soul above leather, and, as he grew up, he became more and more dreamy and unpractical, living in a world of his own creation, far removed from the bustling, trade-haunted *Ziel* of his daily walks, and evolved from the text of all the books that came in his way. Near his uncle's shop a dealer in antiquities had a cellar stored with musty volumes, which the boy was allowed to turn over in his spare moments; sometimes, too, he obtained permission to carry them home for stealthy reading in the watches of the night by the flame of a candle-end. The antiquarian had a charitable heart, and, taking pity upon Einhard's hunger for mental improvement, trusted him in this manner even with his rarest treasures, entirely confident that his trust would never be betrayed. For Einhard had, from the first, shown something more than the scholar's reverence, and he dealt with each leaf as tenderly as though it were composed of golden tissue. Its lines to him were lines of light, shining out upon him from the sunny realms of poetry and romance. He slept to walk hand in hand with gods and heroes; and even the trials of the day he learned to endure patiently for the sake of what the night would bring.

His uncle Koberstein had one child, a daughter, who seemed to Einhard's boyish fancy the embodiment of all that was good and beautiful. In point of fact his cousin Minna's black eyes and rosy cheeks, in all their freshness of youth, were sufficiently prepossessing. But she had a high temper and a will of her own, and was a thorough Koberstein, the neighbors said, in a tone which implied something the reverse of complimentary. To Einhard, however, she always tried to appear at her best. Her way was his way, in the first place; then he amused her too. Behind the house there was a scrap of garden, where they would sometimes sit in the twilight, while he told her tales out of his wonderful books, to which she listened graciously. Once he made a story of his own, and told her that; and she thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it better than all the others. How could he help liking her? Once again, in his talk, he busied himself all the while with the cutting of their initials, interlaced, on the bench between them. Then she called for the knife, and hacked away at the wood unmercifully, obliterating the letters. It is to be feared that he liked her all the more for that. Who can tell?

Years went by. The city flourished as its trade increased; the sun of prosperity shone upon the house of Koberstein. A third pair of hands was needed there, and young Moritz Lahn, the butcher's son, entered upon his term of service. The new apprentice, though Einhard's junior by a year or two, was a stout, active lad, with a keen eye for his own advancement, and with little heart and less conscience. He lost no time in worming himself into old Jacob's good graces, and as it pleased Minna likewise to smile upon him, he was soon firmly established in the post of household favorite. It followed, as the night the day, that Einhard lost ground steadily. The poor relation became little better than the family drudge. Nothing he could do was exactly right; he was misjudged and slighted upon all occasions. Worse than that, his cousin played him false most cruelly by repeating some of his marvellous tales to Moritz, for whose companionship she now showed a decided preference; and the butcher's boy, displaying a savage dexterity that was perhaps inherited, turned the knife in Einhard's wound with many a mocking jest upon the subject of these confidences. The house of Koberstein was a small world, and the weakest went to the wall in it.

But for his good friends, the books, poor Einhard might have been driven to some desperate deed. As it was, he only imitated the tortoise, who shrinks into his shell to escape his tormentor. He made few complaints, spoke fewer and fewer words of any kind as the days went on. His brain was busy none the less. Stimulated always at night by the noble thoughts of others, his own thoughts came thick and fast, clamoring for expression. He trusted no one with them now; he did not even dare to write them down, but only committed them to memory in the form of verse, since verse was easier to remember. Often, though he did not know it, these were mere echoes of some master-mind, over which he had been brooding. Even to utter a cry of the heart, at first, one's voice unconsciously repeats another's cry. But Einhard now and then could strike a note that was all his, and that would have rung out loud and clear with an echo of its own had there been any one to hear it.

So matters stood, with no change that was not for the worse, when Einhard was seventeen, and it happened that old Jacob Koberstein, going to bed late or getting up early, saw a gleam of light under the door of the garret where the boy slept alone. Bursting into the room without warning, he found Einhard wide awake, and hovering over a candle with a little vellum-bound book in his hand. Rage made him speechless for an instant; then he blew out the light, and telling his nephew to go to bed in the dark then and there, and from that time forth, he departed, carrying off the book in spite of all that Einhard could say or do. It was a rare volume, belonging, of course, to the friendly dealer; and, white with fear at the thought of its possible destruction, the boy crept down the stairs behind his uncle, who, however, did nothing more terrible than to lock it up in a certain iron-bound strong-box, of which he always carried the key. Thus relieved for the time Einhard went back to his room, and spent the rest of the night in devising means to get the priceless treasure safe into his hands again. He dared not betray its owner, lest this should be to cut off the source of his supplies. His uncle's wrath would surely turn against the dealer, who would obtain the property only upon condition that the hideous crime of lending it should never be repeated. No, that would not do. He must keep his own counsel, await his opportunity, open the chest himself, when the favorable moment should occur. It would be but a moment, if he only had the key.

The key. How to get it? He had never before kept a book so long. Days passed, in which he lived in dread of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a demand for it; in which, too, his misery was aggravated by his uncle's persistent harshness. This had now taken an aggressive turn, not due, as Einhard believed, to the mere discovery of his midnight studies, but to quite a different cause. For some time old Jacob had missed various small sums of money, and in his own mind he secretly accused his unlucky nephew of pilfering them. The suspicion, for proof of which he kept sharp watch, changing his dislike to hatred, led him into acts of positive brutality. Einhard bore these new trials without complaint, as he had borne the others, still absorbed in his books, or rather, now, in one book, which was no longer his.

Chance favored him. One stormy winter's night he was left alone with his uncle in their gloomy workshop. The room, littered now with piles of leather, and lighted by a flickering lamp, had been a kitchen in some former time. In one corner was a cavernous chimney, over which the wind howled dismally, bringing down stray drops of rain that pattered upon the hearth-stone. Moritz had taken himself off, but Einhard, grimy with dust and oil, still crouched at his bench; while his uncle, bustling about, first put his work in order for the night, then drew a stool into the chimney-corner, and, after kindling a fire, sat down by it to smoke his pipe in sullen silence. Einhard worked on mechanically, staying his hand now and then at a startling gust of the storm. Suddenly his eyes brightened; he drew himself up; his whole demeanor changed; on the table, under the lamp, he had seen his uncle's keys. And, in another moment, old Jacob's head drooped forward upon his breast, his right hand, with the pipe in it, dropped gently to his knee. He was sound asleep. Einhard's hour had come.

In a flash the boy took off his shoes, crept to the table, caught up lamp and keys, and with every possible precaution made his way into the outer shop, where the strong-box stood behind the little counter, on the floor, against the wall. He knelt beside it, trying each key in its turn until he had found the right one. The lock yielded, the lid opened noiselessly; under it he saw papers and bags of money, an odd trinket or two, a golden chain; he fumbled right and left to no purpose; then scattered the things about until he came at last to the precious book, which he slipped at once into his pocket. The other contents he proceeded to put back with trembling care. In spite of all he could do, the papers rustled, the money clinked a little—only a very little, but it was enough. There came a heavy step, a cry of rage; his shoulder was clutched by a strong, rough hand. Blindly he flung up his own, which held one of the money bags, and struck his uncle full in the face. With an oath old Jacob fell in a heap, overturning the lamp, and floundering on the floor.

"Thief! thief!" he shouted.

"It is a lie!" cried Einhard, as he flung down the bag with all his might. It burst open, and the coins rolled right and left, glistening through the firelight of the inner room. Then, while the man wavered, in doubt which to pursue first, his treasure or his prey, the boy rushed to the door and fled out of it into the storm.

He was not followed. He turned one corner, then another; he heard no outcry, and could breathe freely. He was drenched, already numb with cold; but that mattered little since he had saved the book, which he now returned to the owner, telling him the story and begging shelter for the night. The dealer gave more than he asked, not only warming, feeding, and clothing him, but also offering to make his peace with Koberstein, if such a thing were possible. To this, however, Einhard would not listen.

"What then?" inquired his friend, who was a timid, gentle soul, bowed with the weight of years. "What in the world is to become of you?"

"Anything in the world but that," replied the boy, stoutly. "To-morrow I will tell you."

So he went to bed, and tossed for a while restlessly. Then he fell into a sleep disturbed by dreams, made up, as dreams often are, from shreds of his actual experience stretched and twisted by a wilful fancy. One of these was strangely vivid. He saw a city square,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long unfamiliar, that he had seen, indeed, but once, as a child in his father's arms. His father held him now, showing him the trees and flowers; there were little tables, too, and he heard the sound of running water. Then his father was gone, and he stood erect, a grown man, facing an angry crowd that threatened him. By his side, in the dress of another age, knelt a fantastic figure, old, feeble, and deformed, imploring help.

"The world!" the stranger whispered, "It is all against you. Fight it—conquer it—or it will tear us limb from limb."

There came a struggle; the crowd seemed to sweep over him and bear him down. All passed, leaving him in cool, deep silence, lying alone under the trees, with his face to the stars, through which faint flushes of the dawn came stealing up. And then he woke, to find it all a dream, except the morning light that shone around him, thrice clear and serene in contrast to his night of storms.

"Mayence!" he murmured; "it was Mayence! And it is there that I must go."

He remembered that in this neighboring city lived his father's cousin, whom, to be sure, he had never seen. But the man was by trade a printer, and must therefore have a certain sympathy with books. That he was wretchedly poor there could be little doubt; yet this thought only strengthened Einhard in his resolve, for he knew instinctively that the poor always greet poverty with a gentleness which is often wanting in the rich man's treatment of it. Whatever might result, his appeal for advice and help, but not for charity, would, at least, be kindly heard. To Mayence, then, to Mayence! the moment that another night should shield him from his uncle's eyes. His old friend, who would have reconciled him to the saddler, made fruitless objections; then urged upon him money for the journey, which Einhard proudly declined. He had money of his own, he said. The dealer had turned the boy's pockets inside out, and knew that they contained only a few copper coins. But he accepted the statement gravely, contenting himself with such comfortable gifts of clothing as could be forced upon his guest, whose departure, under cover of the darkness, he was already speeding, when the door opened and Minna Koberstein presented herself.

Einhard drew back in dismay; his imagination already pictured the dungeon to which he would be dragged forthwith, now that his hiding-place was known. But Minna had only guessed at it, and had shrewdly kept her own counsel. Out of her cousin's slender store of worldly goods she had filled a knapsack with the things most needful for a journey, since he must go away. Her father was very violent; it would not do to venture into his sight. Did Einhard know of his dreadful charges, which she knew were false? His uncle could not be convinced of their injustice; but she pledged herself to bring him to reason in Einhard's absence. Yes, he must go away—for a time.

"For all time!" said Einhard to himself. Then, touched by Minna's impulsive kindness, he described in detail his adventure, and accepted gratefully her friendly offices. She had won her old place in his heart again; it was with tears in his eyes that he bade her farewell. So the three parted upon the threshold, and went their several ways. She to her present care of turning old Jacob's wit the seamy side within; the dealer to his mouldy records of the past; and Einhard straight out to meet the future, and make it stand and deliver whatever good fortune it should bring.

He slept that night by the roadside, with his knapsack for a pillow. All day he followed the dusty highway, procuring a scanty meal under the porch of some village inn, and then trudging on with a light heart so long as his money lasted. But it was all gone by the next noon, when, drawing near the gates of a town, tired, hungry, and despondent, he stopped to rest and take thought of the morrow. Rather than beg he opened his pack in search of something to offer in exchange for food, and immediately out dropped a roll of money—enough to supply his moderate wants for days and weeks. Who but Minna could have done this? He blessed her for it a thousand times. How bright the skies were now; how yellow were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cornfields that he passed, how green the vineyards! But his harvest lay beyond, under the spires of Mayence. Already against the clear sky they twinkled, with all their vanes, like beckoning fingers. The sun set, and these same towers grew gray and cold as he approached them. Then the chimes rang out, muffled and mellowed by the distance—a low breathing of unseen bells rather than their uplifted voices. "Fortune! fortune!" he half heard them say, as if the note of promise were meant only for his ears. At the sound his heart beat higher, though the twilight deepened, until at last he came to the broad river and the mighty bridge, over which he strode with quickened pace, out of the darkness of solitude into flaring streets filled with the darker indifference of unknown faces.

Since the day he was driven forth from Eden man's state has been little better than that of the pack-horse, never free of his burden, but merely exchanging one load for another in all his wanderings through the world. At the first glance Einhard's share of the weight would seem to have become no lighter under the printer's apprenticeship upon which he entered. But, actually, both in body and in mind, he was much relieved. His new-found relative received him with kindness, made room for him at his own table, obtained for him this employment, which, drudgery as it was, brought with it enormous compensations. If to handle type afforded him no special joy, there were manuscripts that he could decipher, printed pages from which something could be learned in a furtive glance, the glow of excitement that a good line gives to one who can use his brains. Furthermore, in hours of freedom he found opportunity secretly to set up lines and pages of his own with which his mind had long been teeming. And though his great thoughts dwindled when he met them in this manner, face to face, at least they were neither hasty nor ill-considered; it was like seeing his own heart in a mirror to read them. So, hoping always to do better, and growing with his work, he went on, slowly adding leaf after leaf to a book of his own making in all senses of the word.

Once established in his new calling he made it his first care to thank his cousin for the mysterious gift discovered in his knapsack at a desperate moment. He wrote that he had spent but little of the money; that he only waited to make good the sum out of his earnings before restoring it in full. For a long time this letter was left unanswered, and the answer, when it came, was singularly cold. Minna disclaimed all knowledge of the money; she had given him none. She wished her cousin well, but she held out no hope of a change in her father's views concerning him. Obviously old Jacob still believed his nephew to be a thief. Did Minna think so too? Was her coldness due to that? Or was it merely that she cared a little less for Einhard than for his former rival, Moritz Lahn?

Who, then, could have concealed the roll of bank-notes in his wallet? Who but the first cause of all his joys and troubles, the kind old treasure-seeker whose offers of money he had proudly rejected? To him, therefore, Einhard addressed a letter, which returned long afterward with the seal unbroken. The good dealer in imprints had scanned his last title-page, and had gone the musty way of all documents, however guarded. He was dead as the Sibyl's books. And, limited as were his friendships, Einhard counted one friend less in the world.

He laid the sum by, and, living frugally, increased it little by little. He dreaded beggary even more than death itself, and this wholesome terror spared him many an after pang. For there came a dull year when he, in common with many others, fell out of employment. And it was to Einhard, the youngest of them all, that some of these despairing people applied for temporary help, which he generously accorded so far as possible. This disaster became also the spur to his intent, driving him suddenly forward into the world of letters. With fear and trembling he offered to a publisher his small foundling of literature, which was received and adopted—admired, even. It actually brought him *money*—a pittance, it is true, but, still, money. He lost no time in setting to work upon another which had long been seething in his brain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This should clinch his first hold upon success, make him something more than a minor poet—perhaps a great one. If he could only finish it! But he was miserably poor, and haunted by a thousand nervous fancies. One day his work seemed absolutely worthless; the next, it hung fire altogether; still another, he was all aglow with it, but there stood starvation knocking at the door, eager to run a race with his pen. Fortunately there set in an early spring, that season of hope to all, and especially to the poor man, for it puts money in his purse, with a promise of long exemption from the need of light and fuel. For his sake would it were always scorching midsummer in all climes the sun shines on; how much less pitiable are the poor of the tropics than the poor of London.

And now we have followed the small circle back to the very point of our departure, coming once more upon Einhard Becker seated in the Triton-Platz of Mayence, absorbed in a new problem very difficult to solve. His cousin Minna had written to him again, and this time of her own accord. The evil spirit of the house of Koberstein had been exorcised at last. Moritz Lahn, now expelled ignominiously, was proved to be the real culprit for whose crime the innocent had suffered. Her good father, she wrote, longed to make all the amends in his power. Through her he recalled Einhard upon the most flattering of terms, not as an apprentice but as a master. They would share and share alike; henceforth he should be treated as old Jacob's son—as his successor—and Minna, imploring him to come back, threw, it seemed, more than a sister's love into the scale. But all this depended upon one condition. Einhard must pledge himself to give up his books, and fix all his thoughts on leather. There must be no poetry in his life, unless her love, that had waxed and waned capriciously, could be accounted a poetic thing.

Upon receiving this letter, in one of his exultant moods, Einhard was inclined to laugh at it. Inured as he was to poverty, what were its hardships compared with his uncle's tyranny, of which there still remained the vivid recollection? What were the definite material comforts that could outweigh his illimitable hopes of fame? He took up his pen, to set aside temptation with a single stroke. But he was not quick enough; before it touched the paper doubts assailed him. He hesitated, dropped the pen, and read the letter once more. After all, it promised much. Life-long immunity from care should not be considered lightly. And he had loved his cousin once. She had done her best at times to quench the boyish passion which now bade fair to revive under the destroyer's hand. Already he longed for a sight of her. Was not success in love the best that mortal man could hope to know? Yes, it was everything. To forego that joy for the delusive one of fame was like turning from a fire to snatch warmth from a star.

Lost now in a maze of deliberation that day he wrote no word. All night he lay awake, and in the morning, springing up resolutely, he composed a line of acceptance, which he immediately destroyed. Then he went out, and strolled aimlessly through the town, staring at the shops, noting how sleek and comfortable the tradesmen looked, until he came to a saddler's window, and drew back in disgust. The smell of the leather was enough to make him miserable. And so, tired and faint with the heat, he turned at last into the Triton-Platz, where, at that hour, he found much merriment and clinking of glasses. One by one the other citizens withdrew to their affairs. Einhard was left alone long before his simple meal was finished. That did not trouble him, however. He knew the square well, and loved it from the tenderest associations. It was just there, across the way, that his father had held him up to look at the fountain years ago. The cool solitude of the place was very grateful to him; he would stay on here until he had settled his burning question once for all. He spread Minna's letter out before him, and, calling for pen and paper, prepared again to answer it; but he got no farther than the scribbling of his name. As he sat with knit brows, forgetful of his looks, the picture of helpless indecision, the waiters smiled a little, then yawned and dozed, leaving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him to himself. Like all waiters, they knew their world, and were not to be moved by any trifling eccentricity in it.

The shadows grew longer and sharper; the day was drawing to a close; the square roused itself and gave signs of life. Two young men placed themselves at a table near that at which Einhard still sat scribbling his name abstractedly. They called for beer, and chattered over some gossip of the town. Their talk was interrupted by a noise of distant shouting, which came nearer and nearer, till there turned into the square a man's figure of inconceivable oddity, followed by a troop of mocking boys, who, however, kept at a safe distance, since now and then their victim paused to threaten them. He was withered and shrunken, covered with dust from head to foot; strange garments hung about him loosely, but these were of a faded splendor, rich in their material. As he approached with shambling and uncertain gait he looked like some mask that had lost his way in a bygone carnival, and had been wandering about the earth ever since, vainly trying to find it. Coming up to the café-door he peered timidly at Einhard's neighbors with eyes that seemed to fear the light, and then asked them to tell him what day of the year it was.

The men laughed, but made no other answer. The boys, encouraged by the sympathy of these new allies, looked about for stones to throw at the bewildered stranger, who paid them no heed, but addressing the older of the two men, put his hands together with a quaint, imploring gesture, and repeated his question.

"Tell me, sir, I pray you," he begged, in a cracked voice, "what is the date of the year?"

"How should I know?" retorted the man, with a laugh. "There it is; read it yourself." And he pointed, as he spoke, toward the theatre-wall on which clung the remnant of a play-bill, bearing a date, it is true, but one long past.

The stranger bowed with a grateful word; then moving slowly to the wall shaded his eyes with his hand and looked up at the tattered poster.

Einhard sprung to his feet, indignantly.

"Why did you tell him that?" he asked.

"Why not?" said the man. "Who the devil are you?"

"I am neither a coward nor a liar," said Einhard, in a passion, "and you are both."

With an inarticulate cry of rage the man flew at Einhard's throat. There was a struggle, in which the student had the better of it. They fell to the ground together, Einhard uppermost; but his opponent's comrade interfered, and after him the waiters. Chairs and tables were overturned in a prolonged scuffle, from which Einhard suddenly found himself extricated, he knew not how, and leaning against the café-wall for breath. A shower of small stones rattled about his ears; while the poor dwarf, who had flown to him for protection, crouched at his feet and clasped his knees. Beside him the fray went on; others had joined in it; it threatened to become general. The uproar grew louder and wilder; already the square was filling up with a curious crowd. The boys danced with savage delight, like demons, and fired a second volley indiscriminately. One of the stones struck in the face the innocent cause of all the mischief, who moaned piteously.

"The world!" he cried, in a voice faint with terror. "It is always so in the world. Help, good master! Save me!"

Einhard caught up a chair to attack one of the troop now venturing within reach. But at that moment the window behind him opened, a hand grasped his arm, and dragged him in, together with the strange companion, who had fastened upon him like a crab.

"Be off with you!" said the host, for it was he. "Do you want to bring the house about our ears?"

And he pushed them toward a small door at the back of the café, leading to a narrow, quiet street, already dark in the deepening twilight. The dwarf now took the lead, and, as though he knew his way perfectly, hurried Einhard along, by one turn after another, until they came out into the open Schiller-Platz, near the outskirts of the town, where all was cool and still. Its old lime-trees flung about them fantastic shadows, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which their own were lost, as they went on to a noiseless fountain hidden away among the leaves. Here his guide stopped to refresh himself by dipping his hands and face into the basin; and Einhard, finding that he, too, was bruised and bleeding, did the same.

The fountain is surmounted by a granite pillar, said to be a relic of Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim, and certainly so old that this statement of its origin has never been disputed. As Einhard Becker lifted his face from the refreshing water he saw that the dwarf had left his side and had climbed to the base of the column, where he knelt for a moment to lay his lips upon the stone, reverently. Then, with an adroitness of which he had appeared before incapable, he swung himself quietly to the earth again, and drawing nearer, plucked Einhard gently by the sleeve. His eyes had lost their dulness, and were keen and piercing. His whole expression, too, had changed, as if he had gathered strength and courage from the darkness, like a nocturnal animal. Einhard looked at him in wonder, waiting for him to speak. At that moment the cathedral clock struck the hour, and the stranger laid his finger on his lips, counting inaudibly the strokes of the bell, and listening for its last vibration to die away.

"Nine!" he muttered. "So late, and they told me nothing. But you are not like the others," he added, turning to Einhard confidently. "I can trust you."

"Fully," said Einhard. "What help do you need?" Strange as this presence was, he did not shrink from it; rather it drew him closer by some bond of sympathy wholly unaccountable. Then, in a voice clear and resonant as the cathedral-bell itself, the man put his singular question for the third time:

"Tell me, I pray you, what is the date of the year?"

"Midsummer-day," said Einhard, smiling at his insistence and puzzled by the reiteration of his trivial demand.

"But the year—the year?"

And Einhard gave this information also; the other repeating the words thoughtfully, and then expressing his thanks with grateful earnestness.

"You have done me double service; you took my part—you saved me from those lying curs. And by your looks I see that you are most unhappy. They have tormented you, too, down there in the world."

"No," said Einhard, sighing; for Minna's letter, still unanswered, lay like a leaden weight upon his heart. "I am my own tormentor. I long to soar, and dare not trust my wings."

"A poor confession!" said the dwarf, in a tone almost savage in its sternness. "Is the penance you call life so precious that you cannot risk the loss of it, even for the stars?"

"Dead worlds!" replied Einhard, mournfully. "They mock us with a beauty unattainable. Look up! Between us and them lies all the blackness of oblivion."

"Yes," was the bitter answer; "it is a fine thing to deal in leather."

Einhard started. "What do you mean?" demanded he.

"O poet!" said the warning voice, softened now into a note of sadness; "the price they ask you is too dear for happiness so brief. Let the earth go, and listen to the soul that pleads in you for an immortal life. Win that, or fail only in striving to attain it. Come with me, and I will show you what it is to live."

"Where would you have me go?"

The dwarf pointed toward one of the city gates, rising between them and the western stars. "To my master—who is waiting there for my return."

"Beyond the gate?"

"Ay, truly. Beyond the gate—beyond the gate of dreams; into the grandeur of the past, the splendor of an unknown future, where no man living has been before you."

"You promise much," said Einhard, with a smile. "But can you make the grandeur and the splendor last? Will not the poor dreamer, when he wakes, be all the poorer for his dreams?"

"Have faith," the dwarf replied. "I make the unreal real. When you have passed my master's threshold you will never wake. To you, hereafter, life will be the dream."

"What more can I ask?" said Einhard, confidently, "except that you shall keep your word. Farewell, house of Koberstein!" As he spoke his hand closed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the letter, and with it he lifted from his heart its intolerable load. He flung the crumpled paper into the fountain with a sigh of relief. "I will go," said he.

"Follow me, then," returned the dwarf, as he drew his tattered cloak about him. "This way—through the shadows."

Hugging the darkness, so far as it was possible, they went on in silence to a flight of stone steps that led them to a terrace high above the city. At this commanding point, while the guide stopped for breath, Einhard turned to look down upon the spires and housetops, the frowning roof of the cathedral, the wide sweep of the Rhine and its sentinel peaks of the Niederwald in all their varying degrees of blackness. A murmur rose from the pavement where countless lamps traced out the streets and squares like strings of jewels. And one shrill voice shot up to them, cutting the air, as though borne on the feathered shaft of an arrow. But it did not come from the Triton-Platz; there all was peace itself under the overarching leaves.

They followed the terrace to the city-wall, and beyond it, through the Binger Gate, into the open country. Here the dwarf, quickening his pace, strode out along the smooth turnpike that stretched away immeasurably.

"Is not this the road to Zahlbach?" asked Einhard, breaking at last their oppressive silence.

"No, to Ingelheim," replied the other, without stopping even to turn his head. Time pressed with him, since they had far to go.

"To Ingelheim," repeated Einhard, under his breath. The word recalled old legends of his earliest friends the books, and made him regard the distorted figure trudging on before him with something more than reverence, yet with no thought of fear. Who was his master? To what threshold were they tending? The question of the year, which he had asked so often, tallied perfectly with a tale the student knew by heart. If that tale were true, the mysterious messenger could work him only good. To pass that noble master's portal, and make all after-life one glorious recollection, would be, in truth, to enter through the gate of dreams.

They were on high land now; the night wind blew fresh and cool. Dark vineyards opened out before them to the darker Rhine shore, already miles away. The road kept its due westward course, rising gradually, and bringing them nearer to the stars; so near that myriads came out where none had been before. A great meteor swept slowly across the sky in a trail of light; a hare fled from them into the thicket; a night-bird flew over, uttering a dismal cry. But they met no human creature, and the dwarf, holding his even gait, left all these sights and sounds unheeded.

They had walked thus for more than two hours, when the road began gradually to descend toward the village of Ingelheim, which lay asleep under its shadowy roof-lines. But on one side of the way the land still rose in an abrupt slope, unbroken and unwooded. There the guide suddenly stopped, to make sure that he was observed; then, beckoning Einhard to follow, he plunged into the long grass, and proceeded to climb the hill. The crickets vaulted before him as he passed, the rank weeds and field-flowers he had brushed aside sprung back drenching Einhard with dew. So they climbed on, up the height and over the brow of it to a wide, wind-swept plateau that looked all the more desolate for certain detached fragments of a ruin rising massively against the sky. The rough-hewn walls, mediæval in character, must once have enclosed a dwelling of splendor and solidity; but roofs and towers and pinnacles lay in the earth under huge mounds heaped over all like graves of a colossal race; and it seemed as if the crumbling arches that remained would long ago have fallen too, but for stout branches of ivy binding the stones together and sustaining them. All broken lines had been softened and beautified by its glossy mantle, glistening now at every fold in the light of the one-eyed, waning moon that rose above this memorial of a vanished age as the intruders drew near. Then Einhard whispered, while his companion paused for breath once more: "It is the hill of Charlemagne."

"Hark!" returned the dwarf, with a warning gesture. And from some dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tant point within the ruins came the sound of a horn, in. low, sweet notes, faintly blowing. The dwarf advanced, drew himself up, and answered the signal with a wild, unearthly cry that echoed and re-echoed through the empty arches. In a moment the unseen warder blew his horn again, and then all was silent except the rustling of the leaves.

With swift, noiseless steps the messenger returned to Einhard's side.

"Give me your hand," he whispered, "we will go in together. Hush! not a word! Only when I give the sign speak without fear; until then silence."

So, hand in hand, and silently, they passed slowly on over black bars of shadow, through grass-grown courts, roofless and deserted; now following some line of ruined wall to climb it at a favorable point where the matted ivy secured their foothold, and now crossing open spaces of moonlight to other walls and shadows still as death, while Einhard held his breath lest he should dissolve the charm underlying all this solitude. At last they had gone so far that the outer wall loomed up again, and all the abandoned palace seemed to lie behind them; the remote corner into which they turned abruptly being rendered doubly dark by a remnant of vaulting that overshadowed it. Here the dwarf stooped for a stone, which he then flung with all his might forward into the darkness; it struck with a hollow sound at what Einhard gradually discerned to be a low, wooden door of ancient workmanship, and, a moment later, he was aware that this had opened inward, grating upon rusty hinges.

A short flight of steps led them to an arched passage, narrow, unlighted, half-choked with the dust of ages. But soon the way grew clearer and brighter, until at a sharp turn they stopped before a second closed door, very high and splendid, unlike any that Einhard had ever seen or imagined. Strange jewels shone upon it; its panels were of the thinnest ivory, and through them soft light streamed. Here no sign was needed. The door flew open mysteriously, without a sound, and Einhard knelt instinctively upon the threshold, overcome with wonder at the sight revealed to him.

He saw a lofty hall, flooded with light softer and purer than the moon's, coming he knew not whence, gleaming upon polished shields and spears and breastplates with which the walls were covered. Below were scores of men in armor, some erect, some half-reclining upon oaken benches; but all asleep, motionless as statues. In the middle, at a long stone table sat other men, their closed eyes turned all one way, toward a mighty figure at the head, fully armed and equipped in golden mail. He, too, slept profoundly, seated in his chair, with his arm upon the table, his cheek upon his hand. His flowing hair and beard were white as snow. He smiled in his sleep; but his face had in it a power and a grandeur fearful to behold; he looked a king of gods rather than of men. So that Einhard, kneeling there before him, trembled, and dared not stir lest this majestic sleeper should start up with angry words.

But his guide went on to a vacant place at the bottom of the hall, among a group of dwarfs fantastic as himself, whose flashing eyes and drawn swords showed them to be watchers. They welcomed their comrade by odd signs of recognition, poured wine from a flagon, and drank with him. No sound came from the group; even his cup did not clink when it touched the others; but as he set it down all started, for high overhead, as if from some tower amid the ruins, a bell struck the hour of midnight, and at its last note there rose without a surging cry, growing louder and clearer, till the hall resounded with it — "Montjoie!" — the battle-cry of Charlemagne. "Montjoie!" repeated the knights with one voice. A hundred swords flashed from their sheaths. All were alert and ready; yet no light came into their faces; they still slept, moved only by the impulse of a dream.

The king alone woke to life. His eyes opened; he rose in his place and looked about him. On the instant all was still again. Then he spoke, in tones that made the arches ring.

"Messenger from without the gate, what is the date of the year?"

Einhard looked at the dwarf, who made no reply, but gave instead their preconcerted signal. And the student,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comprehending it, rose in his turn, and advancing to the royal dais knelt at the emperor's feet and answered him.

His noble face grew clouded, and he sighed heavily as he addressed once more the throng below him.

"Back, comrades! The hour is not come."

The swords rattled down into their scabbards, and with a dull clang the armed men dropped, one and all, into repose. Murmurous echoes spread through the outer courts, swelling and subsiding, as if a wave of the sea had dashed itself to pieces. Then the stillness of desolation settled over all.

But the king bent upon his new-found messenger a keen, penetrating glance that seemed to search through Einhard's inmost soul. Gradually his face resumed its former calmness, and the smile returned to it.

"The hour will come," he said gently, "though it be long delayed. We, who reign forever, can read men's hearts in faces; and in the face and heart before me there are signs of promise."

"In mine?" said Einhard, trembling.

"Yes. The age of chivalry is past, but only for a season. And on the toilers we, who wait, depend. Not he alone is great who slaughters armies. To wrestle with the world, and conquer it; to have no thought that is not half divine; to give the thought a word that shall vibrate in all hearts, stirring them to noble deeds, and make the meanest slave a hero—this is to be greater than a king. This done, the earth sweeps back into its golden age."

"Alas!" said Einhard, with a sigh, "what man can hope to hold a place in every heart?"

"None that will not strive for it. What! are there no mortals who have put on immortality?"

"Oh, pardon me," replied the student, as he humbly bowed his head. "I speak to one of these."

With a gracious gesture the emperor motioned Einhard to a low seat beside him.

"Sit here by me," he said, "and tell me some story of the past. For I am restless with long years of waiting. Only labor can bring happiness. Be true, then, to gifts that Heaven has bestowed, and use them well, however men reward them or despise them. Work, work—and work again! God grant that in the after ages unending toil may be both mine and thine!"

Then Einhard, half from memory and half in verses of his own that formed themselves without an effort, recited a legend of the day that survives eternally in the chronicle of Roland. Little by little, all the light of the hall went out, and the sleepers faded away, one by one, until only the watchful eyes of the dwarfs were left, glittering like glow-worms. And when the tale was finished the king sunk to sleep, with his arm upon the table, his cheek upon his hand. Einhard, too, slept soundly. And the memorable night passed on, as all nights must, however memorable, to become a mere remembrance of things that were, while the light of a new day stole into its place and slowly illumined half the world.

Einhard woke to find himself lying alone in the sunshine under the ruined entrance of the crumbling, ivied wall. He beat upon the door, but could not move it, and nothing moved within. He turned away sadly, lingering and looking back, inclining to believe that he had only dreamed. As he came into the open field a lark flew up in a joyous ecstasy of song, singing, singing, and still singing, with a full throat—an invisible rapture of the blue distance. Then Einhard's look grew lighter, and his heart leaped as he went down toward the spires of Mayence.

"It was no dream," he murmured. "It was a step toward the eternal goal. What need I care, henceforth, for pain or pleasure in this narrow world? The nobler life will come hereafter; and through one poor soul, at least, the appointed hour will not be delayed. Oh, emperor! I strive for immortality. Unending toil shall be both thine and mine!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN ERICSSON, THE ENGINEER.*

JULY 31, 1803—MARCH 8, 1889.

By William Conant Church.

I.

AS the last hour of life was drawing to its close, John Ericsson called to his bedside his faithful friend and secretary, and, looking into his face with a smile, said: "Taylor, this rest is magnificent; more beautiful than words can tell."

For the first time in his wonderful career of threescore and ten years of active professional work, Ericsson seemed able to entertain the idea of rest without responsibility. "Providence," he once said, "has given me greater abilities for use, within certain limits, than to any other mortal, and I will be a faithful steward." This was no declaration of egotism, but the sober statement of a fact, in a letter to a relative who could understand the spirit in which the assertion was made.

How faithful Ericsson was in his stewardship the story of his life will tell. It seems impossible that any one man could have accomplished what he did, within the compass of a single lifetime; identifying himself in so many ways with those mechanical changes which separate the nineteenth century so widely from all that preceded it. In the year in which Ericsson was born, Robert Fulton launched his first steamboat upon the Seine, and the far-sighted Napoleon declared that its success would "change the face of the world." In the year that Ericsson reached his majority, the citizens of Louisville celebrated with public ceremonies the completion, in fifteen and a quarter days, of a steamboat voyage from New Orleans, which now occupies less than five days. Not a steam-boat was then afloat upon the ocean, not a locomotive in motion upon the land, and land carriage, not having passed beyond the stage of traction by muscle-power, was practically where it had been from the beginning.

We all know the changes that have come since then; changes which make it possible for a London "bagman" to learn more of the great world, by actual contact, than was known even to Marco Polo in the days of the Venetian Republic; for the London tourist, in the interval between two seasons, to travel farther, and see more, than could Mungo Park in the time of George III. But do we yet realize how much more we are indebted to the workers than to the talkers for the greatness of which we boast ourselves in these Centennial years? The mechanical accomplishment of a single century has done more to destroy insular prejudice, and to bring men together in human sympathy, than the preaching of eighteen centuries. It is not statecraft, nor even military genius, that has made the United States a possibility; it is engineering ability. The bonds that hold us in indissoluble unity were forged in the workshops of craftsmen. It is the railroads, the steamboats, and the telegraph that bind the Pacific States to those on the Atlantic shore; the cities on the Gulf to those that border our great lakes. It was the Pacific Railroad that solved the vexed Indian question, and erased from the map the "great American desert," dividing between East and West; just as the Trans-Caucasian Railroad of Russia is transforming the wastes of central Asia into cotton-fields, and the murderous fanatics of Merv and Bokhara into peaceful subjects of the White Czar. Is it not well to honor the memory of the men to whom we owe these great and beneficent changes, who have done more to realize Tennyson's dream of the

*It was the expressed wish of Captain Ericsson that his biography should be written by the author of this article, if at all, for he was singularly indifferent as to posthumous fame. In the twelve or fifteen thousand letters and manuscripts left by him, and transferred to the writer by his executors, is found abundant material for the Life of Ericsson, to be published during the present year. It is hoped that these articles will serve to make Ericsson known to the world as he was known to his friends—as one of the most generous-hearted and public-spirited of men, no less than one of the foremost of the world's great engineers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ericsson, on his Arrival in America, 1839.

"parliament of man, the federation of the world," than all the preaching of the pulpits and the eloquence of the forums?

Chief among these men, a very king among his fellows, unquestionably stands John Ericsson; however we test him—by natural ability, by acquired experience, or by actual accomplishment, he is first. Few men, even in his own profession, understand what was done by him; for his work extended over so long a period that he had no sooner advanced to a new achievement than men forgot the old. If we think of the locomotive we remember George Stephenson, who died forty-one years ago, but we do not realize that we have had with us until within a year the man who contested with Stephenson the honors of the first locomotive competition in October, 1829, and who, according to contemporary accounts, surpassed Stephenson's "Rocket" with his "Novelty," steaming over thirty miles an hour. We remember the Monitor, but how few understand that the great feat of delivering that vessel within a hundred days from the signing of the contract for her, was only possible because Ericsson had previously built a hundred other vessels in which he had developed the revolutionary ideas embodied in the first turreted iron-clad. These vessels include the Princeton, which is associated in memory with the melancholy accident that deprived John Tyler of two members of his cabinet, and threw the whole country into a fever of excitement. We recall the caloric engine, with a vague impression that it was not successful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many know that before the contest in Hampton Roads had made the name of Ericsson famous, that engine was in such extensive use that twenty-five thousand dollars were paid in a single year for royalties upon those sold, and that it opened a new era of mechanical enterprise, creating a demand for small-power engines, which is still supplied by hot-air engines of Ericsson's invention? We remember, possibly, that the Mechanics' Institute, in 1840, bestowed its chief prize upon Ericsson for the best model of a steam fire-engine, but we do not remember that as early as 1829 fires were extinguished in London with an engine of his invention, that another was sent to France, a third furnished to the Liverpool Docks, and a fourth—of elegant workmanship—to the King of Prussia, Frederick William I.

We know something of Ericsson's connection with warfare on the sea, but it is not easy to realize that he twice revolutionized naval construction; first, by the ideas introduced into the Princeton, and next, by their amplification and extension in the Monitor. Still a third great change was involved in his Destroyer, which is in the line of the coming revolution in naval warfare.

Ericsson's inventions are so numerous that a mere catalogue of the most important of them, with a dozen lines of description for each, would occupy the space of this article, and would read like a page from the Patent Office Report. And by inventions is not to be understood mere models, such as the ordinary inventor carries around with him to prove his insanity to the unsympathetic capitalist. Ericsson did not depend on models; his engineering conceptions were reduced to drawings, and then passed to the workshop for construction. When the expenditure involved was beyond his means, he always found men of money ready to risk their capital in the development of his ideas. Not all of these ideas were commercially successful, but the net result was the building up of large fortunes for many besides Ericsson himself—a yearly income of fifty thousand dollars resulting from a single invention which he generously gave to the friend at whose solicitation he had taken out a patent for it. A list of one hundred would include Ericsson's principal engineering conceptions; if all of his patented ideas were enumerated this list would extend to five hundred, and the larger number would be doubled if it were to include the ideas made use of by him, and sufficiently novel to meet the requirements of the Patent Office.

Setting aside minor inventions, three distinct purposes are apparent in Ericsson's labors; first, to improve the steam-engine and extend the scope of its application; next, to discover some more economical and efficient method for changing the mode of motion we call Heat into the mode of motion we call Power; third, to force the great maritime nations into declaring the ocean neutral ground, by making naval warfare too destructive a pastime to be indulged in, and equalizing the conditions of the struggle between the greater and the lesser states. On the accomplishment of this last purpose depended, in Ericsson's judgment, the future of his native Sweden. Too weak to hold her own in a contest with any great power, under existing conditions, her only sure hope of defence is in neutralizing the dominating factors of numbers and wealth by the efforts of genius stimulated by patriotism. Love of country was with Ericsson a supreme passion. In this controlling sentiment, in the traits of character derived from his sturdy Norse ancestry, and in the training and experience acquired during the twenty-three years spent in his Scandinavian home, we find the secret of that exceptional development of specialized faculties which has placed him in the very front rank of constructive engineers.

John Ericsson was a native of the province of Wermland, a tract of wooded highland lying between the chief watercourses and lakes of Sweden, on the borders of Norway, to the west of Stockholm, and on the direct line between the capitals of these two Scandinavian kingdoms. Long the debatable ground between Sweden and Norway, its dense forests were, during the middle ages, the home of the Swedish Robin Hoods, who levied toll upon the caravans carrying tribute to the Norwegian king from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject province of Sweden. "The bounty of God," as Duke Charles of Sweden declared three centuries ago, "has replenished the mountains of Wermland with all sorts of ores." Its wealth is in its mines, some of which have been worked for five hundred years, and its inhabitants have all the characteristics of a mining community.

Massachusetts soil, a son. From this first-born white son of the Bay State descended, according to John Fiske, Thorwaldsen the sculptor; so the ancestors of the Ericssons and the ancestors of the Thorwaldsens would appear to have been family connections nearly a thousand years ago.

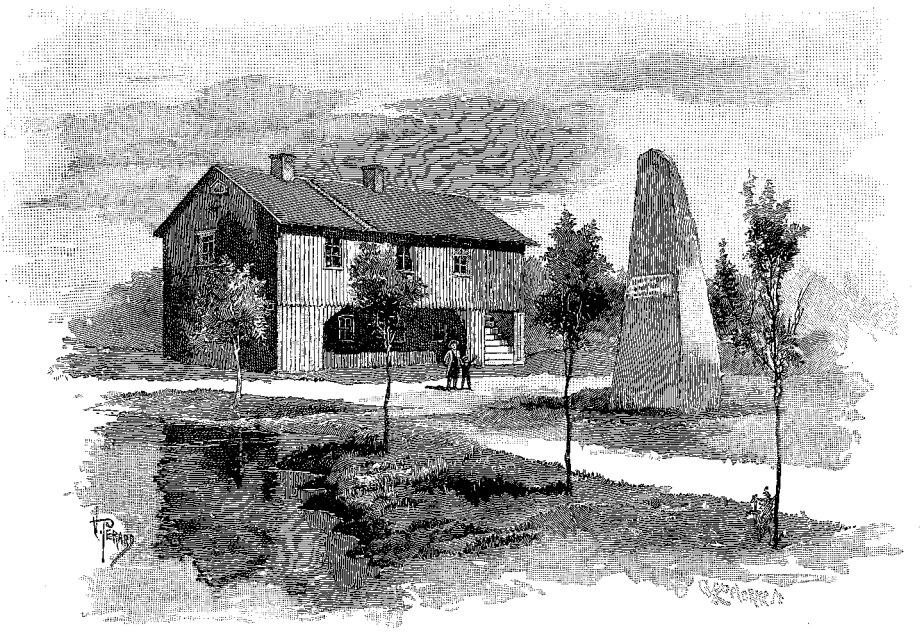
Olaf Ericsson took to wife, in 1799,

Ericsson's Home after his Father's Failure.

Among these people dwelt at Langbanshyttan, in the mining district of Philipstad, at the opening of the present century, Olaf Ericsson, born in 1778. Olaf's father was Nils, and his grandfather Magnus, descended, it is supposed, from the family of Eric the Red, and his son Leif, who visited the New England coast, A.D. 1000, nearly five hundred years before the landing of Columbus on one of the Bahama Islands. Leif, we are told, with his kinsmen and associates, journeyed thrice to the New England shores, and on a fourth visit, during which they remained three years, the sister-in-law of Leif bore to her second husband, Thorfinn Karlsefne, on

Brita Sophie Yngström, daughter of an iron-master living in Wermland, of Flemish descent. The ancestral name was Horn, a name which one of the family was compelled to change while serving as a youth in the Swedish army under Count Horn, of the celebrated historical line, the count's aristocratic ears having been offended by hearing a private soldier called by his own patronymic. The father of Brita, Jan, married a woman of Scotch descent; thus a strain of Caledonian blood was introduced in the Ericsson family. In the case of John Ericsson we find another illustration of the theory that gifted men inherit their traits from their mother.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



John Ericsson's Birthplace and Monument.

Brita Ericsson was a warm-hearted, intellectual, spirited woman, with a firm character. She is described withal as a very handsome woman, tall and slender, with magnificent light blue eyes that deepened in color, sparkling and flashing most brilliantly, when she spoke with animation.

Olaf died in 1818, when he was forty years old; his wife, Brita, lived thirty years longer, and was able to tell her grandchildren, when letters came from her son John in far-off America, how an old man had prophesied to her father that in the family two boys would be born who would be renowned the world over. To Olaf and Brita were born first a daughter, Anna Caroline, in 1800; next a son, Nils, in 1802, and, finally, on July 31, 1803, appeared John, the last of the family. To the mother in her old age, when she thought of her first-born son, may have come the recollection of that older prophecy: "He also shall be great, but his younger brother shall be greater than he." The lines of the brothers' lives ran together until they were men grown, but from the very beginning the younger commenced to distance the elder.

Wealth was unknown to the Ericsson family, and Swedish country living at that time was plainness itself; but love abounded, and the mother's cheerful temper, with the father's good-humor and generous disposition, assured the blessings of a harmonious and happy home. Caroline was a child of unusual beauty, Nils was spirited and engaging, and the baby, John, a wonder to all. As a child John was busy the day long, drawing, boring, and cutting. Providing himself with pencil and paper, he would, in the early morning, run to the mines, and sit there until dark, watching with deep, earnest eyes the motions of the heavy engines, copying their forms, and studying into the secret of their motion.

The years from 1806 to 1811 were trying ones in Sweden. Industrial pursuits, including those connected with the mines, were greatly disturbed by the war with Russia, and many of the people were ruined, among them Olaf Ericsson, who was deprived of his moderate possessions and his larger prospects. His property was sold for the benefit of his creditors, and the happy home at Langbanshyttan was broken up. It was a crushing blow to the gentle-spirited Olaf, whose sensitive nature found sup-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Headquarters Götha Canal Company.

port in his wife's more vigorous personality. In 1811, when work was resumed upon that great undertaking the Götha Canal, he obtained a situation as foreman of a gang of workmen engaged in blasting rock along the line of the new waterways.

Despite these adverse circumstances the Ericssons resolved to give their sons a good education, and at any sacrifice to secure for them the best instructors possible. A governess was sent for; "and I remember," wrote John in after years, "with gratitude how well she taught me during the two years she was with us, 1811 and 1812." Engaged on the canal work at Forsvik was found a talented young draughtsman, who understood the art of drawing in the English style, and with a finish rivalling that of engraving. He was invited to the house of Olaf Ericsson, and received his board on condition that he should impart instruction to the two sons.

This was the turning-point in the life of the lads. John especially took eagerly to instruction. Permission was granted to him and his brother to make use of the draughtsman's office established by the canal company, and when John was only eight years old his first drawing to the scale was on exhibition for the admiration of the neighborhood. He also learned to sketch maps, and before he was ten years old he had a very complete mastery of the drawing instruments with which he was to work such wonders in later life.

The father did not cease his efforts to secure for his sons the highest possible advantages of tuition. In 1813 he persuaded one of the superintending constructors on the canal, of high professional reputation, to give the lads lessons in algebra and architectural drawing, employing also as tutor Dr. Afzelius, a near relative of the celebrated Swedish chemist of that name. "Of course, he plagued us with lessons in the Latin grammar," writes John later on; "but I learned from him chemistry and many other things of great use to me; for instance, how to make and mix colors for my drawings out of the materials bought at the druggist's for a few cents."

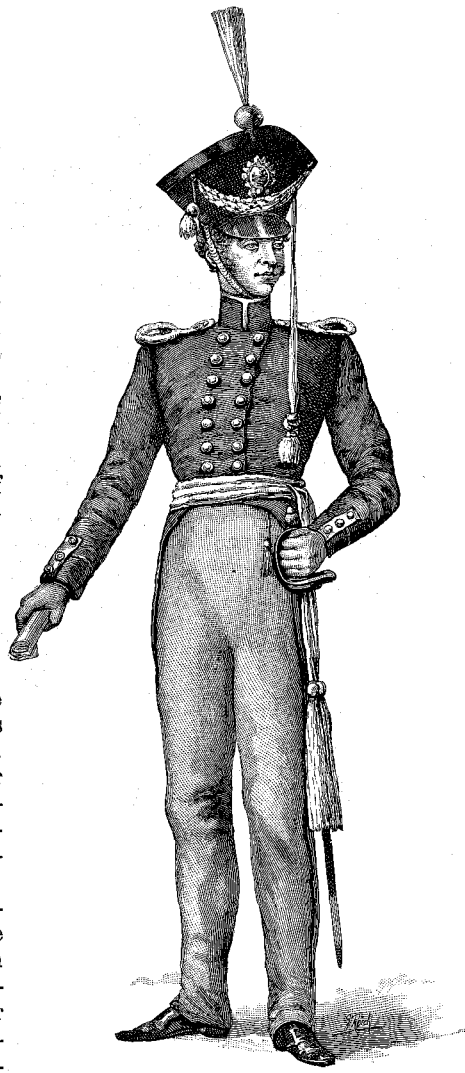
Meanwhile the fortunes of Olaf Ericsson had improved. From employment as agent to select timber for lock-gates he had advanced to the post of second in the direction of the work on the canal itself, at Hajstorp Station. This change necessitated his removal to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parish of Fredsberg, on the Lefsäng, a situation whose beauty impressed itself upon the imagination of the younger son.

Still indefatigable in securing education for his sons the father applied to the court chaplain, a mighty functionary in local repute, for permission to avail himself of the service of the parish curate to teach French to Nils and John. What was more to their purpose, he persuaded the greatest mechanical draughtsman of that time in Sweden, Lieutenant Brandenburg, of the Mechanical Corps of the Navy, to teach the boys the modern art of finishing off mechanical drawings with shading. Thoroughly interested in the instruction of two pupils of such evident capacity, Brandenburg made several drawings for their guidance. These John used for models, until he became complete master of the art of mechanical drawing.

During the winter of 1816–17 he received lessons in chemistry and algebra from Professor Rash, of local reputation, who was engaged upon the canal. He was also taught field-drawing and geometry by a German engineer officer, Captain Pentz, who was on duty fortifying the mouth of the canal on Lake Werner. He learned English from the English controller of the works at Hajstorp Station, and had opportunity to practise it with Englishmen employed on the canal.



Lieutenant John Ericsson, Jämtland Field Chasseurs.

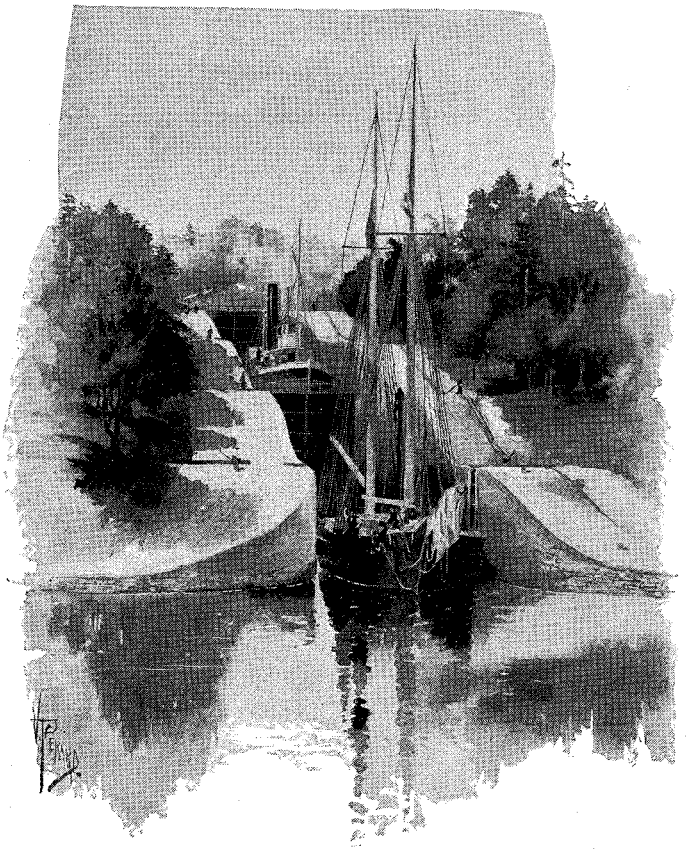
These particulars of John Ericsson's early education are important in their bearing upon his future career. While his eagerness for instruction was exceptional, and his capacity for absorbing knowledge unusual, his opportunity for acquiring it was a rare one for that time and place—indeed, for any time and place—combining as his study did the practical and the theoretical. He learned thoroughly the art of presenting his ideas through the medium of mechanical drawings, without the aid of models. To a friend who once said to him, "It is a pity you did not graduate from a technological institute," Ericsson replied, "No, it was very fortunate. Had I taken a course at such an institution I should have acquired such a belief in authorities that I should never have been able to develop originality and make my own way in physics and mechanics, as I now propose to do." "The end," writes this friend, Count Rosen, in the letter from which I quote, "has proven your words true."

Except for the advantageous circumstances of John Ericsson's youth his faculties could not have received the early development which made his subsequent achievements possible; for occasions arose when his facility in handling the tools of his profession was an important element in his success. His extraordi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nary natural ability, having been thus developed by early training, he was able to do as much at the drawing-board in a given time as two ordinary men. Without so complete a mastery of the technique of his profession he could not, at the age of twenty-six, have amounted to genius, but fortune also favored him with exceptional opportunities for early training in its mysteries.

Count Platen, who had control of the works at the Götha Canal, in 1814 sent to England, at the expense of the company, two engineers, Lagerheim and Edström, charged with the duty of informing themselves as to the most approved methods of work in canal construction. They returned in 1815, thoroughly instructed in the best engineering methods of that time, and proceeded to drill a number of pupils, cadets of the Swedish Corps of Mechanical Engineers. The Ericsson brothers were among these cadets; John being then eleven years old and Nils twelve. Lieutenant Brandenburg introduced Captain Edström to his pupils, and he was so much struck with their work that he advised their



Lock on Götha Canal, Trollhattan Falls.

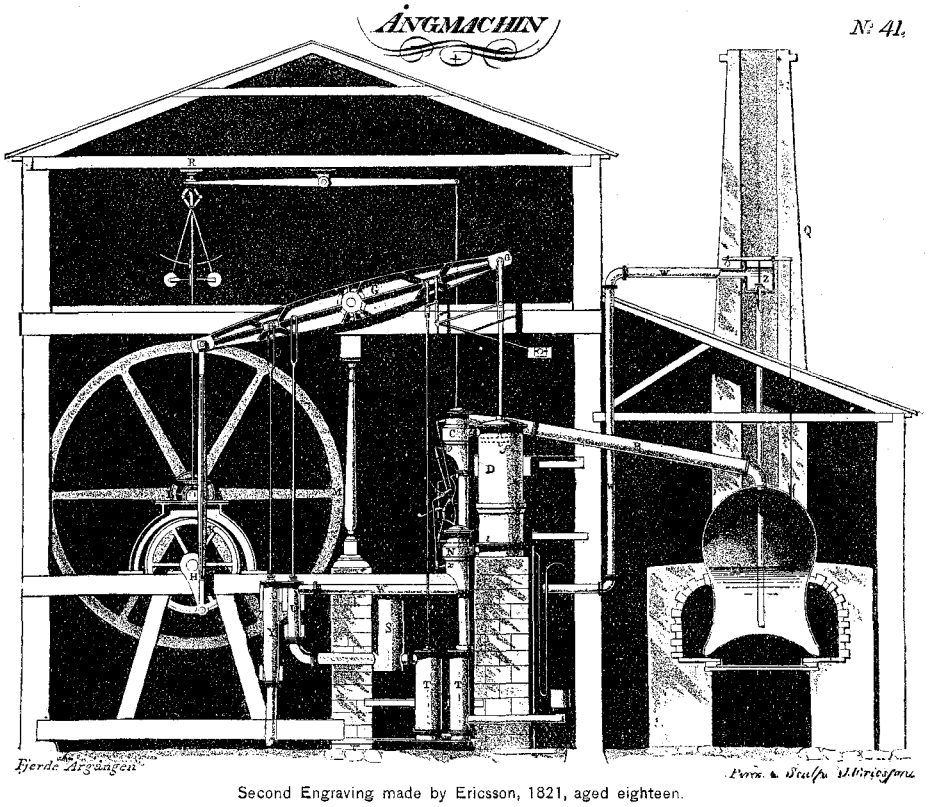
prepared himself in seven weeks to enter into that famous contest at Rainhill, England, for the honor of building the first high-speed locomotive; he could not have sent to sea in 1862, inside of a hundred days, a Monitor, which turned the tide of destiny and revolutionized naval warfare; he could not have furnished the Spanish Government in 1870 with thirty effective gun-boats, within six months of the time he received the order for their construction. Nature not only endowed Ericsson with an aptitude for his chosen profession which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father to take them without loss of time to Count Platen, then living at Holmatorp, and with them some specimens of their work.

To Holmatorp accordingly went the delighted father, with Nils and John following after. The great man was gracious, and received the lads with encouraging words. "Continue as you have begun," he said to John, as the boy looked up to him eager-eyed, "and you will one day produce something extraordinary." The lad was not one to forget such a greeting. When nearly seventy years old, writing of another who in his youth had shown him similar kindness, he said: "I always held him in the greatest esteem; he often encouraged me, and I have not yet forgotten his words. What he said to the warm-hearted boy were not empty words, and the grain he sowed has borne fruit." Even at the time he was introduced to Count Platen, the future engineer had astonished the local gossips with a saw-mill and pumping engine which he had made, "all out of his own head," at the age of ten; certainly he had no other tools than those found in that museum of curiosities, a boy's breeches-pocket. He himself traced the first suggestion of his future career to the day when, in his seventh year, he dug a mine a foot deep and made a ladder for the use of the miners with which his childish imagination filled it.

Seeing his two sons raised to the dignity of cadets of the Mechanical Corps of the Navy, and wearing the uniform of His Majesty's service, Olaf Ericsson was a proud and happy father. His sacrifices for his children were rewarded, and their future, under the patronage of one of the most influential of Swedish subjects, seemed assured. Educated himself at the gymnasium or college of Carlstad, he fully appreciated the value of early training. As Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were compulsory at the gymnasium, he must have known



Second Engraving made by Ericsson, 1821, aged eighteen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something of these languages. He was an accomplished penman and accountant, had excellent judgment in mechanical matters, and himself taught John before he was eleven years old how to construct an ellipse, and the use of a ball-and-socket joint; thus solving a problem the boy was struggling over in relation to his saw-mill. He explained to him also the use of a vacuum, and taught him how to raise water by combustion and the condensation of flame. He thus gave early direction to studies which were continued by his son through a career extending over three-quarters of a century of active professional work. "I shall never forget," John said in his old age, "the joy I experienced the first time I saw the water rise in the glass cylinder at the moment my father extinguished the imprisoned flame."

Nor did the good mother fail to do her part in stimulating the ambition and training the faculties of her sons. The royal family of Sweden have always been patrons of literature, and some of its members poets and dramatists of no mean degree. The years from 1771 to 1809 include what is remembered in Sweden as the Gustavan Period—somewhat as we characterize the period of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Ben Jonson as the age of Elizabeth. Ericsson's mother caught the spirit of her time. She studied with ardor philosophical, social, religious, and political works. Walter Scott was among her favorites, and from her John obtained impressions concerning the imaginative arts which never wholly left him. Absorbed as he was in the dry details of mechanical construction, he occasionally found use for other metres than those of the French system of mensuration; he delighted in the sagas recording the heroic deeds of his ancestors, and when Frithiof's Saga was translated into English he hastened to present copies of the work to friends less appreciative of it than he. He has carefully filed among his papers a list, in his own handwriting, of forty Swedish songs, with a translation of their titles, including among them many songs of sentiment. He made the acquaintance of Milton, as appears from a letter, written to a friend threatened with blindness. In this he said: "My grief at your great loss is in a measure relieved when I think of what Milton accomplished after the darkness had laid its hand upon his eyes. Is there anybody with the sharpest eyesight who has given to mankind such elevated enjoyment as the blind Englishman?"

We have now dug down to the root of the Ericsson family-tree, and find why it is that it produced such sturdy stock as Nils and John Ericsson; for Nils, in Sweden at least, was hardly less distinguished than John, and was well known in engineering circles beyond Sweden. He rose to eminence in his profession, was the successful constructor of the Swedish system of railroads, and was ennobled. He secured a seat in Parliament, two of his sons being members of that body at the same time with him, and retired, finally, to enjoy his leisure with a comfortable fortune and the largest pension ever bestowed upon a Swedish subject.

The Chinese ennoble the ancestors of a man who distinguishes himself by exceptional accomplishment. The custom has its foundation in sound reason; great men, good men, useful men, are the product of the high thought and noble aspiration, the useful labors, and the self-discipline of their ancestors. In the curious kaleidoscopic changes of character produced by the admixture of bloods, almost every pattern may appear, but none the material for which could not be found in ancestral inheritance.

While completing their course of instruction on canal work the Ericssons were busied in summer upon the canal and in the winter were transferred to the office established for the instruction of the cadets, as well as for draughting the plans for the work. In 1815, when only twelve years old, John Ericsson was employed, under the direction of his chief, in drawing profile maps and plans for use on the canal, and for filing in the archives of the canal company.

A year later, while still only thirteen years old, he was assistant to the *niveleur* in charge of the station of Riddarhagen, and when fourteen years old he was given complete charge of the Rottkilms station,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where six hundred of the king's troops received daily direction in their work upon the canal from the lad, who was accompanied by an assistant carrying a stool to enable him to reach the eyepiece of his surveyor's level. In his fifteenth year John was promoted to the position of assistant to the chief of the work, Lieutenant Ryding. His salary at this time was thirty crowns—eight dollars a month, measured by the standard of to-day, but then worth several times that sum in purchasing power. Quarters were provided him, and he was allowed travelling pay. "I had nice rooms in the company's house," he says himself, "a servant to wait upon me, and I took my meals at the same table with the chief of the works. Before I received a salary I was provided by the company with clothes and uniform, and sufficient pocket-money."

Nils was fond of pleasure and society, and would spend his money in adorning his attractive person. His portrait shows a man of different temperament from the rugged John, whose chief delight seems to have been in his work. As occupation for his leisure, which could not have been great, John had drawn for his private use maps of the most important portions of the canal and the machinery employed in its construction. Some years later he decided to publish these, and arranged with a German officer to furnish the letter-press. Ericsson proposed to prepare etchings for the plates, and mastered the art of aqua-fortis with such readiness that he was able to begin work at once. One of the plates, the second one etched by him, was reproduced in a Swedish illustrated magazine. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this Ericsson said: "I remember very well the surprise of certain engravers at the sharp white edges of the pump-rods against the dark ground. The plan of rubbing these parts with a fine varnish before the plates were prepared for the aqua-fortis, which suggested itself to the beginner, enabled him to surpass the work of experienced artists."

Ericsson also invented a machine engraver, with which he was able to complete within a year eighteen plates, averaging fifteen by twenty inches each. With these his ambitious undertaking stopped, for he found that the rapid progress of mechanical improvement was rendering entirely obsolete some of the machinery he proposed to illustrate. As part of his work during the intervals of his occupation as a leveller, he executed a drawing of the Sunderland iron bridge, which Count Platen, years after, was accustomed to show to his visitors, when recounting his experience with his youthful prodigy.

In other respects than this disposition to plodding industry John differed from his brother. Nils was conservative and cautious, preferring to keep to the beaten track. As he gradually gained experience in his profession, and his sterling qualities of fidelity and honesty became better known, increasing responsibility was imposed upon him, and his progress to public distinction was sure, if slow. John Ericsson, on the contrary, was from the beginning searching for some new way of doing things, for some novel application of the mechanical powers which should add new forces to the world's wealth.

As a child he was impatient of routine. When scarcely out of leading-strings he made himself the victim of family discipline by stubbornly insisting upon going around on all fours, in a manner peculiar to himself, and which nursery tradition could not tolerate. When it came to learning the alphabet, he understood at once that the characters shown him were symbols, and was soon discovered busied with a sharp stick, drawing in the sand of the lake beach, bordering the little homestead, signs which he proposed to adopt as a substitute for the Swedish alphabet. The discipline to which this eccentricity thus early subjected him was but a prophecy of the opposition following him to the end of his long life, and which would have daunted a spirit less determined and aggressive. Commenting on a photograph, he once said: "The form of the forehead indicates that the man will see things as they are, and not as they ought to be, a circumstance that will remove obstacles from his path through life." It was this prophetic instinct toward things as they should be that kept Ericsson himself at war, so much of the time, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

received opinions on engineering subjects. Had he been content to walk in the regulation ways, or wandered only a little outside of them, he might have plodded on his path through life to high positions, and secured the approval of professional opinion, instead of antagonizing it.

Still, his natural disposition toward revolutionary change was so controlled by sound judgment, and finally by ripened experience, that in the maturity of his powers that most eminent authority on engineering subjects, John Bourne, of London, said with equal truth and force, "that in all the attributes of mechanical genius, in originality of conception, joined with chastened sobriety of judgment, in penetrating analysis of the conditions to be fulfilled, and in skilful adaptation of means to the ends to be attained, no engineer who has appeared since the days of Watt and Murdock is comparable to John Ericsson. Every department of engineering art is stamped with the record of his triumphs."

Ericsson was, as will be seen, identified almost from his cradle with great engineering works, the Götha Canal being one of those important lines of artificial ways which connect the natural watercourses, and open the interior of Sweden to steam communication. He was brought into contact, at an early age, with the best examples of English engineering as applied to canal-work, and learned during his summers how to use practically the instruction he received during the long Swedish winters. He seemed to have found leisure with it all for boyish sports, and his active out-of-door life built up his naturally hardy constitution. He was famed as an athlete, a swimmer, and a skater, and when he was sixty years old, a gentleman who dropped in unexpectedly at a house where Ericsson was calling upon an intimate friend — Mr. E. H. Stoughton, our late minister to Russia—found him standing on his head to show how much of his youthful elasticity and vigor still remained to him. He passed through that experience which comes to most men of vigorous vitality, when the demands for bodily gratification in a measure overcome the cooler judgment, but in the end he returned to his youthful regularity and simplicity of living. Thus, with the solid foundation laid in early life, and the system which he adopted in his declining years, he was able to prolong his period of work with enjoyment almost up to the day of his death, in his eighty-sixth year, on March 8, 1889, the anniversary of the contest in Hampton Roads which made him forever famous.

In 1820, when Ericsson was seventeen years old, he reached a point in his career where two roads met and parted. With the first suggestion of manly independence dawning in his mind he began to rebel against the career laid out for him by his friends and guardians, though before he had been more than content with it. To the home of his widowed mother came as boarders officers, civil and military, at work upon the canal, and her house was the rendezvous for the troops under their direction. Her son was brought into association with those who entertained him with stories of the great world; the world in which the Corsican cadet of Brienne had won an empire with his sword, and the lawyer's apprentice, the royal master of the young *niveleur*, Bernadotte, a marshal's baton and a crown. Military ambition began to stir in the breast of the youth. Although he wore the king's uniform, it was not as a soldier; he aspired to command troops, to break away from the bonds of the routine which confined him, and to lead the life of romance and adventure which, to the imagination of the young man, always lies just beyond. His good friend Count Platen protested, but Ericsson was not to be persuaded, and they parted in anger when the youth declared his determination to accept a commission as ensign in the Swedish army.

The law of foreordination and predestination was working out its results. There was experience to be acquired which could not be learned by running canal levels and ciphering out the radii of curves. The conception of a Monitor, revealing itself to the world nearly half a century later, was not an inspiration but an evolution. It was the ripened result of the studies of a life-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time; prompted in the beginning by patriotic feeling, directed by the highest engineering ability and most exact mechanical training, and developed in the end by such a crisis in the history of a great nation as can occur but once in the longest lifetime. Watching the log rafts tossed in the storms upon the lakes of his native Sweden, Ericsson had implanted in his mind an idea of the principles of stability in floating constructions which was destined to germinate and grow. Another idea was needed to accompany it; that was the conception of a circular tower as the means for meeting an all-round fire. This Ericsson derived from the officer who instructed him in fortification and gunnery, to fit him for his new profession. Timby, who afterward claimed the idea of the Monitor, was not there to offer suggestions; was not even born until 1822. Further, Ericsson's experience of five years in the Swedish army gave him some instruction on the subject of artillery, which he was destined to make such effective use of in his future career as an engineer of naval constructions.

The young ensign was assigned to the Royal Field Chasseurs of Jämtland, the southern part of Norrland, one of the most barren regions of Sweden, supporting a population of less than four to a square mile, but with everything to please the imagination; beautiful landscapes, wild and imposing; immense forests of pine and fir, broad rivers, numerous lakes, and lofty mountains. The station of his regiment was Frösön, near Östersund, the capital of Jämtland. John was a favorite in his regiment. He joined eagerly in the sports and Swedish gymnastics which occupied the spare time of the officers, and was soon known as one of the best shots, the best leaper, and the champion wrestler. His feats of strength were noted, and the spirit of emulation sometimes carried him too far, for he suffered at intervals through life from an injury to his back resulting from over-exertion. Soon after he joined his regiment he was recommended for promotion; but his colonel, Baron Koskull, was in disgrace at court and the recommendation was not heeded.

The young Duke of Upland, Bernadotte's son, interceded with the king, winning his interest in Ericsson by showing his soldier father a military map made by the ensign. This not only secured the desired commission of a second lieutenant, but it also directed the attention of Bernadotte to the great skill of Ericsson in this work. As a result, later on, he was summoned to the royal palace to draw maps to illustrate the campaigns of the ex-marshal of Napoleon. Meantime orders had been issued to carefully survey northern Sweden, and Ericsson obtained permission to present himself at Stockholm to be examined for this work. With his early training he had no difficulty in passing the examination required. His perfect comprehension of the principles of geometry was the foundation of his clear perception of mechanical principles, and this was made so apparent that his examiners were astonished to find that he had been able to master the problems of Euclid without special study. The surveying was paid for by the piece, and as Ericsson could do double work he was carried on the rolls as two men, to avoid criticism. Altogether he contributed to the archives of Stockholm detailed drawings of fifty square miles of Swedish territory.

This was the romantic period of Ericsson's career; during it he established friendships and developed enthusiasms which never left him. More than fifty years after, when his knowledge of Swedish had grown somewhat rusty from disuse, he wrote home to Sweden: "Overwhelmed with work I have not had time to write the description you ask for in my native tongue. I can think in English four times faster than I can write in Swedish, and write four times faster than I can think. As now $4 \times 4 = 16$, you will find my excuses sufficient. But this is only the case in mechanical matters, because when the language of the heart is to be used I prefer to express myself in my native tongue. Although ignorant in all that properly belongs to mechanical philosophy when I left Sweden, I was by no means inexperienced in the language of feeling. I sometimes wrote poetry to the wonderful and enchanting midnight light of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norrland. Connoisseurs often doubted that it came from the second lieutenant and surveyor up among the mountains."

Norrland is within less than three degrees of the arctic circle, and there the phenomenon of the midnight sun is to be seen in perfection.

After Ericsson left Sweden his affections seem never to have rooted themselves elsewhere, and he turned toward the home of his youth always with ardent devotion. Any humble workman who had known him there was more in his eyes than the highest who might honor him elsewhere. "I am so entirely Swedish," he wrote in the midst of his Monitor triumphs, "that I cannot bear the thought that I am believed to have forgotten, or set aside in preference for some other, our beautiful mother tongue, 'the language of glory and heroes!'" The most sacred thoughts of John Ericsson's heart, and the most confidential experiences of his life are revealed, so far as revealed at all, in the Swedish letters left behind him.

Though he was a citizen of the world, and a naturalized American, his interest in his native land never ceased; indeed, his affection for it increased as he advanced in years. Yet he never visited Sweden after his departure from home in 1826. He did propose in the latter part of his life to return thither, and declared that he would rather lie under a mound of gravel in Sweden when he was dead than beneath the tallest monument that could be erected on American soil. He became interested, however, in his study of solar heat and the development of his sun motor, and was not willing to transfer himself to a region so little adapted to such studies as the high latitudes of Sweden. He needed, as he explained, to be near the vertical rays of the sun. "New York is certainly not vertically under the sun, but the rays in midsummer incline only seventeen degrees, and produce a heat scarcely two degrees less than in the tropics, thus sufficient for my purpose."

When Ericsson obtained a position securing to him an income much in excess of his modest needs, which was not until after he had reached his sixtieth year, he was constantly making gifts to Sweden and to Swedes. These appear to have attracted little or no attention in this country, but they have added a feeling of affection to the pride with which his countrymen remember him. An ancient miner sent word, through one of Ericsson's correspondents, that he had known John in his youth; immediately a draft was sent to purchase a handsome watch for the old gossip, and as one of his neighbors, "the man with the leathern apron," was subsequently found to have some vague recollections in the same line, he received one hundred and fifty crowns to "buy him a coat."

When famine pinched the Norrlanders in 1867, and collections for their relief were taken up in various countries, the total contributions from the United States amounted to 20,316 Swedish crowns. Of this sum Ericsson gave 20,216 crowns, and a subscription of 100 crowns from the Swedish minister completed the total. He sent 1,000 crowns at another time to provide for the miners in his native Wermland who had outlived their capacity for work, and for the widows of deceased miners, and 10,000 crowns to the burnt city of Carlstad in the same province. He promptly responded to a request that he should furnish the money, $3,000 in all, to enable the Royal Library of Stockholm to purchase a valuable collection of historical documents; he armed the first Swedish monitor of his designing with fifteen-inch guns, which are by no means inexpensive toys; he furnished at his own cost the machinery and also the plans for a Swedish gunboat, designed as a model for a fleet of coast-defence vessels, and in numerous ways his generous spirit toward his countrymen found expression.

Human nature is the same under the arctic circle as in the torrid zone. Ericsson had an ardent and impulsive temperament. The glories of the midnight sun could inspire him with poetry, but the sparkling eyes of Jämtland maidens moved him still more profoundly. To one of these the young lieutenant became deeply attached. She was of an ancient and noble family, and her father was an officer of high rank. To her Ericsson was betrothed, with those formalities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which in Swedish opinion at that time imposed the obligations of marriage, and were not infrequently extended to include its sanctions as well. The laws of Sweden regulating the marriage of army officers were exacting, and made impossible a legal union between a poor lieutenant and a maiden whose womanly charms and her excellent birth were her only dower. Precisely how the pair stood related to each other from our point of view cannot, at this distance of time, be determined. But custom, founded on necessity, sanctioned what restrictive laws did not recognize. The connection was subsequently dissolved, and, being free, the young woman married another Swede of distinguished reputation, and lived to old age as his wife. A son was born to Ericsson at this time, in 1824, and was adopted by his relatives in Sweden when he removed to England.

This child was well educated, and became a man highly respected, holding a prominent position in government employ. He was sent by Sweden as a Commissioner to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, and died in 1887, aged sixty-three. His widow preserves a portrait of the father, painted on ivory, in London, in 1824, by Way. It was given to her husband's mother, and represents Ericsson at the age of twenty-one. He is described as being at this time a handsome, dashing youth, with a cluster of thick, brown, glossy curls encircling his white, massive forehead. His mouth was delicate but firm, nose straight, eyes light blue, clear and bright, with a slight expression of sadness, his complexion brilliant with the freshness and glow of healthy youth. The broad shoulders carried most splendidly the proud, erect head. He presented, in short, the very picture of vigorous manhood.

A comrade of this period, who is still living, describes young Ericsson as a noble lad, frank, faithful, and honest. He had only a small coterie of intimate friends, and with these he was cheerful and charming. "He was exceedingly active," adds Major Hjärne, "always inventing, designing, constructing." King Charles John, who saw his drawings, advised him to go abroad, as his own country could not reward him as he deserved. This advice was given with more effect by one of Ericsson's brother officers, who, in a letter written forty-seven years afterward, says: "I remember the ensign, by whom I was so struck that I asked my brother officers to accept him as a comrade, and urged the colonel to secure his promotion. I could not bear the thought of this genius burying himself in Jämtland, and when I heard of his attachment for a poor girl, I considered him lost to the world if he should settle there. I advised him to go to England. He at once replied that I ought not to have awakened a thought that had long slumbered within him, when I knew that his want of means made it impossible for him to realize his ambition.

"'How much do you need to start out with?' I asked.

"He answered, 'I could go in a fortnight if I had a thousand crowns.'

"I asked him to draw a note for this sum; this I indorsed and took it to the bank, and a fortnight later he had the money."

At this time Ericsson was a second lieutenant in the Swedish army. He obtained leave of absence and started for England, stopping on his way thither to participate in the festivities at Stockholm on the occasion of the birth, on May 3, 1826, of a Crown Prince, afterward Carl XV., and arriving in London, May 18th. To England Ericsson carried his wonderful physique, his magnificent brain, an unusually thorough training in the technique of his profession, and a capacity for work which was phenomenal. Other possessions he had none, saving the flame engine which had excited the wonder and admiration of the Norrland garrison. The high hopes of fame and fortune founded upon this were destined to disappointment; the little engine had rendered cheerful service so long as it was fed with the splinters from the pine-forests of its native Sweden, but it did not take kindly to the sea-coal of England. So Ericsson was compelled to abandon it, but the ideas in which it originated were deeply rooted and were destined thereafter to take shape again; first in the caloric engine, and later on in the solar engine,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which he has left as his bequest to the future.

Another thought destined to develop great results was present in the mind of the young Swede. Sailing with his friend Count von Rosen, in Portsmouth Harbor, their attention was directed to the fine proportions of the British men-of-war then in sight. Speculating upon the evidence these vessels gave of naval strength, so far exceeding anything that Sweden could hope to rival, Ericsson said: "I have in my mind the idea of a vessel which it is possible for Sweden to build; and which would render these wooden walls of England of no avail against her."

"Hush!" exclaimed Rosen, "if they hear you say this, they will banish you from England."

This was the voice of prophecy, and the future showed how truthfully Rosen drew the horoscope of the man whose life was to be one long antagonism with routine, and whose destiny it was to compel England twice to reconstruct the naval establishments in which were centred her pride and her hopes.

The failure of his flame engine was a bitter disappointment to the young lieutenant. Following the custom of army officers who intend to establish themselves in civil pursuits, he had obtained leave of absence with a view to resigning. Probably the condition of hesitation and doubt resulting from his disappointment explains the breach of discipline in overstaying his leave. Neglect to obtain the acceptance of his resignation placed Ericsson in an unfortunate position. From this he was extricated by the friendly interposition of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who secured his promotion to captain, and the acceptance of his resignation, to date with this promotion, October 7, 1827—seventeen months after his departure from Sweden. The circumstances under which Ericsson obtained his title of "Captain" gave it supreme value in his eyes. He clung to it through life with great tenacity, and when asked on one occasion what title should accompany his name in a printed dedication, he answered, "Captain" and "LL.D."—the last designation being the gift of Wesleyan University; yet he was a Knight Commander of five orders, a Ph.D. of the University of Lund, a member of various Royal Academies and of numerous scientific institutions in Europe and America.

Though the expectations which drew Ericsson to England were not realized, his advent there could not have been more timely. For the new era just opening before English engineers his peculiar abilities and special training exactly fitted him. It was his habit, as I have already said, to see things as they ought to be instead of as they are, and his spirit of adventure into new regions was as indomitable as that of the Norse rovers from whom he inherited many of his mental traits. All things were to be made new, and there was need of a man ready to discard the teachings of precedent—not in the spirit of rash conceit but as one discerning clearly what lies beyond, and advancing with assured footsteps to a new goal. England's future empire was depending upon the development of the new force John Watt had placed at her disposal. Aristocratic prejudice and official opposition to innovation were barring the path of progress, but there were a few who comprehended the possibilities of the future, and among these Ericsson was chief. The list of his inventions at that time shows how clearly he perceived the lines upon which the future advance must be made.

If he did not realize his dream of checking the extravagant consumption of the earth's stores of carbon in the steam-engine, he certainly did his full share to develop the capabilities of steam, to apply it to new uses, or by new and more economical methods extend its application to the old uses. It is susceptible of the clearest demonstration that Ericsson is the creator of the modern naval vessel propelled by steam, for without the application of the ideas having their origin in his busy brain it would be impossible to carry steam into battle. In the most effective type of the modern iron-clad the domination of Ericsson's conceptions is absolute; its model—speaking broadly—its machinery, its motive power, even its ordnance, all bear the impress of ideas which he put to the test of actual practice or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

successful experiment anywhere from a third to a half century ago.

Ericsson's caloric or heat engine was a failure only in the sense that it did not successfully establish itself in competition with the steam-engine on its own ground. As a mechanical expedient it was successful, and monopolized a special field, to the great profit of those who controlled it. The steam-engine is the creation of a race of engineers; when it comes to deciding to whom should be credited its several improvements, it is impossible in the wrangle of voices contending for precedence, to distinguish the one first heard. It is certain that there is scarcely one of the devices characterizing the modern marine engine, as compared with its more cumbersome and less efficient predecessors, which has not been in some measure the result of Ericsson's industrious labors and transcendent genius for mechanics.

It is said that Ericsson did not invent the screw, but it is certain that when his first screw-vessel was presented in 1838 for the inspection and approval of the Admiralty Lords—supposed to represent the nautical wisdom and experience of the most nautical nation in the world—it was condemned, not because it was not new, but because it was declared to be impracticable. Ericsson did not *discover* the screw, because it had often been suggested and experimented with under various forms, but he did work out successfully the problem of screw propulsion, apply the screw to forty-one vessels on this side of the Atlantic before it had passed beyond the stage of experiment in England, and finally compel the Privy Council of England, by granting an extension of his patent, and the Admiralty, by paying him an award for its use, to acknowledge that he certainly did invent a screw. When marine wisdom shall have settled, by concurrence of opinion, what is the best form, and what the best application of the screw, it will be time enough to consider how much advance has been made upon the ideas of John Ericsson.

If we accept Herbert Spencer's definition of altruism as being "all action which in the normal course of things benefits others instead of benefiting self," then was John Ericsson one of the most consistent disciples of this philosophy. Throughout life he was accustomed to sacrifice himself for his ideas, and if in those ideas a distinctly philanthropic intention was not always discernible, they were unquestionably directed by high purpose toward improving the conditions of the race. Ericsson's Monitor would not be ordinarily classed among benevolent institutions; yet the original inspiration to his studies in naval defence was one of the highest and holiest of all impulses—the love of country. He sought to protect his native land against foreign aggression, and especially against the encroachments of Russia, whose hostility to Sweden was among the most vivid and painful recollections of his early youth. "My object in laying the matter before the Emperor Napoleon was," he says, "to cause the destruction of the fleets of the hereditary enemy of my native land. Strange to say, no sooner did the communication reach its destination than news came that the fleet at Sebastopol had been voluntarily consigned to those subaqueous regions which I had had in view. I ceased to labor in the matter until our civil war broke out, when I took it up with great enthusiasm, and finally elaborated some points of detail, cautiously waiting to move, however, until England and France should by overt act espouse the cause of our enemies—a cause which involved the perpetuation of the bondage and the firmer riveting for another century of the shackles on four millions of persons whose only crime was their color; the inevitable consequence being that at the end of that century this fair portion of our planet would have contained some forty millions of bondmen."

Having thus briefly indicated the sources of Ericsson's strength, I shall, in another article, present more in detail the significant facts of his career, showing his intimate relations to the progress of modern invention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Don Juan Valera.
[Born 1825.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Armando Palacio Valdés.
[Born at Entralgo, in Asturias, 1853.]

A DAY IN LITERARY MADRID.

By William Henry Bishop.

THERE is a literary club, the Liceo Literario, in Granada, but it does not contain writers of note; indeed, I doubt if it contains any at all. I went up to its rooms one hot evening—they are in the little plaza called the Campillo, in the building of the principal theatre—and saw the members playing checkers and dominoes in the ordinary, commonplace way. With the night-life of charming, famous Granada to look at, it seemed pleasanter outside. They were preparing then for the great fête of crowning the national poet Zorilla in the Alhambra. This fête was afterward successfully held under the auspices of the society, but I could not even procure one of the printed programmes of it. I was assured that it would be sent to my hotel before my departure, but it was not sent. The poet was crowned—by the way, a very pretty and fascinating idea—with a crown made from gold washed out of the sands of the Darro, the torrent which rushes through the city, skirting the Alhambra and cutting it off from the gypsy-hill of the Albaicin. As the Darro yields gold in but very small quantities, the collection of the necessary amount was a labor of love and patience.

I did not see anything of that modern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benito Perez Galdós.
[Born in the Canaries, 1845.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literary Spain which is making so considerable a stir in the world of late, till I arrived at Madrid, proceeding thither from Andalusia and from Africa. The vast treeless, grass-grown, Scandinavian-looking plain, with snow-mountains rising on its borders, over which Madrid is approached, was something quite unexpected to me. It is less sterile than La Mancha; it is without the stone-heaps and dark, aggressive-looking windmills of Don Quixote's country around Argamasilla, but it is lonesome and only a trifle less forlorn. A herd of large black bulls feeding in the foreground drew attention at once to the national amusement of the country, if one had forgotten it. Finally, at Getarfe—a station quite furbished up, and looking as if it might contain the country-places of prosperous city people—if you get out, you may see a notch in the edge of the windy plain. Down there, through the notch, for it is down-hill, you make out a great expanse of red roofs varied with New York looking domes and steeples.

"Oh, De Amicis!" I more than once exclaimed in Madrid, in involuntary upbraiding—for it is De Amicis who has written us the most glowing and admiring accounts of it—"Oh, De Amicis! how could you?" And "Oh, De Amicis! how could you?" I especially exclaimed in the famous Puerta del Sol. It is true we have been told, in a general way, that Madrid is crude and new, and not to expect much of it. But, after all, a few hundred years is a very respectable antiquity, and our own fancies, even if baseless, are stronger than descriptions—which makes me think it may be quite useless to read any descriptive writing, except, of course, this. Who would not have expected, of a plaza which calls itself the Gate of the Sun, a gate of some kind—probably a fine, ancient one, with the sculptured horses of the sun prancing upon it? There is no gate at all. There is nothing but a great ellipse of monotonous five-story buildings, chiefly hotels, the rendezvous of numerous horse-car lines. But let us be just: you see also a large government building stuccoed and colored red, with white embellishments; and you see a fountain, a large, full basin, perfectly plain, where you can wash your hands if you like—a very good idea. There are even no splendid cafés. The most prominent object is the sign of the New York Life Insurance Company. Nor are all the hotels models of elegance and comfort. I entered one of them, with a rather fine-sounding name, which advertised reasonable prices in one of the journals. Its rates might well have been reasonable, for it was down at the heel, raggedly carpeted, and malodorous as the most lamentably cheap boarding-house. How this could have been, behind so respectable a front and in so famous a square, I do not understand. It is true there is always a great lot of people in the Puerta del Sol, a rush and stir of life, quite on the American plan; but if an Italian traveller like De Amicis, coming from the very essence of color and picturesqueness at home, could like this, I am sure he would like America much more. Would that he would come and stand on our street-corners in New York and Chicago, and write of us in the vivid style in which he has treated of Madrid and Constantinople. It is pleasant not to have to disparage America for once, and I do not hesitate in the least to say that Union Square is far more attractive than the Puerta del Sol.

There is a good deal of New Yorkey architecture, of the common sort, in Madrid; that is to say, the tall brick tenement-houses with stone "trimmings," on the balconies of which the family-wash is hung out to the breeze. To hang out the washing thus is the custom, however, even in much higher circles. I saw it displayed on the houses bounding the garden which skirts the royal palace. I was often tempted to think that excessive practicality was the trait of the modern Spaniard, and that the feeling that inspired the rich old architecture, with its color, its exuberant yet massive forms, and its fine, deep shadows, had quite gone out of him. Perhaps he has been so weighed upon by old traditions that it is a relief to cast them all off for a time and even dance upon them with a sort of barbaric glee. The noble Duke of Medinaceli has a brick palace, at the corner of San Geronimo Street, which might be the merest manufacturing establishment; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the shabby brown walls of that of the Duke of Villahermosa, across the way, the stucco is peeling off in patches. The Duke of Montpensier's palace, San Telmo, with its fine, semitropical gardens, along the Paseo, at Seville, had rather formed my ideal of those of the modern sort. If there were no more than this in castles in Spain, one might as well build them in some other country. The public buildings have their large royal escutcheons, which carry one back to the ancient traditions, but they have little else. The marked Dutch and German influence, in their belfries and roofs, was always a surprise; can I have heard it mentioned before? If so, it has not been dwelt upon. The Low Countries, so maltreated by Philip and Alva, took their revenge by setting the fashion in these matters. Philip brought back the pattern of such roofs even for his stern granite vagary the Escorial.

I have placed their setting a little, as it looked to me, and now for the characters at whom I proposed briefly to glance. There is a full and active inner life in Madrid, but the more interesting, perhaps, from the absence of exterior attractions. I had not expected very much from the few letters I brought; not that they were not good, for they could not have been from better sources, but there is a great deal of accident in such things and my time was limited. I missed Senator Riaño, for instance, in a first visit I paid him, and he missed me in a return visit. But one morning at length I found him; the delay was well rewarded, and that day proved to be one of the most full and memorable of all my journey. Don Juan Facundo Riaño has been a cabinet minister, and is now a senator, representing the district of Granada. He is a member, too, of the committee of arrangements for celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. He is found in the Calle del Barquillo, No. 4. You go up wooden stairways to the third landing. Wood is something of a luxury in Madrid, warmer than stone or marble, and the stairways, though not polished, are not carpeted either. The apartment, however, was charmingly full of a multitude of such objects as people of refined taste would naturally gather round them.

Señor Riaño, of spare habit, thoughtful, quiet mien, most courteous, unaffected manners, and a dark, smooth skin contrasting with silvered hair and mustache, is a thoroughly handsome and distinguished personality. There could not be a finer type of the Spanish gentleman. One says to himself, "Surely this is the hidalgo type fully realized." He speaks excellent English; but his wife speaks it without an accent. Señora Riaño is the daughter of Pascual de Gayangos the historian and critic, and friend, in their day, of Prescott and Ticknor; so the house on both sides comes well by its cultivated and literary traditions. Gayangos is the reviewer, for historical matters, of that standard periodical the *Ateneo;* at eighty years his faculties are as bright and clear as ever, and he is writing at present an account of the relations between Spain and England in the time of Philip II. Señora Riaño has lived much in England, and knows Lowell, James, and other of our leading American literary men, for whom she expresses high admiration. Indeed, it was pleasant to hear her praise the Americans generally, for, poor souls! they do not always get the best of characters abroad nowadays. "I have known so many, so many, nice Americans," she said, "and I am very fond of them." Of our books, of which she had read many, I recollect that she praised most the "Lady of the Aroostook." Complaint is sometimes made of the lack of intellectual people in the upper society of Madrid—would that such a complaint were well founded in Madrid alone! It is said to be hard to find a woman who interests herself in a book, and the women, after middle life, settle down into a pretty complete dulness. I have heard it gallantly put that if the Spanish women do not read nor write many books, it is because they understand so well their power to inspire all that in others. Señora Riaño seemed by no means one of the women likely to settle into apathy, but rather to offer a model that might well be followed in some other countries. A music-master came while I was there; and she had also been studying German very hard of late. "I do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mean to stagnate, you see," she said, with her bright, engaging smile. "If anybody should undertake to examine me on my Goethe about these times, I fancy he would get more than he bargained for."

I am not the first to have discovered how much more is to be got from the talk of a bright, cultivated woman than that of most men, especially, as in the present case, where so much was to be learned of new places and conditions. I felt, when it was over, that my horizon of Madrid was much enlarged. She talked to me of Señora Emilia Pardo Bazán, of Barcelona, whose friend and admirer she is, especially recommending her latest book, "Los Pazos de Ulloa." I dare say I should have met this distinguished novelist had she been in town. Here is one Spanish woman at least who writes, and extremely well too. I afterward bought her "Insolacion," illustrated with beautiful little realistic vignettes, like those in some editions of Daudet, to take back to a friend in Paris. The Riaños have their country-place at Granada, out on the road past the Cartuja, where travellers admire the particularly rich marbles, and they go there to spend the summer. Fancy being a senator from Granada! With our American way of idealizing the place, it is almost like representing dream-land or fairy-land in a legislative body.

From Señor Riaño's, with an introduction, most courteously and amiably given me by him, I went to Perez Galdós's, in the Plaza de Colon, not far distant. The house was new and handsome, brick and stone, one of the houses in a crescent or semicircle, five tall stories high, and, it may be added, without elevators. Galdós is up at the top. Alphonse Daudet lives just as high in Paris, and, though an invalid, has no elevator either. At any rate, the view was charming. The site is in the very best part of Madrid, the brand new Madrid, in which, with her wide boulevards—at present a little vacant—and plentiful gardens and statues, the Spanish capital is emulating Paris. It is at the junction of the Paseo de Recoletos with that of La Castellana, and these are the continuation of the Prado, where all Madrid promenades on fête-days and fine summer evenings. A part of the Prado, called the Salon, is almost as carefully kept as a dancing floor, and on one side of it, separated by a balustrade holding gas-lamps, is a macadamized road along which pass the carriages and equestrians, as in Rotten Row.

A little to the south—to mention what the novelist saw closest at hand—was the ornate, dainty theatre of Prince Alfonso; directly in front, the handsome Colon (Columbus) monument; and beyond that, veiled by the boulevard trees, the Mint and the National Museum and Library.

Here, again, the uncarpeted wooden stairs. The apartment showed a comfortable command of money; and, indeed, the vogue enjoyed by the author of "Doña Perfecta" and "Gloria" must have resulted in good financial returns, even though it is the custom to reward literary distinction in Spain with public honors and offices rather than money. It was bright and gay with water-colors and sketchy drawings, as if the author were an amateur of the arts, and such as one might pick up if he had many artist friends. Perhaps there were rather too many small knick-knacks about, as if a feminine taste had had its way at the expense of solidity. The servant who opened to me was very dark, reddish dark, very like a Mexican Indian, and of the same smiling, docile character. She evidently had orders to protect her master's leisure, but she was too honest about it. She would see if he was at home; she did not think he was; probably he had gone out and would not return till two o'clock, and the like.

It was transparently clear that he was at home, and so he was, but kindly allowed me to disturb him. He came into the room with a hard-at-work air and a cigarette between thumb and finger. He is a dark, slender man, of good height, rather loose-jointed, forty-four years old, and with a young look.

We began to talk at once of the realistic movement in literature. In Spain realism is conceived as enlightened social history, as displaying life chosen with regard to what is vital with meaning and worthy of attention; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1/

Miau

I

A la una de la tarde, la chiquillería de la calle de [illegible] la calle-
juela del Limón salía atropelladamente
de clase, con algarada de mil demonios. Vuelve un himno á la libertad, entre los muchos que se han compuesto
en las diferentes naciones, es tan hermoso como el que entonan
los principios de la enseñanza elemental al soltar el cordel
de la disciplina escolar y echarse á la calle, riendo y
saltando. Sus gritos y el coraje con que hacen frente á los
más arriesgados ejercicios de volatinería, la [illegible] ingenuidad
[illegible] y el contento con que expresan su dicha á los estrépitos que
[illegible] al delirio de la autonomía individual
[illegible] que cada día cubre con polvareda, algazara y cascabeleo, la [illegible]
queño de los triunfos revolucionarios que [illegible] en otro solar
menos dichoso hacían detonar los cohetes.... Salerón, como digo, en tropel,
el último. Quería ser el primero, [illegible]

Facsimile of the First Page of the Manuscript of Galdós's Latest Novel, "Miau."

[The first sentence may be translated: "At four in the afternoon the small fry of the public school in the Plazeula del Limon (Lemon Square) bolted helter-skelter out of class with the impish clamor of a thousand demons."]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it gives no countenance to that utterly unwarranted assumption, based upon certain performances of the French school, that it is only a display of the ugly and disgusting. As we were both in accord upon the argument, we had it all delightfully our own way. He showed me a long shelf-full of his books, in English, and in their English and American bindings, much more substantial than those of the Spanish, who, indeed, like the Continental people generally, do not publish in bindings at all, but only in paper covers. He not only showed me his books, but also gave me one of them, the latest, "Miau." Miau! miau!—why, it sounds like a cat. That is precisely what it is meant to sound like. It is the history of a family whose peculiar facial expression gives them—particularly the three women of it—a resemblance to one of those porcelain cats made for ornament. A little boy, Miau, fights his way dismally through school under the weight of this nickname. It is the history, too, of a poor old man who drags out his life hoping to be reinstated in a government clerkship he has once held. His peculiar trait is to have, in a supreme degree, that habit of trying to hoodwink and conciliate destiny by pretending he expects nothing from it, which most of us practise now and then. "I shall never be placed," he says; "I know it perfectly well. I expect nothing whatever. I don't cherish the thousandth part of a beggarly illusion on that score, and never have." But, all the same, he skims the *Correspondencia* eagerly—this famous *Correspondencia* is a paper exclusively devoted to news—and goes down to the café to see if he cannot hear of some change of government which will permit of a new *combinacion*, under which he may be reinstated. Connected with this part we have an extensive picture of bureaucratic life under the Spanish Government, a good deal like the bright account Sidney Luska has lately given us — in "Grandison Mather"—of the New York Surrogate's office. The story is doleful, but possesses drollery too. A good deal of the latter comes out of the relations of little Miau, a weakly little chap subject to cataleptic lethargy, with the Creator and Ruler of the Universe. He has formed a conception of God, from religious picture-cards he has seen, as a venerable old man with snowy beard, who, however, is quite informal and talks to him in the most familiar way.

"What do you mean," says the august Creator of all things, for instance, "by saying in your geography lesson to-day that France is bounded on the north by the River Danube, and that the Po passes through Pau? Do you think I took so much pains to make the world to have you go and unsettle it in this way? Just put yourself in my place a little: how would you like it?"

Of all Perez Galdós's novels, "Doña Perfecta," the first, is perhaps still the best. On seeing it in his book-case I could not help recalling my first reading of it, in Harper's Franklin Square Library. That particular copy was handed over to me by a friend who had received it from one of the wits of New York. "The man who gave me this," said my friend, "goes around asking people if they have read 'Doña Perfecta,' and if they haven't he doesn't want anything to do with them." Besides his regular novels, Galdós has written an extensive series of "Episodios Nacionales"—throwing into lively, romantic form the principal episodes of later Spanish history, which I should think quite a money-making device. I have mentioned elsewhere a series of the same kind going on in Mexico, when I was there, some years ago, but the latter were not done with anything like the same talent. On the back cover of "Miau," by the way, is a curious idea, which I did not chance to notice till quite a while after getting home. It looks like the ordinary list of new publications, but, instead of that, it is a list of the publisher's debtors. It is headed, "List of those gentlemen dealers having open accounts with this house, from whom we have not been able up to this time to collect what they owe." There follow the names of forty-two dealers of different places, including the Widow Nadal & Sons, Cartagena, who are recorded as having paid *half* their debt; and a foot-note is appended saying, "On the covers of the succeeding volumes we shall give the names of those in the above list who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have in the meantime liquidated their accounts, and we shall also continue publishing the names of other delinquent debtors, if there be occasion." This is certainly a new way to collect old debts. It would not go down in America, where I suppose, too, it would be prevented by law. One might fancy that these delinquents, especially on finding themselves so numerous, would harden their hearts, like the Egyptians of old, after their exposure, and band together to resist paying up till the last gasp.

Perez Galdós, besides being a novelist, is a legislator. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, sitting in that body as a representative of the distant island of Porto Rico. Not that he is a resident of that island or has any very special affiliations with it, but, as in most other European countries one may stand for any district that pleases to have him. Nor is he an orator, nor yet an active man in the political way. I have heard it said that he had himself elected a deputy merely in order to get an opportunity to study legislative manners at first hand. In his next book, therefore, we may perhaps have an intimate and thorough picture of the Cortes of Spain, as we have of the government offices in the last. Fancy an American literary man getting elected to Congress to secure material for a new novel — or, indeed, getting elected there on any score whatever!

I had brought a letter, from America, to Armando Palacio Valdés, but as he lives in Oviedo, a small city far in the north of Spain, I did not expect to see him till, if at all, I should reach that distant province in my travels. But I learned from Perez Galdós that he must be in Madrid at the time; he had seen him only the day before, and he told me where he was stopping—Plaza de la Independencia, No. 9, third *piso*, or story, to the right. The house was in another crescent, this time of gray granite, on the wide street of Alcala, in the same fine part of town, but, if possible, yet more new and open. In front of it, in the middle of the circular Plaza, is the fresh granite Ionic triumphal arch of Charles III. Now, *there* is a gate something like, and in excellent taste. It is another rendering of the Paris Arc de l'Étoile but in much better proportion to its surroundings, which it does not dwarf, like the too large French monument. The boulevard trees are button-ball and acacia, very young yet, but the more umbrageous greenery of the public park, the Buen Retiro, is seen at one side. The street of Alcala, if one follow it all the way from its origin, comes up to this arch from the Puerta del Sol, greatly aggrandizing its width on the way. It passes the War Department, terraced up amid grassy grounds in a situation not unlike that of the White House at Washington; the fine new granite Bank of Spain, still under construction; and the grand marble fountain, in which a majestic queen is driving a chariot drawn by lions. The granite so much in use in the newer structures is like that employed in many of our public structures, as in the huge Equitable Building in New York. And, *apropos* of this, just as the New York Life Insurance has the largest sign in the Puerta del Sol, the Equitable has just put up one of the finest buildings in the city, which will be a source of pride, no doubt, to patriotic Americans.

All this, however, does not prevent Madrid from being as I have said. It recalls such large French provincial cities as Lyons and Marseilles, and they are notably vacant. Nor does it prevent washing being hung out upon some of the houses even of this fashionable quarter. The *concierge* (door-keeper) system prevails in the large Madrid houses as it does at Paris. The unhappy *portero* or *portera* often seems to occupy an even darker nook than his unfortunate contemporary there. Upstairs in the apartment entrance-door, another Spanish feature, and a very good idea, as it seems to me, was a circular space with a revolving brass disk, to be opened by the servant to see who is there; and below was a key-hole of perfectly enormous size. Valdés was not in, but was momentarily expected; and I waited and talked with a younger brother of his, who looks much like him. Presently he came in, a man with a bright, winning smile, thoroughly dark, Spanish complexion, and a short, dark beard curling round his face, with rounded, well-fed features, but, on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole, somewhat German-looking. He has a more amiable expression than Galdós, and is much younger. Except that humorists with us are notoriously sombre or fierce-looking, one would say that he came well by the humor that abounds in his books. As this was a boarding-house and mere transient abode, of course one could not judge at all of his personal taste and characteristics from the surroundings. He told me that he generally aimed to pass about three months of the year at the capital. He has two younger brothers who hold business positions in Madrid. I saw his little son, Armando Palacio Valdés, Jr., his only child, a pretty little fellow dressed in miniature bull-fighter's costume, as Spanish urchins often are. Valdés met with no common experience and a crushing bereavement in his short married life. His young wife died and left him a widower after but eight months of their partnership together.

We talked about the articles on Spanish literature which had appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, and the translations of his books in America. He showed himself particularly pleased with the appreciative opinions that had been expressed there concerning his part in the present movement. He reads English with difficulty, and does not speak it. When it was a question of my sending him some piece of writing of my own, he said, with a smile, "Let it be at least in French, then." Howells's article tracing the connection between the humor of Cervantes and that of the English school, through Fielding and Thackeray, came up. He thought this a hard problem to follow; he was familiar with Fielding's "Tom Jones," but disclaimed sufficient acquaintance with English to be a competent judge. For my part, I recollect on reading the acutely penetrating article named to have been greatly impressed with its truth. It accounted, among other things, for a certain very drolling Spanish colonel I met with in Mexico. It is not the usual impression, I know; we are apt to think of the Spaniards only as a dark, serious, tragic people. Oh, these preconceived impressions! In reality, I doubt not there is some spark of the beneficent, humanizing element almost everywhere. Even in France there are books and there are conceits of the newspaper writers which give not merely the vaunted, hollow *esprit* and *bon rire gaulois*, but an honest and hearty fun, quite allied to the Anglo-Saxon sort. This is not the general impression, either, from most of the books that come to us. Let us try to believe it, at least, that the genial element of humor is spread in many countries, for I think we are inclined to parody the famous lines and say, "The man that hath not *humor* in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." It is the fact that most great rascals, large and small, are without it; but then there are the stately heroes too, and the leaders of crusades, who are generally without it. Let us say that humor is a saving grace, but that it is apt to keep you down in life. The vast army of the rank and file want their great author monumentally serious.

Not one of the present race of realistic Spanish writers is likely to obtain on this score the colossal repute, say, of the unsmiling Victor Hugo, certainly not Palacio Valdés. He, too, gave me his last book, "La Hermana San Sulpicio," with an inscription "*en prueba de amistad*," in proof of friendship, which I cannot but value always most highly. The book is very amusing. It is a "novel of manners," being a straightforward account of a modern love-affair, and depends for its interest upon the display of character, yet there is a quaint originality exercised even in the choice of the minor and humorous incidents. In this respect, and the brightness of the conversations, it calls to mind the Englishman Thomas Hardy, though the style is without the ponderousness which the latter much indulges in, perhaps through having read, or written, too many articles in the philosophic reviews. The hero, so to call him, for nobody in the book is at all too bright and good for human nature's daily food, is a young Galician who should be a medical student but passes his time in trying his hand at verses and dramas instead. He has quite serious ideas of putting upon his visiting card "Ceferino Sanjurjo, Descriptive Poet." We first meet with him going down by rail from Madrid to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Baths of Marmolejo. He has as a travelling companion a man who has just been elected judge, and must present himself without fail at Seville on the arrival of the train, to be sworn in. At the station of Baeza the judge gets off, only in smoking-cap and slippers, and the train apparently goes on without him. Señor Sanjurjo, thinking he is left, means to do a friendly act by putting off his effects at the next station and instructing a station-hand to telegraph back. Fancy his sensations when, at the station of Andujar, the judge, a most pompous and irascible person, walks into the car again, having only spent the interval with acquaintances in one farther back in the train.

The main situation of the story, too, is unusual. Sister San Sulpice is a little nun, a charmingly pretty and mischievous one; there never was a more roguish and tantalizing daughter of Eve. The staid nun's habit is very becoming to her; she is but twenty, and she is up at the springs with the Superior of the convent to take the waters, for the latter's health. But to keep the attractiveness of this piquant situation both for the ardent lover and the reader, without shocking the prejudices of anybody who might fancy religious subjects were being trifled with, he has made her belong to an order which has received her vows of allegiance for but three years. She entered only to escape certain disagreeable things in her family, with no real intention of remaining if she could help it, and her three years is up in a few weeks. The main part of the sprightly, laughing love-affair, with its many ingenious turns, goes on in the outer world. Incidentally every typical phase of Seville, every class of society, is displayed. I wish I had read the book before going there. I do not know that I should call it deep—something profounder even in character-drawing might easily be conceived—but it is graphic, and to add such a comprehension of the city within, to that which alone the mere traveller may have would be of great value. The hero is a very every-day person, as I have said. He tells the story himself, by the way, and he spares neither his own simplicity nor shortcomings. I should like him better if he were not quite so every-day, but it is a great point in his favor that he owns up so frankly. What do you think he does, at the end? It is one of those novel touches to which I have already referred. I doubt if many such things can be found elsewhere. In order to get the consent of his wife's mother and her administrator, to his marriage—which they both strenuously opposed—he had appealed to them on the mercenary side. He had finally consented not to ask for an accounting, and to leave the management of his wife's fortune in their hands, together with one-third of the income from a profitable factory. But he tells us—it is after the wedding: "Be it known, then, that I mailed from Madrid a duly legalized power of attorney to reclaim my wife's full inheritance. I had given my word, it is true, but I had not bound myself by any document. I was thinking every instant of that blessed dower, imprisoned in distant hands, and what might become of it. I hope that the reader, unless he be one of those rigid Catos who know nothing whatever but the strait and narrow way, though he censure me, as is just, will not wholly dismiss me from his good graces."

The account given of the Andalusian women, and of the social spirit at Seville, if we can rely upon it as correct, certainly adds a new charm to a district that needed but little more. Ceferino, haunted by one of those numerous dreads such as often take possession of lovers, to the effect that his laughing-spirited affianced might not be able to endure the continued prose of mere married life, went to consult a friend of mature years—a captain in the army, and a man of the world—about it; putting it, of course, in quite an impersonal light. "Friend Villa," said he, "it is evident that these women are more endowed with grace and with passion than those of my province in the North; they have a livelier intelligence, and that they know how to love, there is no manner of doubt, but—but I have my fears that they may make much better sweethearts than wives."

But the captain took up the defence of the Sevillian woman with a zest. According to him, "she is lively and ardent, but not afflicted with vanity. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The fire of her character converts itself after marriage into tenderness and self-devotion. She demands to be loved, not to be adorned. Luxury does not fascinate the feminine sex in Sevilla as it does elsewhere, and that is the reason that poverty is not considered ridiculous here. The mantilla is an article of apparel that equals all classes; the difference of ranks is not felt here; the young girl most favored by birth and fortune associates on equal terms with those who have but the modest salary of a father to look to. . . . They say there is still something of the odalisque about her, but with a woman who exacts nothing but that one show her an affectionate tenderness on returning to the house, life is very facile and sweet. For the rest, perhaps the women of your country, more shamefaced, more timid and circumspect in their manners than ours, are even less to be trusted."

There is a slight connection between this novel and "Maximina"—translated, as well as "Marta y Maria," by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole—in the circumstance that Sister San Sulpice is represented to have been one of the teachers of the charming child Maximina when the latter was in the convent at San Sebastian. A word or two here and there will have to be left out for the American taste, for foreigners, whether for better or worse, have a much plainer way of talking about certain things than we, and then this book will no doubt be translated like the others. It is preceded by an extensive prologue with the author's profession of faith and theory of novel-writing. This is too long, I think; the reader will not put up with so much delay before getting at the fascinating story; but it is full of frank and excellent ideas. I shall quote only the two following: "While the novelist and dramatist refuse to recognize that *everything is plot*, that all of life is equally interesting, and while they devote themselves, instead, to weaving would-be stupendous, but really puerile, combinations and inextricable labyrinths, they will give us no firm and enduring works." And, "There are chapters in my novels which I am very much ashamed of and would abolish, if I could, with the greatest pleasure. Needless to say that some of these are the very ones that have won me most applause. Henceforward I am resolved to eliminate from my work every false or improbable element; my aspiration is to produce effects not violent but deep."

It was still early in the day, and my introduction to Juan Valera, the third in the trio of Spanish novelists who are better known, among us at least, than any others, remained. Should I be able to find him too? Yes, this piece of good fortune also awaited me. It seemed too much to expect in so short a time, in a single day, with the experience of Paris still fresh upon me, where the greatest part of every enterprise is the tedious preliminaries and delays. I could not forbear, as I went along, inquiring the rent of one of these fine houses in Madrid; for I may here explain that this whole journey was in good part a house-hunting trip. A house with sunshine and plenty of it, a good deal of garden, at a low price, and in a particularly agreeable climate, such was the desideratum pursued through southern France, Algeria, and Spain. And I am happy to say I found it, though these conditions were by no means to be met with at Madrid. I asked the price of an apartment billed for rent in one of the best houses. It proved to consist of eleven rooms, on the third story, which, as the tall ground-floor story and an entresol are not counted, was equivalent to a fifth or sixth, and there was an *ascensor*—an elevator. The price was 12,000 *reales*. How magnificent to think of living in an apartment at 12,000 *reales* per annum! Yet, since the *real* is but five cents, twenty therefore to the dollar, it is but $600, after all. There seemed a certain fitness, in my peregrinations among the literary people, in coming upon the bronze statue of Cervantes in the small Plaza de las Cortes. It is very like in pose, costume, and size to our own Shakespeare in Central Park. It is recent and was put up, not by Spanish initiative, but by the International Literary Society of Paris, when it came here on one of the excursions it makes to different countries on the occasion of holding its annual congress.

Juan Valera, at 25 Calle de Claudio Coello, was also in the precinct where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

building was actively going on, but his own immediate house was not quite so trimly kept as those we have just been looking at, and his apartment was more bachelor-like. The house is one with a front of brown, or mud-colored, stucco, peeling off like the Duke of Villahermosa's, and signs were displayed, at the door, of a private school, a modiste, and rooms to rent.

The social position of Don Juan Valera must necessarily be of the very foremost. He has been Spanish minister to Washington, and is brother of the Duchess of Malakoff, a distinguished ornament of the French fashionable world. He, again, is an example of the Spanish literary man in political life, and very permanently in it too, for he is a life senator of the kingdom, one of those who hold their appointment from the crown. He has been spoken of by the flippant, fictitious "Paul Vasili," who writes of the society of the great capitals of Europe in the *Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, as "an aristocrat by station but a radical by choice," and also as a cynic, and as "the coldest of men." I certainly did not find him the latter. He honored Señor Riaño's introduction with a hospitable, even friendly, politeness, made all the more charming by that ease of manner which the accomplished man of the world knows both how to wear and how to make others feel. Let me see as to his looks. He has gray mustache and hair, cut close, and the firm brown, aristocratic-looking skin; he is dignified, polished, comfortably built, a handsome man for his age, which may be sixty, and very well dressed. I judged he must be far taller than common by a chair that stood at his writing-table, so high that if I had sat down in it my feet would hardly have touched the floor; but when he came in he proved to be only of the normal stature of men, and the mystery of that chair remains still unsolved.

He was at his second breakfast, about noon, when I arrived, but had coffee, of a very excellent quality, served in the study, and after the coffee we smoked cigars of corresponding merit. There were some old portraits in the study, and all the walls were lined with books, most of them in bindings of an expensive but old-fashioned sort, that indicated that the volumes were of a certain antiquity. All the chairs, too, were strewn with books; the chamber was the veritable work-room of a busy literary man.

Valera has not poured forth volumes with the fecundity of the romancer Alarcon, for instance; he has not imitated that great French genius of whom it is told us that, by dint of writing so hard, he lacked time to live; nevertheless, what with his poems, novels, tales, dissertations, and critical papers, he has been a pretty prolific writer. He was regularly trained for the diplomatic career, knows many languages, and learning plays an important part in his work. A new life of Vasco de Gama, in Portuguese, was lying about; on another chair was a well-thumbed copy of Dr. Draper's "History of Civilization," in English. Señor Valera said this was a work which had excited much stir in Spain, and that a learned ecclesiastic had essayed a reply by way of refuting it. In the book-case was Stedman's critical study of the American poets. Señor Valera speaks English, but still prefers French. When in America he had known Whittier, Lowell, and Story, and, of course, the two latter out of it as well, for, during many years, they have passed more time on foreign shores than on their own. He has translated into Spanish some of Whittier's verse. Yet it must have been that he could not have gone very deeply into the American movement in letters, or perhaps that there was something alien to his nature in it that prevented its fully appealing to him; for in his volume lately published on the South American literatures, he has come to the conclusion—a most extraordinary one for us to have to reconcile ourselves to—that the Spanish American republics have much outstripped us in all those respects. My own limited experience of Spanish-American literature is that, while there is a great deal of glibness, especially in poetic turns of expression, it too often lacks solidity, and sacrifices sense to sound. Nevertheless I trust that this book, done by a man of such ability and such opportunities for judging, may have the effect of disposing us to become better acquainted with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work of rivals hitherto almost unknown to us in this field. In the general interchange of literatures now going on, it is time we knew something of those of South America, since they are known in Europe. May the day hasten when this circulation of literatures shall be very complete; it will be a check upon plagiarism, and a means of knowing where the original ideas arise. The contents of the volume had first appeared, from time to time, as separate articles. There was one South American book at least which the author did not know, and had not included in his account. I was surprised to hear it, for "Maria: Novela Americana," is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and worthy of the leading author of any country. I happened upon it quite by chance in Mexico. It is an idyl of the valley of Cauca, in Colombia, which would seem a sort of earthly paradise. Its author, Jorge Isaacs, like his hero, belongs to Jewish stock, which, driven out of Spain and forced with time and too hard pressure to accept the faith of its persecutors, has left in the West Indies and on the northern coasts of South America a strain of peculiar intelligence and physical beauty. The talk of this led to the Jews in Spain, a subject in which my host had much interested himself, and upon which he had collected books. He spoke of the unusual immunity the Jews had enjoyed in Spain during the middle ages, and the comparative lateness of the rise of the spirit of persecution against them; which was quite new matter of reflection to me.

Juan Valera is best known among us by his novel of "Pepita Zimenez;" nor, of all his writings, could he be better known than by this strong, moving, and natural, carefully wrought story. It has been translated into English, Portuguese, German, Italian, Polish, and Bohemian, and has been published as a serial after its appearance in the *Revista de España* and the *Imparcial* at home, in the *Journal des Débats*, of Paris, the *Perseveranza*, of Milan, and the leading journals of Buenos Ayres and Caraccas. In the edition of it which I have, also with his valued inscription, it is bound up with his "El Commendador Mendoza," as one of the collection of Castilian Writers, making a somewhat too thick volume, but with charming print, paper, and red lettering. This book, again, is preceded by a lengthy prologue, written by his friend and fellow literary worker, the famous statesman, Cánovas del Castillo. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be just as well to have the prologues with the works they aim to throw light upon; one can always read them at worst after the stories. This one pays a tribute not only to the author, but the friendship subsisting between the two men. It appears that on a certain occasion Valera gave up an important journey he was about to undertake, and remained at home for the sole purpose of making the accustomed reply to the address with which Cánovas was received a member of the Spanish Academy; and this prefatory review of the author's position in the world of letters is by way of a slight return. We expect eulogy, therefore; but we should not expect it of one like Cánovas if it were not true and well deserved.

At half-past four I was to go to the bull-fight; my place was already taken. The great *funciones* of the year had commenced, and both Lagartijo and Mazzantini were to appear to-day—which is a good deal like having both Patti and Scalchi in the same opera. As I have described bull-fighting in Mexico, I felt scarcely less than in duty bound to see the best thing of the kind in Madrid. Señor Valera was cosmopolitan enough to have no liking for this cruel national amusement, but spoke of it much as an American or an Englishman might. He described with interest, instead, the Portuguese variety of the sport. In this the bull is baited but not killed. The mounts, too, since they are not to be sacrificed, instead of being mere crow-bait, are the finest possible, so that one has, in addition to all the other scenic effects, the pleasure arising from spirited, gallant displays of horsemanship. Meanwhile, he took me, a privileged guest under his protection, to visit the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, which begin their sessions at three o'clock, and neither of which I had yet seen. No roundabout formalities, no tiresome preliminary red-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tape; we walked, as by a charm, past severe guards and secretaries, to all the points of vantage and inmost recesses of both houses. Two heralds-at-arms, in gorgeous dresses of crimson velvet, with the arms of Spain emblazoned in gold upon their breasts, precede the president of each body to his chair, carrying maces after the stately mediæval fashion, and afterward stand at the bar during the whole session. In exterior aspect the palaces of the two legislative bodies are not remarkable. That of the Deputies somewhat resembles the Corps Législatif at Paris, while the assembly hall of the Senate is the ancient church of an Augustinian convent. But the arrangements within are very luxurious and comfortable, recalling fine club-houses. In the main salon, committee-rooms and halls, were enormous magnificent pictures, of that bright kind, nearly devoid of masses of shadow, in which the strong modern Spanish school almost realizes the veritable daylight. Some of the finest of the pictures, too, had gone to the Paris Exhibition as part of Spain's display. The legislative benches were upholstered with warm red; the floors were spread with carpets of large design, woven at the government's own manufactory; I recollect that the drawing-room of the president of the Senate was entirely in splendid yellow. It was hung with the portraits of the successive occupants of the office. I first gazed at the present incumbent, the Marques de la Habana, in his portrait, painted in his fine uniform as Captain-General of Cuba. When I presently came to see him in the body there was a wonderful falling off. He was a spare little man, all in black, which was not becoming to his sallow complexion, and he was almost lost in the depths of his vast official chair. The Queen's throne, just behind him, stood unoccupied.

The deputies were all young men, or at most but little over the prime of life, fine-looking men, carefully dressed, for the most part in black. In the Senate Chamber you saw many more fine heads, elderly, of course, touched with gray, dignified or venerable. And among the finest, the most gracious of them all, I could not help but think that of Juan Valera, ornament to letters, whom I now left there with his fellow-senators, to be, I doubt not, an equal ornament to legislation and government.

Señor Palacio Valdés had said, smiling, that we might meet at the bull-fight, but we did not. The Plaza de Toros was a vast, new amphitheatre, of brick and stone, in a half-Moorish style. Everything was very harsh and cold about it. My seat, price six francs, was a numbered place on a bare granite step, amid thousands of similar ones. Those who are initiated bring their own cushions. It came on to rain, and umbrellas were put up in every direction. Facetious wags imitated the cry of the water-sellers in the streets and cried, "*Agua! quien quiere agua?*"—Water! who wants water? There were only a few women present, but these few seemed to be all of the superior class; several gray-haired ladies were seen in the president's tribune. At the bloodiest passages I observed the feminine element looking on unconcerned, or laughing about irrelevant matters with male admirers. The audience called to the two famous bull-fighters by their first names in a petting, admiring way, as, "Now, Luís!" [Mazzantini], and, "Well done, Manuel!" [Lagartijo]. These men—shaven, smug, and clean—somehow looked like priests, in spite of their brilliant costume. I do not see how the costume can be thought becoming; the breeches fall awkwardly too far below the knees, the jacket comes only just below the shoulder-blades. Lagartijo slightly resembles Irving. He is fifty, and takes a flying leap over the high barrier as if he were fifteen. Perhaps the only redeeming reflection from the brutal show was how a man may keep his agility to almost any age with sufficient exercise.

Admirers threw their hats and even their cushions into the ring, and it was etiquette for these to be tossed back again by the bull-fighting troupe. The hats were of the modern every-day fashions; they were not picturesque, like the silver-braided Mexican sombreros. I saw a bull endeavor furiously to gore a very good new Derby hat that had been tossed down in this way; but it was too small a mark for him and he did not succeed in piercing it. It was skimmed back again to its owner, and I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have no doubt he exhibited with pride the slight contusions it had received, and valued it highly for having gone through this fiery ordeal. The ring was so large that the bull soon became tired out simply with running around it. When he first appeared he had such force that he crushed a horse against the barrier like a mere nothing, and made the stout barrier itself crack with the touch of his horns; but presently he stood panting, had to be lured on to the attack, and became very dull before he was despatched. It really did not look very difficult, given a certain amount of activity and experience. All of which made it an even more disgusting and cowardly exhibition than in Mexico, where, the rings being smaller, the men were apparently in more danger. A base-ball match, or, still more, a rough-and-tumble foot-ball scrimmage, in the rain and mud at the New York Polo Grounds is not an attractive spectacle; but these are gay and gallant beside the flowing gore and inexcusable cruelty of a Spanish bull-fight in the rain.

At half-past six it was over, and I went forth, after an eventful day, in which I had seen the best and perhaps the worst in Madrid. A great concourse of omnibuses, with ornamented mules, awaited the throng; and on the Street of Alcalá, *El Tio Jindama*, the bull-fighting paper, was already cried, with an extended account of the affair, in technical jargon.

BALLAD OF THE WILLOW POOL.

By Graham R. Tomson.

THERE was never a face, to my mind, like hers,
  Nor ever a voice so sweet;
I would hearken aye at set o' the sun,
When the last long furrow was turned and done,
  For her song and her lightsome feet.

'Tween the summer sward and gold of the west,
  Through the quiet air and cool,
She would lead her goats on their homeward way
By the grass-grown road and the sedges gray,
  By the side of the Willow Pool.

Curst and curst be the Willow Pool,
  And the life that dwells therein!
'Twas never a rival of flesh and blood,
But a chill, unholy fiend of the flood
  That tempted her soul to sin.

What glistering mesh could the Neckan weave
  For a soul so pure and fair?
She would dream all day in the old black boat,
And she wore a cirelet about her throat
  Of a single red-gold hair.

One summer twilight I saw her lean,
  Low down to the water's edge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Farewell," she wailed, "to the old days o'er,
Farewell for ever and evermore!"
And she sank through the waving sedge.

The spell that had bound me snapped and broke,
I sped to the water-side;
There was never a ring or a steely track
In the water gleaming cold and black,
No sound—but a curlew cried.

And ever at dusk as that summer waned,
And the green fields turned to brown,
I would take my pipes to the slope above,
And play the airs that she used to love
Ere the Neckan lured her down.

There was no star once in the murky sky,
But a sullen, blood-red moon;
The waters gleamed and the air was still;
The voice of my reeds rang cracked and shrill
As I strove to shape the tune.

But I strove till the reeds sang keen and clear
As they never had sung before
(Sang till the black pool heaved and stirred),
Sweet as the song of a prisoned bird
That sings for the spring once more.

A faint, faint cry rose up through the gloom—
I watched with a beating heart—
But the voice died out in a strangled wail;
Longing and love could naught avail
'Gainst the powers of Evil Art.
. . . . . .

The morrow's dawn was dim and gray,
With a mist like a winding-sheet;
She leaned in the dusk by my open door,
Slid through my arms to the rush-strewn floor,
Like a drowned corpse at my feet.

There were pale bright gems at her breast and throat,
Their like had I never known;
She was wrapped in a web of blue and gold,
Her eyes were closed and her lips were cold,
And her breast like the marble-stone.

Her folk came up from the harvest fields,
But they crossed themselves amain;
The mother that bore her turned away,
Shuddered aloof from the poor cold clay
Of my lass come home again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So I drew from her limbs the glistering gear
  Where the water dripped and ran,
I wrung the drops from her yellow hair
And wrapped her in linen white and fair,
  White webs that my mother span.

And the carven stones and the woven gold
  (Ill meshes of death and dool!),
And the dim blue gown, like a coiling snake,
I flung far out to the sedgy lake,
  To their lord in the Willow Pool.

I took my store in the leathern pouch
  (Laid by for our plenishing),
I sought the priest and I prayed him lay
My lass in the hallowed ground that day,
  Secure from the Evil Thing.

He said me nay—"through the kirkyard gates
  No corse accurst may win,
Nor ghoul in its semblance—who can tell?
For this is sure, in the deepest Hell
  Bides that soul seared black with sin."

So I digged her grave on a shadowed slope
  Where the poplars sigh and stir,
I laid her down with her face to the west,
With a sprig of the rowan athwart her breast,
  And a cross 'tween the Pool and her.

The priest cries shame on my dead white dove
  (May the foul fiend hunt his track!);
If she loved the Neckan?—nay, what then?
Glamour is strong, past mortal ken—
  And my piping brought her back.

My heart's like the water, dark and still,
  With a curse for its inmost guest;
The Neckan keepeth his gems and gold,
The priest and his flock are safe in the fold,
  And my lassie lies at rest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THROUGH THREE CIVILIZATIONS.

By W. H. Mallock.

IT is often said that history, in its true sense, is only now just beginning to be written. This sometimes means that the process of human events is on the eve of being made the subject of some definite science; and that is an opinion which is open at least to doubt. But the saying has other meanings, equally, or even more, obvious, the truth of which must at once be acknowledged by all of us. Not only have our means of arriving at historical facts multiplied, but our whole conception has incalculably widened, of what the facts which make up history are. Bossuet said that history should be the special study of princes, because it was composed entirely of such actions as princes are engaged in; and if we do not insist on taking the words too literally, this is a view which prevailed till very lately. The sole concern of history, or, at least, its main concern, was supposed to be with what are called public affairs. But now we have learned to reverse this wretched conception, and to see that public affairs have no meaning at all, except in so far as they derive it from their bearing on private affairs. We have learned that in the rise, the fall, and the succession of civilizations, the one thing of vital interest to ourselves is not the intrigues of politicians, the terms of treaties, the incidents of battles, the divorces of kings, and the amours of queens, but the various conditions under which men and women generally have, from age to age, sought for their own private happiness. The history of man's happiness, in fact, directly or indirectly, is the sole reasonable subject of all history whatsoever. Could we only know as much of the households and the homes of the past as we know already of its wars, its diplomacy, and its dynasties, who would not barter all this latter knowledge for the former? Who would not sooner spend a day with Cato or with Cicero, with Lucullus, with Pliny, or with Seneca, than be able to repeat the whole of Mommsen backward? Unfortunately, however, this most important part of the past is the very part which leaves the scantiest traces behind it. It is easier to represent to ourselves a battle of other days than a breakfast-table. If we take even the England of the times of our own grandfathers, there is much of its social aspect that is already hardly imaginable. Still, if we look about us in the right spirit, and in the right places, we sometimes come upon certain survivals of the past which enable us, in a way which possibly surprises ourselves, to suddenly reconstruct the life of vanished epochs.

It fell to my lot, not very long ago, to have a curious experience of this kind myself. It was, I confess, merely the experience of a dilettante, and it came to me altogether unexpected and un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sought; but still, if true history be at all the thing I take it to be, it was a glimpse into true history that this experience gave me.

Having spent the first three months of the year on the Riviera, I received an invitation from an old Hungarian friend to spend six weeks with him, during the spring, at his castle in Hungary. Hungary is a country about which I had long been curious. With the exception, perhaps, of one or two of its towns, people in western Europe know very little about it; but a general impression prevails—and I myself shared it—that it lags at least a century in the rear of the world of progress. I was, therefore, delighted at having so good an opportunity of seeing the very heart of this mysterious region, and, instead of passing through it like a tourist or a stranger, of forming for a time a part of its actual life. When the time came for me to settle the details of my journey, I found that it was long and tiresome; and my route lying through some places I had often wished to visit, I arranged to stop for a few nights on the road. My first stopping-place was Vicenza, my second Treviso, and my third Villach—a small town in Carinthia. I chose Vicenza for the sake of its Palladian palaces; Treviso, for the sake of a Palladian villa in its neighborhood; and Villach, for a reason not dissimilar, that in its neighborhood was a curious feudal castle. Each of these sights was, what sights rarely are, far more interesting than my fondest thoughts had anticipated; and not that only, but, seen in such quick succession, they had a yet further interest which I had not anticipated at all. They showed me, with a curious vividness, the old historical difference between the feudal civilization of northern Europe and the civilization of Italy—a difference which generations have been at work obliterating, but which still, in spite even of railways and international express trains, is in some lights distinguishable, like an old fresco, which is perfect though its colors are almost gone.

My object at Vicenza was simple and single, and I accomplished it. It was to see a good specimen of a Palladian palace, still inhabited by the family it was originally built for. The specimen which I found was excellent. It stood in a quiet side street, which it fronted with a magnificent façade, whose pillars, statues, and enrichments had been colored, but not corroded, by time. It was not exceptionally large, as Italian palaces go; but an average Belgrave-Square house might have stood easily in its court-yard. It was carefully, but not too trimly kept. Its good condition was due to no restoration; it was evidently due to the fact that it had never been out of repair. The interior told exactly the same story. It was pervaded by a sense of generations of unbroken family life. There were signs in all directions of modern comfort and luxury; but the aspect of everything modern was quiet and unobtrusive, and harmonized with everything that was old, as if there were no gulf between them, just as it does in some old country-houses in England. The past, in this way, instead of being effaced by the present, was kept alive by its living and kindly touch; and, as I ascended the wide staircase, and passed from room to room, the sixteenth century seemed to have been prolonged into the nineteenth. And what a century, in Italy, the sixteenth must have been! I am not thinking now of its art, its literature, or its scholarship. I am thinking of the civilization it had reached in domestic life. To accommodate this palace to the uses of the present day, hardly a door had required to be altered. The great hall had merely its original furniture, and yet one felt that nothing could be wanted more. One thing more there was, indeed, and that was a child's toy-cart; but this, though probably only bought yesterday, seemed as much to belong to the place as if the worms of ages had eaten it. Standing close beside it was a quaint, antique bird-cage, with towers and turrets, like some fantastic castle. It probably was used as a toy also. High overhead was a ceiling panelled with paintings, and divided by carved white beams. Against the lower part of the walls stood cabinets of ebony and tortoise-shell; and the whole of the upper part was a mass of white ornamentation—trophies, gods and goddesses, and scenes from the fam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ily history incrusting the surface in rich and deep relief. The other rooms were in keeping. Everywhere was the same beauty, the dignity of proportion, the same keen and exquisite finish in the stucco-work of the cornices, in the great canopies of the chimneys, and in the panelling and the handles of the doors. The court below completed the impression, with its orderly stables, its lodgings for grooms and coachmen, and the porter's apartment opening on the arched and echoing entrance.

Having seen this palace I felt that I had seen all I meant to see at Vicenza; but my guide persuaded me to visit one object of interest more. This was the Teatro Olimpico, also built by Palladio, and left to this day in precisely its original condition—with the old anterooms, covered with their old decorations, with the original seats for the audience, and even the original scenery on the stage. The scenery is permanent, after the manner of the ancients, and consists of a stately façade, pierced with five arches, through which one looks down five streets of palaces. Palladio, in this singular building, is said to have followed exactly the directions given by Vitruvius. I cannot pause to describe it in detail. I only mention it for the sake of the sense it produced in me, of the fastidious culture and triumphant material refinement which distinguished, at that epoch in Italy, even the public amusements of its citizens.

The following day I found my way from Treviso to a small village at a distance of some seventeen miles from it, lying at the foot of the Alps, and far from the beaten track. Here is situated one of Palladio's villas, which I imagined would give me the same sort of insight into the country-life of the sixteenth century that his palace has given me into its town life. I had seen many Italian villas before, but I had been disappointed in all of them. Their grandeur, such as it was, had come to look squalid and dilapidated; they had none of them been striking in point of size; and most of them had been near towns. Not one of them had perpetuated, or, indeed, even suggested, the magnificent country-life which I had always imagined had once existed in Italy. But this villa, from all that I had heard about it, promised to come much nearer to my requirements; nor did it disappoint me, except in one particular. It stood on a slope close to the public road, and only divided from it by some spaces of ill-kept grass. But the house itself made amends for all. It stood with its back to a garden that covered a low hill—a long building with a protruding central block and two wings, shadowed by colonnades. The decorations of the centre were rich in the extreme. Elsewhere there was a severe simplicity, excepting at each extremity, where a gable-end was decorated with some frescoed figures and a sun-dial. The exterior, however, was of little interest when compared with the interior. Of its two stories, the lower was devoted to the offices and the servants' bedrooms. The principal apartments were all on the floor above. One entered these by a staircase, at the end of the colonnades; and one at once found one's self in the great central salon. I was prepared for something fine, but for nothing so fine as the reality. Every inch of the walls, from the floor to the curved ceiling, was covered with frescos by Paolo Veronese. Out of this salon opened four bedrooms. They were decorated in precisely the same way. I passed between some pillars into a smaller salon at the back, and out of this into two long suites of chambers, which filled the two wings, extending from it on either side; and in everyone of these chambers was the same gorgeous spectacle—frescos by the same great master, covering walls and ceiling. The whole was apparently in the most perfect preservation; and it was quite evident that, in every essential part, the house had remained unaltered since the day when it was first completed. Every detail showed the most elaborate finish—mouldings, doors, and door-handles. The floors, in most of the rooms, were pavements of smooth mosaic, which, in addition to their own colors, reflected those of the walls; in others they were polished parquetry, fine as an inlaid cabinet. Here and there, there was a little modern furniture; but most of it was of the same date as the building, beautiful in form, and in the highest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state of preservation. One hardly knew on what to fix one's attention first. All the gods were feasting on the ceiling of the great hall; the dining-salon was surrounded by cupids, nymphs, and temples; and elsewhere there were scenes from common daily life in which the Italy of the Renaissance still lived and breathed. One's eye moved bewildered from one spot to another; and all the while the proportions, the disposition, and the magnificent coloring of the whole were distracting the mind from any consideration of details. I felt, when I left this villa, that it was the embodied history of a civilization. There was history, too, in its situation, which had so much displeased me, close to the public road, and only just out of the village. There was a history of the security of life, and of the relations prevailing between classes.

The same night, under a dark Gothic archway, I was ascending a flight of rugged stone steps. At the top was a vaulted vestibule, lit by a dim lantern; and from this vestibule I was taken into a narrow cloister, open to the air, and surrounding a small court. I was taken up more stairs to a similar cloister over it, and out of this I was shown into a large, bare bedroom. The whole place had something the air of a monastery; it was not a monastery, however; it was one of the inns at Villach; and it, too, just like my Palladian villa, seemed part and parcel of the sixteenth century. But what a difference between that century north of the Alps and south of them! When I ate my supper in the coffee-room—if so modern a name be admissible—when I looked at its stone floor, its high raftered roof and the oak tables, and the coarse, clean table-linen, and the solid, unfamiliar dishes, I felt that I should hardly be surprised if I saw Erasmus opposite me.

The following day this same sort of impression was intensified when, taking the train to a station about thirty miles away, I arrived at the Castle of Hoch Osterwitz, which it was my special object to visit. This one could hardly call a piece of embodied history. It was something better: it was a piece of embodied romance. It looked exactly as if it had walked out of a story-book. It stood in a country of green, pine-covered mountains, between which wandered flat pasture and plough-lands. It was on a mountain itself, or rather on an isolated rock, which was covered with pine-woods, except where its sides were precipitous. The entrance was half-way down, by a gate in a low gray tower; and this admitted one to an ascending road, which wound round the rock, till at last it reached the summit. All the way it was flanked with battlements, and it passed in its ascent through fifteen more towers, and across three drawbridges. The castle proper was built about an irregular court, and was surrounded at various levels by courts of a smaller size, bracketed against the rock. One of these contained a miniature garden; one a chapel with a spire. In the principal court there was another chapel, which was smaller, with worm-eaten, wooden seats that would accommodate, perhaps, sixteen people. One of the two seats nearest the altar, I found, when I entered, was occupied by a kneeling figure. It was the life-size effigy of a knight, in full armor, extending toward the crucifix his hands clasped in prayer. The castle was not a ruin; it was proof against wind and weather; but its proprietors had not lived in it for a hundred and fifty years. Its sole inhabitants now were a custodian and his only son. The family portraits, however, were still kept here—most of them quaint and curious; but, regarded as works of art, they were interesting only from their childish and barbarous crudeness. They were arranged in a suite of long, whitewashed rooms—the principal rooms in the castle. In one of these was a rude baronial dining-table; and two others, without any exaggeration, were half-blocked up with heaps of antique armor. In the court outside were two huge copper water-tanks, patched with the mendings of at least three centuries. As I went down again through the sixteen towers, I noticed that in each were the original doors, plated with rusty iron, and over each doorway was a date and a coat-of-arms. Most of these towers, these battlements, these lodgings for armed men, were the creations, I found, of precisely the same period—of the same decade, in fact—as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

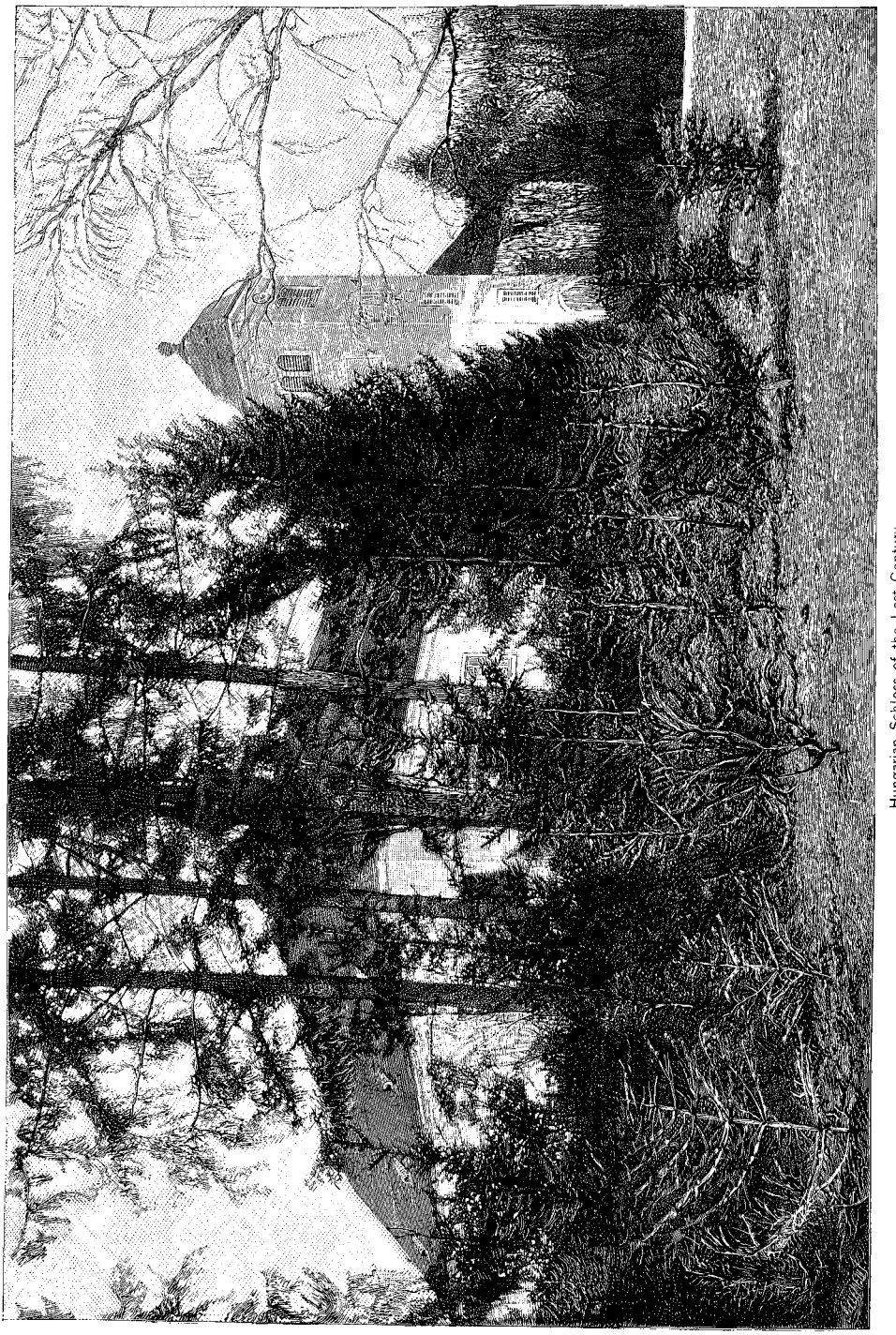
the splendid villa through whose salons I had been roaming yesterday.

And now, as I looked forward to my destination in Hungary, I began to prepare my mind for yet stranger experiences, and for relics yet more striking of past conditions of society. I imagined myself to be going to a land of seigneurs whose estates were principalities, whose parks were forests, whose castles were small towns, whose upper servants were like court officials, and whose under servants were like simple, and perhaps rather useless retainers. That I literally and in cold blood expected to find all this, I cannot indeed say; but I did expect to find something that at least remotely resembled it; and yet, at the same time, when I thought over the matter carefully, I knew that I had nothing definite to guide my expectations at all. The only thing that I knew about my friend's castle was that a railway station was quite close to its gates; so, as the train gradually brought me into its neighborhood, I began to look out of the window with increasing interest and curiosity.

Schloss X., as I will call it, is situated about one hundred and fifty miles south of Vienna, and about fifty miles east of the Styrian frontier. Taking the train for it at Gratz, one passes for thirty miles through a beautiful country, covered with woods and mountains; but, after entering Hungary, one soon leaves these behind, and finds one's self traversing a series of agricultural plains, much resembling the richer parts of Lincolnshire. The ground was a vast checkerboard of ploughed fields and pastures, masked in the distance sometimes by the dark line of plantations, and bounded yet farther off by the slopes of low blue hills. Villages were frequent, with thatched and tiled cottages; and church towers rose in all directions, catching the eye with their semi-oriental cupolas. At last there came in view a long avenue of poplars, stretching right across the landscape, and joining its two horizons. As we drew near this the train slackened its speed; it presently drew up at a small wayside station, and my servant came to the door to tell me that this was X. Since leaving Gratz, at none of the other stations had I seen anything but peasants and small trades-people. Here, accordingly, my eye was at once caught by the figure of a footman, in exceedingly well-made livery, who, as soon as he had identified me, took charge of my dressing-bag, and conducted me to a place outside where a brougham and a luggage-cart were waiting. The only sign of anything in the least primitive that I could see thus far was the road, which was certainly abominable, and made the brougham rock as if it would break its springs. The drive, however, did not last long. On looking out presently, I saw that I was in one of the poplar avenues, and that straight in front of me was a white wall and a gate, over which was a gilt inscription and a great gilt coronet. A moment later two tall doors were flung open; a man in a red waistcoat raised a soft hat with a feather in it; the carriage rolled rapidly over a sweep of gravel; it then passed slowly under a lofty arch, crossed a court surrounded by rows of windows, and drew up under a farther arch, where some servants were expecting its arrival. One of the servants I found was an old acquaintance. I had known him for weeks in imagination. This was the porter. His clothes were bright with scarlet, and he held a huge sceptre of office. He was exactly what my fancy had painted. There was an old steward, too, superintending the proceedings, who looked like the personification of virtue and fidelity in a German melodrama. He also was the very thing he should have been. As for the others, they might have come from London or Paris.

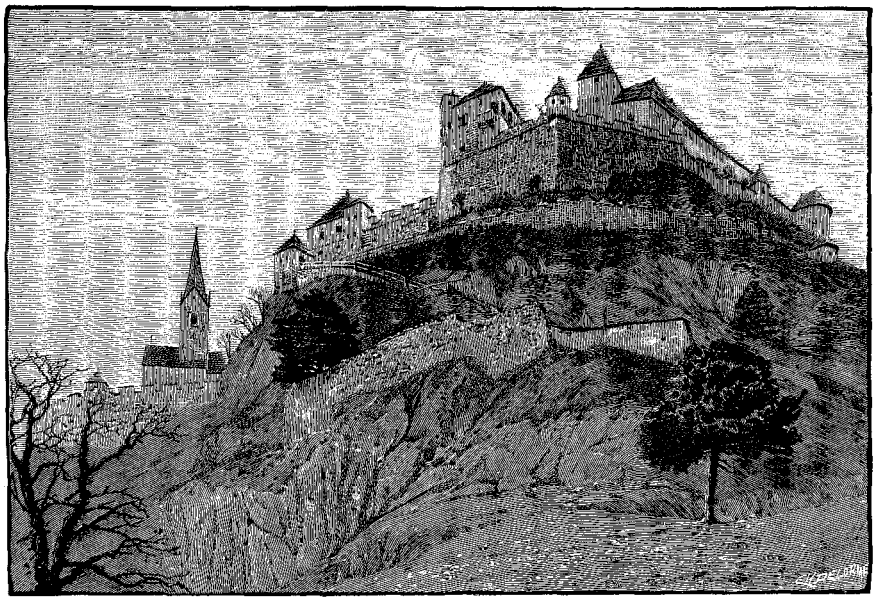
I had already—even during these few first minutes—perceived that the realities of the place differed considerably from my dreams. I will now describe generally what the realities were. I will begin with the character and the arrangements of the Schloss itself. It was an irregular parallelogram, four stories in height, with a mansard roof, and a tower at each corner. Its approximate length and breadth were 150 feet by 130; and, as I have just indicated, there was an open court in the middle. The ground floor was occupied by kitchens, offices, cellars, and the porter's lodg-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hungarian Schloss of the Last Century.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

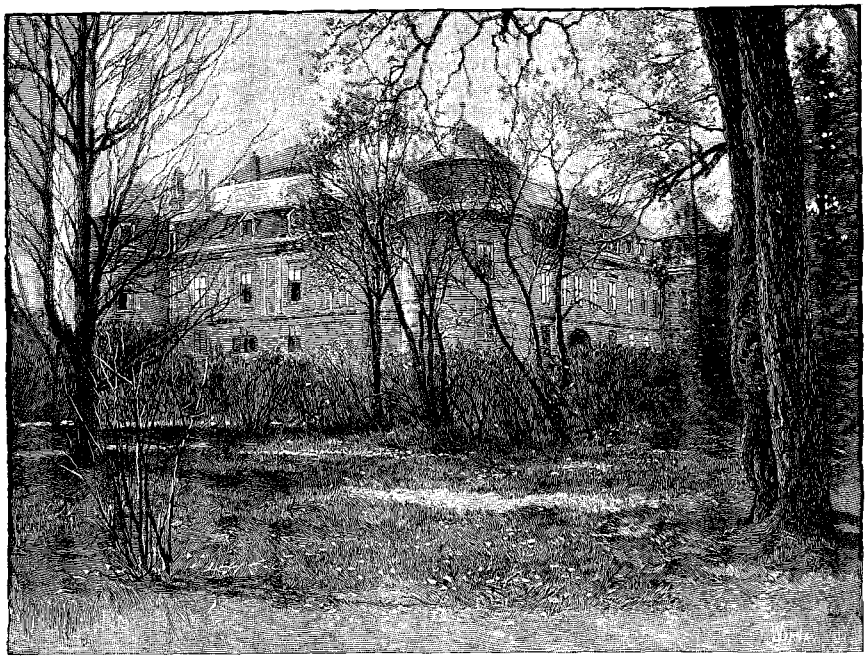


Castle of the Hoch Osterwirtz, Carpathia.

ings. Above this was an entresol, devoted to visitors' bedrooms; and on the floor above this were the reception-rooms, and some larger bedrooms. The dining-room, which was in one of the towers, was circular. Its decorations were quaint. It was painted in fresco, to look like a ruined temple, with ferns and grasses growing out of the crevices of the stones, and the sky overhead looking in through a broken dome. The library, which was full of most curious and valuable books, collected by a Prince X., during the last century, was, except for the value and interest of its contents, much like a library in any country-house in England. Something similar may be said of the two drawing-rooms and a boudoir. There was a certain amount of old Hungarian furniture in them, but nothing of any great interest; and of the chairs and sofas the greater part were English. Architecturally, the most striking feature in the interior of the house was the staircase, at the foot of which was the entrance. It was constructed of some roughish stone, and its design was, in some respects, ponderous; but, taken as a whole, there was a space and grandeur about it quite worthy of the finest of Italian palaces. The foundations of the building were of great antiquity; but the bulk of the present structure dated from the beginning of the sixteenth century. Since then the only important alteration in it had been one made about the year 1790, when the roof in one place was considerably raised, and some pillars and a portico added to the principal front.

Such was the house itself. I will now speak of its surroundings. On the west side of it, separated from it by a wall only, was the principal square and market-place of the small town of X. On the east was a park, containing some hundred acres, full of magnificent timber, and laid out with great skill, partly in winding paths, partly in broad, straight avenues. To the north were the gates by which I had entered from the station; they stood in the middle of a long line of orangeries; and to the south was a great enclosure, entirely surrounded by buildings, which was the most imposing and the most characteristic feature of the place. One side of it was formed by the castle, together with the stables and the coach-houses, which extended like wings to its right and left. Immediately opposite, corresponding to these wings, were two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Schloss X., Hungary.

houses, occupied by an agent and an architect; then came two large lodges, which had once been the quarters of a guard possessed by the family; and between the lodges were the great entrance gates, flanked by two colossal statues, and opening into the poplar avenue, of which the castle was the centre, and which ran both to north and south of it. The other two sides of the enclosure were formed by single buildings, fac-similes of each other, and each like a large house in itself. The upper part of one was used as a granary; the upper part of the other, as agent's and architect's offices. The ground floor of the first had been originally built for a riding-school; it was now full of lumber. But the ground floor of the other was in a very different condition. It was known by the name of "The Garden-house," and when I went to see it I expected to find a sort of grotto, with rustic chairs and tables. I found, instead, a ball-room nearly a hundred feet in length, with a vaulted roof supported on columns of red marble, with lines of chandeliers ready to light it, and the walls glowing with mirrors and painted flowers. I could never learn that this magnificent room had been used for any purpose within living memory. It seemed to me when I came upon it less like a reality than some fanciful hall that had strayed out of "Wilhelm Meister."

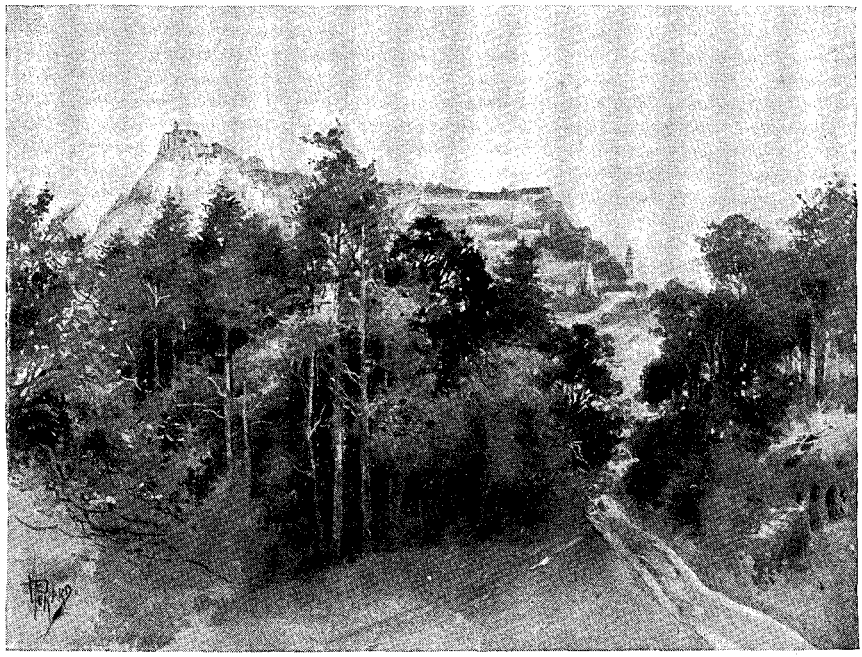
Taken in connection, then, with its dependent buildings, there was a good deal about Schloss X. that was striking and grandiose; but, considering that what I had looked forward to was not so much what was grand as what was curious, I confess that at first I experienced some disappointment. I had half-hoped that at dinner there might be a gypsy band playing. In reality, there was nobody in attendance but three well-drilled men-servants. Nor were there about the place any of the anticipated retainers. There were enough men about the stables and elsewhere; but there was no superfluous, picturesque crowd; and the in-door servants were less, and not more, numerous than they would have been in a house of the same size in England. I was similarly disappointed in the whole condition of the country. In the town of X. there were shops with plate-glass windows; the numerous villages were provokingly spruce and tidy, and the whole of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the country seemed to be enclosed and highly cultivated. I learned, further, that though the more important of the Hungarian nobles still retain considerable estates and fortunes, together with much of their old popularity and influence, the larger part of the soil is owned by peasants and small proprietors. My host's acreage was enormous; but not only was it made up of many scattered estates, but each of these estates, except when it consisted of forest, was an aggregate of fragmentary patches, divided by smaller properties. About X., for instance, he had 9,000 acres, and yet he could hardly drive a mile on his own land continuously.

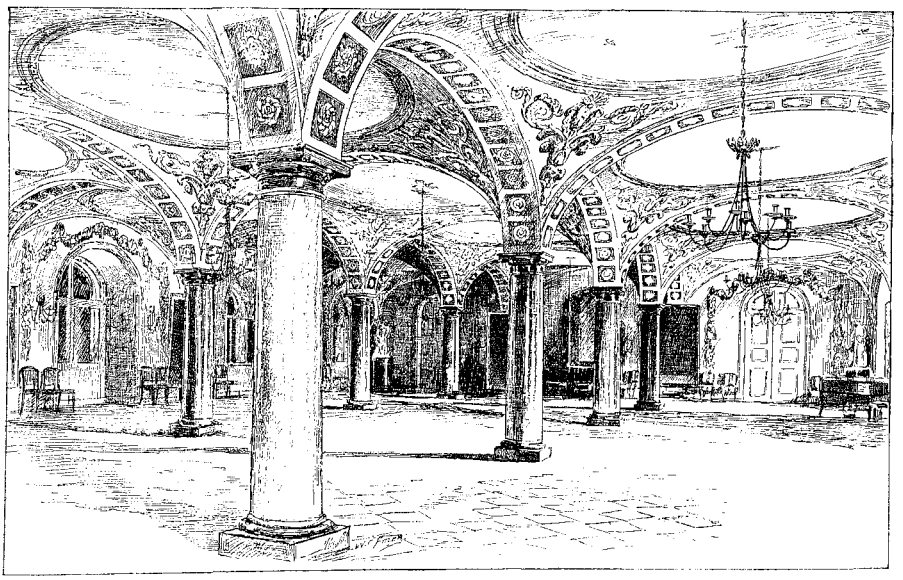
This state of things is the result of the Revolution of 1849. Previous to that event the nobles were nominally the sole land-owners. Practically, however, the peasants were even then proprietors, only they held their properties under the nobles by a kind of feudal tenure, rendering them each year so much personal service; so that the change effected with regard to the ownership of the soil was the enfranchisement of these small properties, rather than the creation of them.

Although, however, on the surface of Hungarian life I failed to find much that was antique or peculiar, I gradually realized that under the surface there was a good deal of both. To begin with Schloss X. itself. During the second week of my visit I was taken on an excursion, which perhaps may not sound interesting—an excursion to the garrets. These were full of every kind of spoil taken from the Turks during the old border wars—velvet trappings of horses, embroidered with gold and silver; scimitars, guns, and even stirrups, thickly set with jewels; cannon, drums, a whole arsenal of wheel-lock muskets, and a pile of antique pavilions. In these spoils was written a large part of a history common to most of the great families on the southern borders of Hungary. What the Moors were to the chivalry of Spain, what the Scotch were to the chivalry of northern England, that the Turks were to these Hungarian nobles; and many a legend of the struggles between the two—stories of love and of



Schloss Riegersburg, Styria.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Garden Salon, Schloss X.

bravery—lingers to this day among the people.

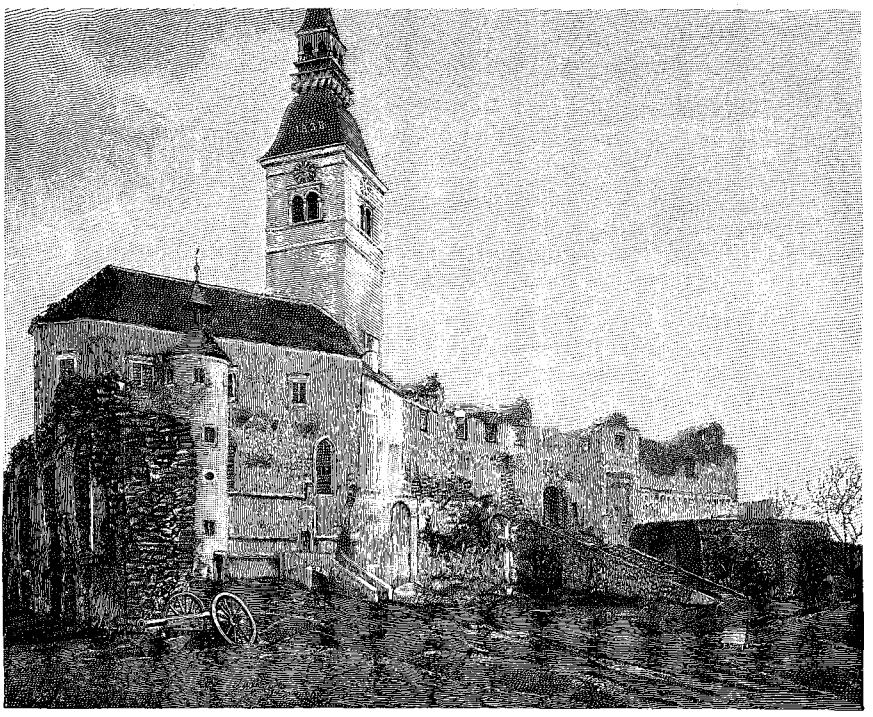
I was also shown some other curious relics, which pertained more exclusively to the history of the family of X. There were a set of dies for stamping gold and silver, the heads of this house having had, till a comparatively recent period, the right of coining money, with their own image and superscription on it, which passed current exactly like the issues of the royal mint.

It will be seen from this that the family, and indeed the castle of X., were both of the first magnitude. The family, indeed, had never been a reigning one; but its position was too great for it to be a completely typical specimen; and about the castle, also, the same thing may be said. I visited, however, a country-house of more moderate size, representing a landed property of about £9,000 a year; and this, I was told, was typical in more ways than one—in its architecture, its surroundings, and its general arrangements. It was a long building, of two stories in height, with a high tiled roof, and a tower over the central gateway. Its plan resembled an E. It surrounded three sides of an oblong, the fourth side of which was supplied by some trees and palings. The offices and servants' quarters occupied the whole of the ground floor, the various rooms being connected by an open colonnade. Above this colonnade was a covered passage or corridor, reached by a circular staircase; and out of this corridor opened the living-rooms and the principal bedrooms. A single row of rooms connected by a passage—that was the plan of the house, above and below alike. It stood close to the road; the short drive which led to it not being guarded by a lodge, or even by a gate. On the other side—the side of the oblong court—it looked on a park, or, rather, on some meadows, planted with small trees, and bordered by extensive game-preserves. Between the house and the road was a long building like a barn. This was the stable, in which were eighteen or twenty horses. The proprietor, Count G., was an old man of eighty; the appointments of his house were peculiarly old-fashioned, and most of his domestics seemed to have grown gray in his service; but, if more or less allowance were made for this, his house, I was told, was a very good specimen of the seat of a well-to-do Hungarian noble. I have every reason to believe this to be true. I saw pictures of other and larger houses, built on the same plan and in precisely the same style; and I also paid a visit at a house much smaller—a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house occupied by an eldest son and his wife, which differed from it, so far as plan went, only in being built round two sides of a court instead of three.

What struck me in these houses was an air of patriarchal simplicity which did not indicate any conscious preference for what was old, but a complete and placid unconsciousness that there was anything new. But there exists in Hungary a class of country residences more interesting than these, of which, however, only a few are still inhabited. The houses of which I have already spoken—Schloss X. included—had always been primarily dwellings, which may at one time have been accidentally fortified. What I allude to now are fortresses which accidentally contained dwellings. Several of these were formerly in the possession of the family of X. A junior branch of that family occupies one now. The general features of all of them are very similar. They nearly all occupy some isolated hill or rock, the sides of which they completely cover with outworks, the dwelling-house being perched on the highest or least accessible elevation. I visited two of them—one on the Hungarian frontier and one on the Styrian. The first of these, Güssing by name, was more than three parts a ruin, but enough remained to astonish one with evidences of its former magnitude. The top of the rock which it occupied is some five acres in extent; and here were once not only the lord's quarters, but a monastery, and accommodations for two thousand soldiers. The private chapel is still perfect, and above it a dining-hall, with the old chairs and tables at which the warriors feasted in the days of border warfare. Close at hand there is also another hall, still full of coats of chain armor, and helmets, and great leather buckets in which water once was drawn; and there is a tower containing chairs, stools, and sofas, and cupboards of crystal goblets, all of them belonging to the early seventeenth century—relics of the time when the castle was in its strength and glory.



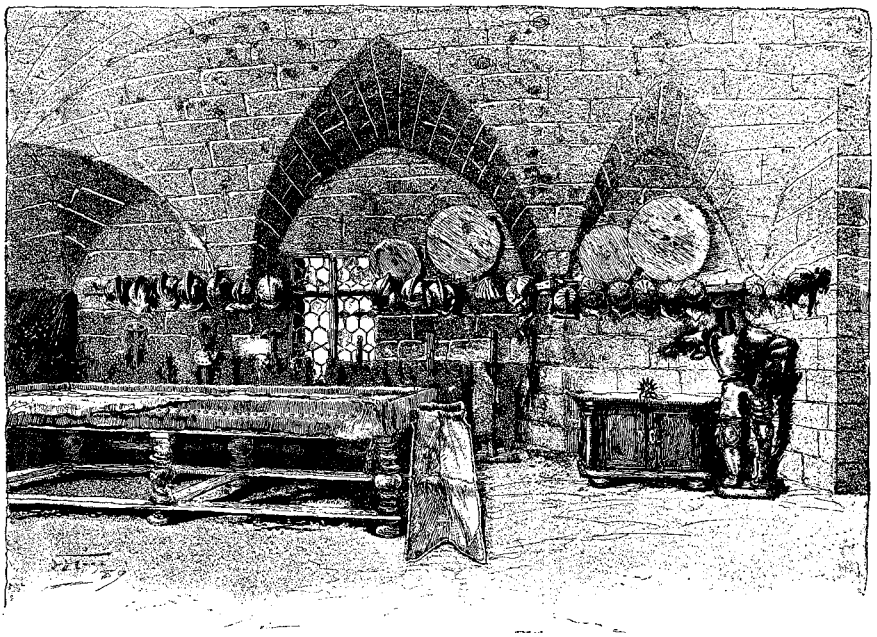
Schloss Güssing, Hungary.

Riegersburg, the other castle I have mentioned, I found still more interest-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. Not only is it yet larger than Güssing, but, although it has been long uninhabited, it is practically entirely perfect. It is an immense rock, literally incased in bastions, and only accessible by two steep zigzags, guarded by towers, and commanded by walls pierced for musketry. The dwelling-house is an irregular pile, some two hundred and fifty feet in length, and varying in breadth from forty to eighty feet. It covers and follows the formation of a narrow spine of rock, and one of its sides clings to the very brink of a sheer precipice. Within it are two long courts, not more than twelve feet in breadth, each of which has on one side tiers of open arcades. There are an immense number of rooms, many of them very small, though not ill-arranged; but some are of fine proportions. There are two halls in particular, one of which measures sixty feet by forty; and another, which is not so large, but striking in point of decoration, having an arched stucco ceiling, enriched with some small paintings, and a graceful staircase at the end, leading to some upper chamber. The date of these decorations is 1648. Seen in Italy, they would have been thought rude and inferior. Here, they seem a miracle of refinement, taste, and splendor.

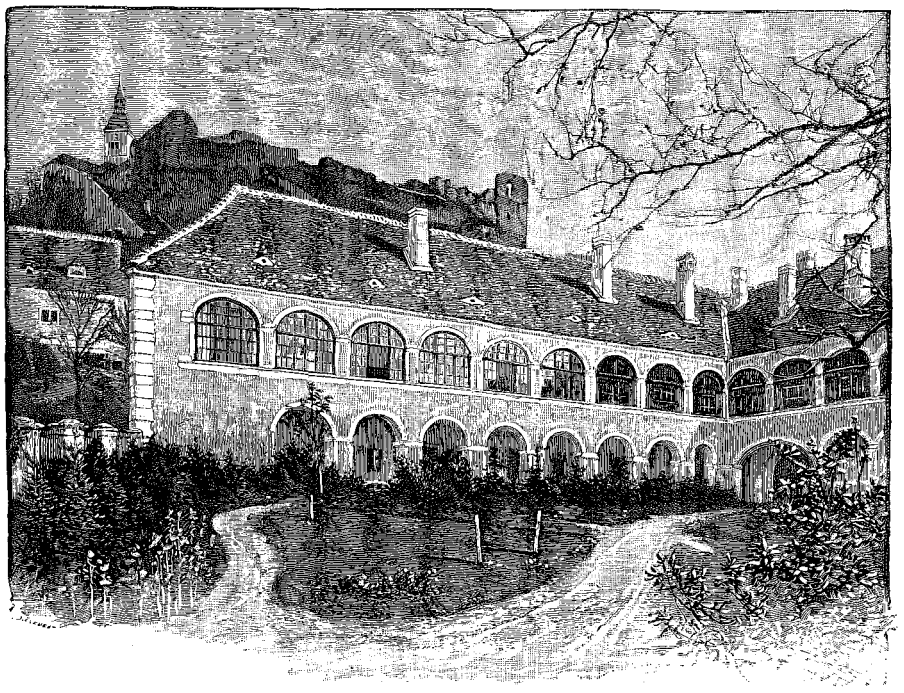
Indeed, the most interesting thing about all these castles is this: that they represent the coexistence of two distinct types of life—the military life of the middle ages and the life of cultivation and of luxury that developed far later. In other countries of Europe the latter has displaced the former. Here—and here alone, so far as I know—the former survived in its full vigor till the latter had reached its maturity; and then the two, for a time, flourished naturally side by side. The cause of this phenomenon was the vicinity of the Turks, whose constant incursions prolonged, in this region, a condition of society which had wholly disappeared elsewhere; and which, at a time when armed retainers, ramparts, watchmen, and drawbridges had become, in the rest of Europe, mere archæological toys, rendered them here still a practical necessity. Some of the strongest and most striking of the outworks of the Castle of Riegersburg were built as late as the year 1680.



Hall with Armor, Schloss Güssing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Connected with this same castle is a perfectly true story, still current as a tradition among the peasantry, which illustrates curiously the peculiar life of the period. Among many old and bad portraits which are mouldering in one of the halls is one of considerable merit, representing a woman in the costume of the close of the seventeenth century. The face is gentle and beautiful, with a certain sadness in the expression; and on a table beside her is a handful of pink roses. This is the portrait of a countess who once reigned in the castle. She was renowned alike for her beauty, for her charms, and for her charity, and she was looked upon almost as a saint. A taste for gardening was at this time spreading from France to Austria. This lady was taken by it; she erected a greenhouse in the castle; she produced roses at Christmas, and she was burned to death as a witch.



Manor House, Güssing.

To return, however, from the past to the present, there still exists to-day in Hungary a good deal that is part of the past elsewhere. In one district there still lives and flourishes a small noble, or squireen, who is the terror of all the country-side. He at one time fixed his affections on the wife of the village innkeeper, and in her husband's absence he found opportunity to approach her. She rejected his advances with indignation; but as soon as her husband came back she besought him at all costs to sell his business and to leave the neighborhood without any delay. "If you do not," she said, "I know what will happen. One day in the woods—by accident, by pure accident—Herr von D. or one of his men will shoot you. This has happened already to others, and I am certain that it will happen to you." The innkeeper knew that his wife spoke the truth. They sold their business and they took refuge in Pesth.

But the past survives also in less sensational forms. To an Englishman one of the most suggestive facts in connection with Hungary is this — that its condition in some ways is almost precisely that of England at the close of the last century. In proportion to the area of the country there is about the same population; agriculture is to the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extent the preponderating industry; the only rich class are the larger land-owners; and the modern leisured middle-class is almost entirely wanting.

Whether the social changes of the countries that have progressed more rapidly have really increased the sum of human happiness, it is not possible to determine. But in Hungary, where these changes are absent, or are only beginning, if I cannot say that I saw more happiness than elsewhere, I certainly was conscious of the presence of a greater tranquillity. I had been struck at first by the modern look of the cottages. After I had studied some old views of the country, engraved during the seventeenth century, I saw that these cottages of to-day were fac-similes of the cottages then; indeed, in two villages which I visited I could recognize, roof for roof, the houses represented in the pictures of two hundred years ago. In the ferment of progressive countries, in the hard struggle for existence, the face of the ordinary man seems to say, "Let me change my condition." In Hungary it seems to say, "Let me make the best of it."

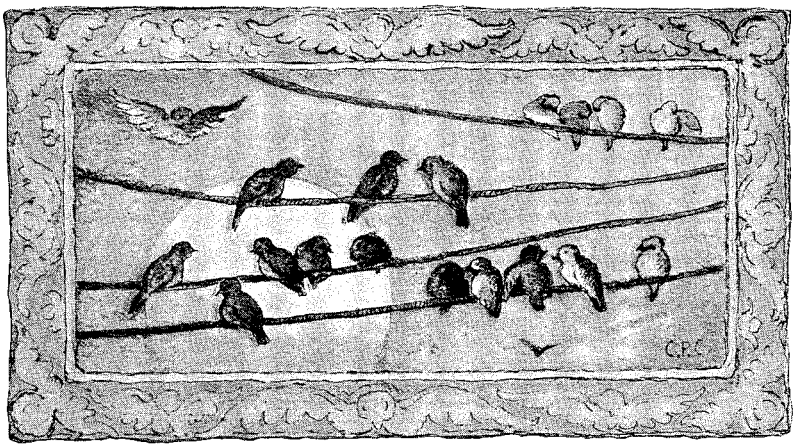
In Hungary, also, the relations between the aristocracy and the people have never been embittered as they have been in other countries. On the contrary, the great magnates, and the nobles generally, have fought side by side with the masses, not against them; and are known to have willingly sacrificed much for the public good. This has all left its mark on the manners and the bearing of the people. At Schloss X. and the other houses that I visited I found the families treated with a profound, and yet a familiar, respect. Their dependents kissed their hands and stood bareheaded before them; and yet in this behavior there was nothing servile; and one felt that between the two classes there was really a far closer union than there is between some whose intercourse is marked by all the forms of equality. Instances of aristocratic oppression—which, looked at only from an

Dining Hall of 1651, Schloss Riegersburg.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

artistic point of view, I must say are delightful to me from their picturesqueness—instances of oppression and brutality, like the one which I just now mentioned, do, no doubt, occur. But that anyone should still retain a position that makes such conduct possible is in itself a proof that this position is rarely abused.

At all events, for those who care to look below the surface, Hungary still remains a very interesting study; and though it may at first disappoint those who expect to find in it castles and peasants like the back scene of an opera, it retains enough of the substance, if not of the surface, of the past to throw a considerable light on what has really been achieved, in the way of changing or bettering the conditions of life generally, by that extraordinary movement which we especially associate with the present.



THE BIRDS AND THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

By C. P. Cranch.

Perched on the public wires the careless birds,
Whose chattering notes tell all the wit they own,
Know not the passage of the electric words
Throbbing beneath their feet from zone to zone.

So, while mysterious spheres enfold us round,
Though to life's tingling chords we press so near,
Our souls sit deaf to truth's diviner sound.
Ourselves—not Nature's wondrous voice we hear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOON-PATH.

By Archibald Lampman.

The full, clear moon uprose and spread
  Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;
A light-strewn path that seemed to lead
  Outward into eternity.
Between the darkness and the gleam
  An old-world spell encompassed me:
Methought that in a godlike dream
  I trod upon the sea.

And lo! upon that glimmering road,
  In shining companies unfurled,
The trains of many a primal god,
  The monsters of the elder world;
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,
  Scarce touched the ocean's thronging floor,
The phantoms of old tales, and things
  Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demi-gods who once
  Were dwellers of the earth and sea,
And they who from Deucalion's stones,
  Rose men without an infancy;
Beings on whose majestic lids
  Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,
Tritons and pale-limbed Nereids,
  And forms of heaven and hell.

Some who were heroes long of yore,
  When the great world was hale and young;
And some whose marble lips yet pour
  The murmur of an antique tongue:
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,
  Whose griefs were written up in gold;
And some who on their silver thrones
  Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,
  And come into some after-land,
I saw them pass me, and take heed,
  And touch me with each mighty hand;
And evermore a murmurous stream,
  So beautiful they seemed to me,
Not less than in a godlike dream
  I trod the shining sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"She was silent for a moment, her eyes seeking the floor."—Page 228.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FAIR BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE IN ANCIENT ALBANY.

THE life in Albany was to me as if I had become a citizen of some new world. I had seen the old burgh once or twice before, fleetingly and with but a stranger's eyes; now it was my home. As I think upon it at this distance, it seems as if I grew accustomed to the novel environment almost at the outset. At least, I did not pine overmuch for the Valley I had left behind.

For one thing, there was plenty of hard work to keep my mind from moping. I had entirely to create both my position and my business. This latter was, in some regards, as broad as the continent; in others it was pitifully circumscribed and narrow. It is hard for us now, with our eager national passion for opening up the wilderness and peopling waste places, to realize that the great trading companies of Colonial days had exactly the contrary desire. It was the chief anxiety of the fur companies to prevent immigration—to preserve the forests in as savage a state as possible. One can see now that it was a fatal error in England's policy to encourage these vast conservators of barbarism, instead of wholesome settlement by families—a policy which was avowedly adopted because it was easier to sell monopolies to a few companies than to collect taxes from scattered communities. I do not know that I thought much upon this then, however. I was too busy in fitting myself to Albany.

Others who saw the city in these primitive Dutch days have found much in it and its inhabitants to revile and scoff at. To my mind it was a most delightful place. Its Yankee critics assail a host of features which were to me sources of great satisfaction—doubtless because they and I were equally Dutch. I loved its narrow-gabled houses, with their yellow pressed brick, and iron girders, and high, hospitable stoops, and projecting water-spouts—which all spoke to me of the dear, brave, good old Holland I had never seen. It is true that these eaves-troughs, which in the Netherlands discharged the rainfall into the canal in front of the houses, here poured their contents upon the middle of the sidewalks, and New England carpers have made much of this. But to me there was always a pretty pathos in this resolution to reproduce, here in the wilderness, the conditions of the dear old home, even if one got drenched for it.

And Albany was then almost as much in the wilderness as Caughnawaga. There were a full score of good oil-lamps set up in the streets; some Scotchmen had established a newspaper the year before, which print was to be had weekly; the city had had its dramatic baptism, too, and people still told of the theatrical band who had come and performed for a month at the hospital, and of the fierce sermon against them which Dominie Freylinghuysen had preached three years before. Albany now is a great town, having over ten thousand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

souls within its boundaries; then its population was less than one-third of that number. But the three or four hundred houses of the city were spread over such an area of ground, and were so surrounded by trim gardens and embowered in trees, that the effect was that of a vastly larger place. Upon its borders, one stepped off the grassy street into the wild country-road or wilder forest-trail. The wilderness stretched its dark shadows to our very thresholds. It is thought worthy of note now by travellers that one can hear, from the steps of our new State House, the drumming of partridges in the woods beyond. Then we could hear, in addition, the barking of wolves skulking down from the Helderbergs, and on occasion the scream of a panther.

Yet here there was a feeling of perfect security and peace. The days when men bore their guns to church were now but a memory among the elders. The only Indians we saw were those who came in, under strict espionage, to barter their furs for merchandise and drink—principally drink—and occasional delegations of chiefs who came here to meet the Governor or his representatives, these latter journeying up from New York for the purpose. For the rest, a goodly and profitable traffic went sedately and comfortably forward. We sent ships to Europe and the West Indies, and even to the slave-yielding coast of Guinea. In both the whaling and deep-sea fisheries we had our part. As for furs and leather and lumber, no other town in the Colonies compared with Albany. We did this business in our own way, to be sure, without bustle or boasting, and so were accounted slow by our noisier neighbors to the east and south.

There were numerous holidays in this honest, happy old time, although the firing of guns on New Year's was rather churlishly forbidden by the Assembly the year after my arrival. It gives me no pleasure now, in my old age, to see Pinkster forgotten, and Vrouwen-dagh and Easter pass unnoticed, under the growing sway of the New England invaders, who know how neither to rest nor to play.

But my chief enjoyment lay, I think, in the people I came to know. Up in the Valley, if exception were made of four or five families already sketched in this tale, there were no associates for me who knew aught of books or polite matters in general. Of late, indeed, I had felt myself almost wholly alone, since my few educated companions or acquaintances were on the Tory side of the widening division, and I, much as I was repelled by their politics, could find small intellectual equivalent for them among the Dutch and German Whigs whose cause and political sympathies were mine.

But here in Albany I could hate the English and denounce their rule and rulers in excellent and profitable company. I was fortunate enough at the outset to produce a favorable impression upon Abraham Ten Broeck, the uncle and guardian of the boy-Patroon, and in some respects the foremost citizen of the town. Through him I speedily became acquainted with others not less worthy of friendship—Colonel Philip Schuyler, whom I had seen before and spoken with in the Valley once or twice, but now came upon terms of intimacy with; John Tayler and Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, younger men, and trusted friends of his; Peter Gansevoort, who was of my own age, and whom I grew to love like a brother—and so on, through a long list.

These and their associates were educated and refined gentlemen, not inferior in any way to the Johnsons and Butlers I had left behind me, or to the De Lanceys, Phillipses, Wattses, and other Tory gentry whom I had seen. If they did not drink as deep, they read a good deal more, and were masters of as courteous and distinguished a manner. Heretofore I had suffered not a little from the notion—enforced upon me by all my surroundings—that gentility and good-breeding went hand in hand with loyalty to everything England did, and that disaffection was but another name for vulgarity and ignorance. Despite this notion, I had still chosen disaffection, but I cannot say that I was altogether pleased with the ostracism from congenial companionship which this seemed to involve. Hence the charm of my discovery in Albany that the best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and wisest of its citizens, the natural leaders of its social, commercial, and political life, were of my way of thinking.

More than this, I soon came to realize that this question for and against England was a deeper and graver matter than I had dreamed it to be. Up in our slow, pastoral, uninformed Valley the division was of recent growth, and, as I have tried to show, was even now more an affair of race and social affiliations than of politics. The trial of Zenger, the Stamp Act crisis, the Boston Massacre—all the great events which were so bitterly discussed in the outer Colonial world—had created scarcely a ripple in our isolated chain of frontier settlements. We rustics had been conscious of disturbances and changes in the atmosphere, so to speak, but had lacked the skill and information—perhaps the interest as well—to interpret these signs of impending storm aright. Here, in Albany, I suddenly found myself among able and prudent men who had as distinct ideas of the evils of English control, and as deep-seated a resolution to put an end to it, as our common ancestors had held in Holland toward the detested Spaniards. Need I say that I drank in all this with enthusiastic relish, and became the most ardent of Whigs?

Of my business it is not needful to speak at length. Once established, there was nothing specially laborious or notable about it. The whole current of the company's traffic to and fro passed under my eye. There were many separate accounts to keep, and a small army of agents to govern, to supply, to pay, and to restrain from fraud—for which they had a considerable talent, and even more inclination. There were cargoes of provisions and merchandise to receive from our company's vessels at Albany, and prepare for transportation across country to the West; and there were return-cargoes of peltries and other products to be shipped hence to England. Of all this I had charge and oversight, but with no obligation upon me to do more of the labor than was fit, or to spare expense in securing a proper performance of the residue by others.

Mr. Jonathan Cross and his Lady came down to Albany shortly after I had entered upon my duties there, and made a stay of some days. He was as kind and thoughtful as ever, approving much that I had done, suggesting alterations and amendments here and there, but for the most part talking of me and my prospects. He had little to say about the people at The Cedars, or about the young master of Cairncross, which was now approaching completion—and I had small heart to ask him for more than he volunteered. Both Mr. Stewart and Daisy had charged him with affectionate messages for me, and that was some consolation, but I was still sore enough over the collapse of my hopes, and still held enough wrath in my heart against Philip, to make me wish to recall neither more often than could be helped. The truth is, I think that I was already becoming reconciled to my disappointment and to my change of life, and was secretly ashamed of myself for it, and so liked best to keep my thoughts and talk upon other things.

Lady Berenicia I saw but once—and that was once too often. It pleased her ladyship to pretend to recall me with difficulty, and, after she had established my poor identity in her mind, to treat me with great coolness. I am charitable enough to hope that this gratified her more than it vexed me—which was not at all.

The ill-assorted twain finally left Albany, taking passage on one of the company's ships. Mr. Cross's last words to me were: "Do as much business, push trade as sharply, as you can. There is no telling how long English charters, or the King's writ, for that matter, will continue to run over here."

So they set sail, and I never saw either of them again.

It was a source of much satisfaction and gain to me that my position held me far above the bartering and dickering of the small traders. It is true that I went through the form of purchasing a license to trade in the city, for which I paid four pounds sterling—a restriction which has always seemed to me as unintelligent as it was harmful to the interests of the town—but it was purely a form. We neither bought nor sold in Albany. This made it the easier for me to meet good people on equal terms—not that I am silly enough to hold trade in disrespect, but because the merchants

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who came in direct contact with the Indians and trappers suffered in estimation from the cloud of evil repute which hung over their business.

I lived quietly, and without ostentation, putting aside some money each quarter, and adventuring my savings to considerable profit in the company's business—a matter which Mr. Cross had arranged for me. I went to many of the best houses of the Whig sort. In some ways, perhaps, my progress in knowledge and familiarity with worldly things were purchased at the expense of an innocence which might better have been retained. But that is the manner of all flesh, and I was no worse, I like to hope, than the best-behaved of my fellows. I certainly laughed more now in a year than I had done in all my life before; in truth, I may be said to have learned to laugh here in Albany, for there were merry wights among my companions. One in particular should be spoken of—a second-cousin of mine, named Teunis Van Hoorn—a young physician who had studied at Leyden, and who made jests which were often worthy to be written down.

So two years went by. I had grown somewhat in flesh, being now decently rounded out and solid; many of my timid and morose ways had been dropped meantime. I could talk now to ladies and to my elders without feeling tongue-tied at my youthful presumption. I was a man of affairs, twenty-five years of age, with some money of my own, an excellent position, and as good a circle of friends as fortune ever gave to mortal man.

Once each month Mr. Stewart and I exchanged letters. Through this correspondence I was informed, in the winter following my departure, of the marriage of Daisy and Philip Cross.

CHAPTER XIX.

I GO TO A FAMOUS GATHERING AT THE PATROON'S MANOR HOUSE.

We come to a soft, clear night in the Indian summer-time of 1774—a night not to be forgotten while memory remains to me.

There was a grand gathering and ball at the Manor House of the Patroons, and to it I was invited. Cadwallader Colden, the octogenarian lieutenant-governor, and chief representative of the Crown now that Tryon was away in England, had come up to Albany in state, upon some business which I now forget, and he was to be entertained at the Van Rensselaer mansion, and with him the rank, beauty, and worth of all the country roundabout. I had heard that a considerable number of invitations had been despatched to the Tory families in my old neighborhood, and that, despite the great distance, sundry of them had been accepted. Sir William Johnson had now been dead some months, and it was fitting that his successor, Sir John, newly master of all the vast estates, should embrace this opportunity to make his first appearance as baronet in public. In fact, he had arrived in town with Lady Johnson, and it was said that they came in company with others. I could not help wondering, as I attired myself, with more than ordinary care, in my best maroon coat and smallclothes and flowered saffron waistcoat, who it was that accompanied the Johnsons. Was I at last to meet Daisy?

Succeeding generations have discovered many tricks of embellishment and decoration of which we old ones never dreamed. But I doubt if even the most favored of progressive moderns has laid eyes upon any sight more beautiful than that which I recall now, as the events of this evening return to me.

You may still see for yourselves how noble, one might say, palatial, was the home which young Stephen Van Rensselaer built for himself, there on the lowlands at the end of Broadway, across the Kissing Bridge. But no power of fancy can restore for *you*—sober-clad, preoccupied, democratic people that you are—the flashing glories of that spectacle: the broad, fine front of the Manor House, with all its windows blazing in welcome; the tall trees in front aglow with swinging lanterns and colored lights, hung cunningly in their shadowy branches after some Italian device; the stately carriages sweeping up the gravelled avenue, and discharging their passengers at the block; the gay procession up the wide stone steps—rich velvets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and costly satins, powdered wigs and alabaster throats, bright eyes, and gems on sword-hilts or at fair breasts — all radiant in the hospitable flood of light streaming from the open door; the throng of gaping slaves with torches, and smartly dressed servants holding the horses or helping with my lady's train and cloak; the resplendent body of color, and light, and sparkling beauty, which the eye caught in the spacious hall within, beyond the figures of the widowed hostess and her son, the eight-year-old Patroon, who stood forth to greet their guests. No! the scene belongs to its own dead century and fading generation. You shall strive in vain to reproduce it, even in fancy!

The full harvest-moon, which hung in the lambent heavens above all, pictures itself to my memory as far fairer and more luminous than is the best of nowaday moons. Alas! my old eyes read no romance in the silvery beams now, but suspect rheumatism instead.

This round, lustrous orb, pendant over the Hudson, was not plainer to every sight that evening than was to every consciousness the fact that this gathering was a sort of ceremonial salute before a duel. The storm was soon to break; we all felt it in the air. There was a subdued, almost stiff, politeness in the tone and manner when Dutchman met Englishman, when Whig met Tory, which spoke more eloquently than words. Beneath the formal courtesy, and careful avoidance of debatable topics, one could see sidelong glances cast, and hear muttered sneers. We bowed low to one another, but with anxious faces, knowing that we stood upon the thin crust over the crater, likely at any moment to crash through it.

It was my fortune to be well known to Madame Van Rensselaer, our hostess. She was a Livingston, and a patriot, and she knew me for one as well. "The Tories are here in great muster," she whispered to me, when I bowed before her; "I doubt not it is the last time you will ever see them under my roof. The colonel has news from Philadelphia today. There is trouble brewing."

I could see Colonel Schuyler standing beside one of the doors to the left, but to reach him was not easy. First I must pause to exchange a few words with Dominie Westerlo, the learned and good pastor of the Dutch church, of whose intended marriage with the widow, our hostess, there were even then rumors. And afterward there was the mayor, Abraham Cuyler, whom we all liked personally, despite his weak leaning toward the English—and it would not do to pass him by unheeded.

While I still stood with him, talking of I know not what, the arrival of the lieutenant-governor was announced. A buzz of whispering ran round the hall. In the succeeding silence that dignitary walked toward us, a space clearing about him as he did so. The mayor advanced to meet him, and I perforce followed.

I knew much about this remarkable Mr. Colden. Almost my first English book had been his account of the Indian tribes, and in later years I had been equally instructed by his writings on astronomy and scientific subjects. Even in my boyhood I had heard of him as a very old man, and here he was now, eighty-six years of age, the highest representative in the Colony of English authority! I could feel none of the hostility I ought from his office to have felt, when I presently made my obeisance, and he offered me his hand.

It was a pleasant face, and a kindly eye, which met my look. Despite his great age, he seemed scarcely older in countenance and bearing than had Mr. Stewart when last I saw him. He was simply clad, and I saw from his long, waving, untied hair why he was called "Old Silver Locks." His few words to me were amiable commonplaces, and I passed to make room for others, and found my way now to where Schuyler stood.

"The old fox!" he said, smilingly nodding toward Colden. "One may not but like him, for all his tricks. If England had had the wit to keep that rude boor of a Tryon at home, and make Colden Governor, and listen to him, matters would have gone better. Who is that behind him?—oh, yes, De Lancey."

Oliver De Lancey was chiefly notable on account of his late brother, James, who had been chief justice and lieutenant-governor, and the most brilliant,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unscrupulous, masterful politician of his time. Oliver was himself a man of much energy and ambition. I observed him curiously, for his mother had been a Van Cortlandt, and I had some of that blood in my veins as well. So far as it had contributed to shape his face I was not proud of it, for he had a selfish and arrogant mien.

It was more satisfactory to watch my companion, as he told me the names of the Tories who followed in Colden's wake, and commented on their characters. I do not recall them, but I remember every line of Philip Schuyler's face, and every inflection of his voice. He was then not quite forty years of age, and almost of my stature—that is to say, a tall man. He held himself very erect, giving strangers the impression of a haughty air, which his dark face and eyes, and black lines of hair peeping from under the powder, helped to confirm. But no one could speak in amity with him without finding him to be the most affable and sweet-natured of men. If he had had more of the personal vanity and self-love which his bearing seemed to indicate, it would have served him well, perhaps, when New England jealousy assailed and overbore him. But he was too proud to fight for himself, and too patriotic not to fight for his country, whether the just reward came or was withheld.

Colonel Schuyler had been chosen as one of the five delegates of the Colony to attend the first Continental Congress, now sitting at Philadelphia, but ill-health had compelled him to decline the journey. He had since been to New York, however, where he had learned much of the situation, and now was in receipt of tidings from the Congress itself. By a compromise in the New York Assembly, both parties had been represented in our delegation, the Whigs sending Philip Livingston and Isaac Low, the Tories James Duane and John Jay, and the fifth man, one Alsopp, being a neutral-tinted individual to whom neither side could object. The information which Schuyler had received was to the effect that all five, under the tremendous and enthusiastic pressure they had encountered in Philadelphia, had now resolved to act together in all things for the Colonies and against the Crown.

"That means," said he, "that we shall all adopt Massachusetts's cause as our own. After Virginia led the way with Patrick Henry's speech, there was no other course possible for even Jay and Duane. I should like to hear that man Henry! He must be wonderful."

The space about Mr. Colden had shifted across the room so that we were now upon its edge, and Schuyler went to him with outstretched hand. The two men exchanged a glance, and each knew what the other was thinking of.

"Your excellency has heard from Philadelphia," said the colonel, more as a statement of fact than as an inquiry.

"Sad! sad!" exclaimed the aged politician, in a low tone. "It is a grief instead of a joy to have lived so long, if my life must end amid contention and strife!"

"He is really sincere in deploring the trouble," said Schuyler, when he had rejoined me. "He knows in his heart that the Ministry are pig-headedly wrong, and that we are in the right. He would do justice if he could, but he is as powerless as I am so far as influencing London goes, and here he is in the hands of the De Lanceys. To give the devil his due, I believe Sir William Johnson was on our side, too, at heart."

We had talked of this before, and out of deference to my sentiments of liking and gratitude to Sir William, he always tried to say amiable things about the late baronet to me. But they did not come easily, for there was an old-time feud between the two families. The dislike dated back to the beginning of young Johnson's career, when, by taking sides shrewdly in a political struggle between Clinton and De Lancey, he had ousted John Schuyler, Philip's grandfather, from the Indian Commissionership and secured it for himself. In later years, since the colonel had come to manhood, he had been forced into rivalry, almost amounting to antagonism at times, with the baronet, in Colonial and Indian affairs, and even now, after the baronet's death, it was hard for him to acknowledge the existence of all the virtues which my boyish liking had found in Sir William. But still he did try, if only to please me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As we spoke, Sir John Johnson passed us in company with several younger men, pushing toward the room to the right where the punch-bowl was placed.

"At least, *he* is no friend of yours?" said Schuyler, indicating the red-faced young baronet.

"No man less so!" I replied, promptly. Two years ago I doubt I should have been so certain of my entire enmity toward Sir John. But in the interim all my accumulating political fervor had unconsciously stretched back to include the Johnstown Tories; I found myself now honestly hating them all alike for their former coolness to me and their present odious attitude toward my people. And it was not difficult, recalling all my boyish dislike for John Johnson and his steadily contemptuous treatment of me, to make him the chief object of my aversion.

We talked of him now, and of his wife, a beautiful, sweet-faced girl of twenty, who had been Polly Watts of New York. My companion pointed her out to me, as one of a circle beyond the fireplace. He had only soft words and pity for her—as if foreseeing the anguish and travail soon to be brought upon her by her husband's misdeeds—but he spoke very slightingly and angrily of Sir John. To Schuyler's mind there was no good in him.

"I have known him more or less since he was a boy, and followed his father in the Lake George campaign. The officers then could not abide him, though some were submissive to him because of his father's position. So now, fifteen years afterward, although he has many toadies and flatterers, I doubt his having any real friends. Through all these score of years, I have yet to learn of any gracious or manly thing he has done."

"At least he did gallop from the Fort to the Hall at news of his father's death, and kill his horse by the pace," I said.

"Heirs can afford to ride swiftly," replied the colonel in a dry tone. "No! he has neither the honesty to respect the rights of others, nor the wit to enforce those which he arrogates to himself. Look at his management in the Mohawk Valley! Scarce two months after the old baronet's death—before he was barely warm in his father's bed—all the Dutch and Palatines and Cherry Valley Scotch were up in arms against him and his friends. I call that the work of a fool. Why, Tryon County ought, by all the rules, to be the Tories' strongest citadel. There, of all other places, they should be able to hold their own. Old Sir William would have contrived matters better, believe me. But this sulky, slave-driving cub must needs force the quarrel from the start. Already they have their committee in the Palatine District, with men like Frey and Yates and Paris on it, and their resolutions are as strong as any we have heard."

Others came up at this, and I moved away, thinking to pay my respects to friends in the rooms on the left. The fine hall was almost overcrowded. One's knee struck a sword, or one's foot touched a satin train, at every step. There were many whom I knew, chiefly Albanians, and my progress was thus rendered slow. At the door I met my kinsman, Dr. Teunis Van Hoorn.

"Ha! well met, Cousin Sobriety!" he cried. "Let us cross the hall, and get near the punch-bowl!"

"It is my idea that you have had enough," I answered.

"'Too much is enough!' as the Indian said. He was nearer the truth than you are," replied Teunis, taking my arm.

"No, not now! First let me see who is here."

"Who is here? Everybody — from Hendrik Hudson and Killian the First down. Old Centenarian Colden is telling them about William the Silent, whom he remembers very well."

"I have never heard anyone speak of Teunis the Silent."

"Nor ever will! It is not my *métier*, as the French students used to say. Well, then, I will turn back with you—but the punch will all be gone, mark my words! I saw Johnson and Watts and their party headed for the bowl five-and-twenty minutes ago. We shall get not so much as a lemon-seed. But I sacrifice myself."

We entered the room, and my eyes were drawn, as by the force of a million magnets, to the place where Daisy sat.

For the moment she was unattended. She was very beautifully attired, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jewels glistened from her hair and throat. Her eyes were downcast—looking upon the waxed floor as if in meditation. Even to this sudden, momentary glance, her fair face looked thinner and paler than I remembered it—and, ah! how well did I remember it! With some muttered word of explanation I broke away from my companion, and went straight to her.

She had not noted my presence or approach, and only looked up when I stood before her. There was not in her face the look of surprise which I had expected. She smiled in a wan way, and gave me her hand.

"I knew you were here," she said, in a soft voice which I scarcely recognized, so changed, I might say saddened, was it by the introduction of some plaintive, minor element. "Philip told me. I thought that sooner or later I should see you."

"And I have thought of little else but the chance of seeing you," I replied, speaking what was in my heart, with no reflection save that this was our Daisy, come into my life again.

She was silent for a moment, her eyes seeking the floor and a faint glow coming upon her cheeks. Then she raised them to my face, with something of the old sparkle in their glance.

"Well, then," she said, drawing aside her skirts, "sit here, and see me."

XX.

A FOOLISH AND VEXATIOUS QUARREL IS THRUST UPON ME.

I SAT beside Daisy, and we talked. It was at the beginning a highly superficial conversation, as I remember it, during which neither looked at the other, and each made haste to fill up any threatened lapse into silence by words of some sort, it mattered not much what.

She told me a great deal about Mr. Stewart's health, which I learned was far less satisfactory than his letters had given reason to suspect. In reply to questions, I told her of my business and my daily life here in Albany. I did not ask her in return about herself. She seemed eager to forestall any possible inquiry on this point, and hastened to inform me as to my old acquaintances in the Valley.

From her words I first realized how grave the situation there had suddenly become. It was not only that opposition to the Johnsons had been openly formulated, but feuds of characteristic bitterness had sprung up within families, and between old-time friends, in consequence. Colonel Henry Frey, who owned the upper Canajoharie mills, took sides with the Tories, and had fiercely quarrelled with his brother John, who was one of the Whig Committee. There was an equally marked division in the Herkimer family, where one brother, Hon-yost Herkimer, and his nephew, outraged the others by espousing the Tory cause. So instances might be multiplied. Already on one side there were projects of forcible resistance, and on the other ugly threats of using the terrible Indian power, which hung portentous on the western skirt of the Valley, to coerce the Whigs.

I gained from this recital, more from her manner than her words, that her sympathies were with the people and not with the aristocrats. She went on to say things which seemed to offer an explanation of this.

The tone of Valley society, at least so far as it was a reflection of Johnson Hall, had, she said, deteriorated wofully since the old baronet's death. A reign of extravagance and recklessness both as to money and temper—of gambling, racing, hard drinking, low sports, and coarse manners—had set in. The friends of Sir John were now a class by themselves, having no relations to speak of with the body of Whig farmers, merchants, innkeepers, and the like. Rather it seemed to please the Tory clique to defy the good opinion of their neighbors, and show by very excess and license contempt for their judgment. Some of the young men whom I had known were of late sadly altered. She spoke particularly of Walter Butler, whose moodiness had now been inflamed, by dissipation and by the evil spell which seemed to hang over everything in the Valley, into a sinister and sombre rage at the Whigs, difficult to distinguish sometimes from madness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In all this I found but one reflection —rising again and again as she spoke— and this was that she was telling me, by inference, the story of her own unhappiness.

Daisy would never have done this consciously—of that I am positive. But it was betrayed in every line of her face— and my anxious ear caught it in every word she uttered as to the doings of the Johnson party. Doubtless she did not realize how naturally and closely I would associate her husband with that party.

Underneath all our talk there had been, on both sides, I daresay, a sense of awkward constraint. There were so many things which we must not speak of—things which threatened incessantly to force their way to the surface.

I thought of them all, and wondered how much she knew of the events that preceded my departure—how much she guessed of the heart-breaking grief with which I had seen her go to another. It came back to me now, very vividly, as I touched the satin fold of her gown with my shoe, and said to myself, "This is really she!"

The two years had not passed so uncomfortably, it is true; work and preoccupation and the change of surroundings had brought me back my peace of mind and taken the keen edge from my despair—which was to have been lifelong, and had faded in a month. Yet now her simple presence—with the vague added feeling that she was unhappy—sufficed to wipe out the whole episode of Albany, and transport me bodily back to the old Valley days. I felt again all the anguish at losing her, all the bitter wrath at the triumph of my rival—emphasized and intensified now by the implied confession that he had proved unworthy.

To this gloom there presently succeeded, by some soft, subtle transition, the consciousness that it was very sweet to sit thus beside her. The air about us seemed suddenly filled with some delicately benumbing influence. The chattering, smiling, moving throng was here, close upon us, enveloping us in its folds. Yet we were deliciously isolated. Did she feel it as I did?

I looked up into her face She had been silent for I know not how long, following her thoi
mine. It was al
find that the tall
fancied that I re
ment in her e
first subject w
"Tulp wou
said, foolishly enou

She colored slightly, an
shut her fan in a nervous way.
Tulp!" she said, "I don't think he ever liked me as he did you. Is he well?"

"He has never been quite the same since—since he came to Albany. He is a faithful body-servant now—nothing more."

"Yes," she said, softly, with a sigh. Then, after a pause—"Philip spoke of offering to make good to you your money loss in Tulp, but I told him he would better not."

"It *was* better not!" I answered.

Silence menaced us again. I did not find myself indignant at this insolent idea of the Englishman's. Instead, my mind seemed to distinctly close its doors against the admission of his personality. I was near Daisy, and that was enough; let there be no thoughts of him whatsoever!

"You do Tulp a wrong," I said. "Poor little fellow. Do you remember—" and so we drifted into the happy, sunlit past, with its childish memories for both of games and forest rambles, and innocent pleasures making every day a little blissful lifetime by itself, and all the years behind our parting one sweet prolonged delight.

Words came freely now; we looked into each other's faces without constraint, and laughed at the pastimes we recalled. It was so pleasant to be together again—and there was so much of charm for us both in the time which we remembered together!

Sir John Johnson and his party had left the punch—or what remained of it —and came suddenly up to us. Behind the baronet I saw young Watts, young De Lancey, one or two others whom I did not know, and, yes!—it was he—Philip Cross.

He had altered in appearance greatly. The two years had added much flesh to his figure, which was now burly, and seemed to have diminished his stature

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence. His face, which even I once regarded as handsome, was ened now in expression, and bore nhealthy, reddish hue. For that er, all these young men were flushed drink, and had entered rather bois- sly, attracting attention as they progressed. This attention was not altogether friendly. Some of the ladies had drawn in their skirts impatiently, as they passed, and beyond them I saw a group of Dutch friends of mine, among them Teunis, who were scowling dark looks at the new-comers.

Sir John recognized me as he approached, and deigned to say, "Ha! Mauverensen—you here?" after a cool fashion, and not offering his hand.

I had risen, not knowing what his greeting would be like. It was only decent now to say: "I was much grieved to hear of your honored father's death last summer."

"Well you might be!" said polite Sir John. "He served you many a good purpose. I saw you talking out yonder with Schuyler, that coward who dared not go to Philadelphia and risk his neck for his treason. I daresay he, too, was convulsed with grief over my father's death!"

"Perhaps you would like to tell Philip Schuyler to his face that he is a coward," I retorted, in rising heat at the unprovoked insolence in his tone. "There is no braver man in the Colony."

"But he didn't go to Philadelphia, all the same. He had a very pretty scruple about subscribing his name to the hangman's list."

"He did not go for a reason which is perfectly well known—his illness forbade the journey."

"Yes!" sneered the baronet, his pale eyes shifting away from my glance; "too ill for Philadelphia, but not too ill for New York, where, I am told, he has been most of the time since your—what d'ye call it?—Congress assembled."

I grew angry. "He went there to bury General Bradstreet. That, also, is well known. Information seems to reach the Valley but indifferently, Sir John. Everywhere else people understand and appreciate the imperative nature of the summons which called Colonel Schuyler to New York. The friendship of the two men has been a familiar matter of knowledge this fifteen years. I know not your notions of friendship's duties; but for a gentleman like Schuyler, scarcely a mortal illness itself could serve to keep him from paying the last respect to a friend whose death was such an affliction to him."

Johnson had begun some response, truculent in tone, when an interruption came from a most unexpected source. Philip Cross, who had looked at me closely without betraying any sign of recognition, put his hand now on Sir John's shoulder.

"Bradstreet?" he said. "Did I not know him? Surely he is the man who found his friend's wife so charming that he sent that friend to distant posts—to England, to Quebec, to Oswego, and Detroit—and amused himself here at home during the husband's absence. I am told he even built a mansion for her while the spouse was in London *on business*. So he is dead, eh?"

I had felt the bitter purport of his words, almost before they were out. It was a familiar scandal in the mouths of the Johnson coterie—this foul assertion that Mrs. Schuyler, one of the best and most faithful of helpmates, as witty as she was beautiful, as good as she was diligent, in truth, an ideal wife, had pursued through many years a course of deceit and dishonor and that her husband, the noblest son of our Colony, had been base enough to profit by it. Of all the cruel and malignant things to which the Tories laid their mean tongues this was the lowest and most false. I could not refrain from putting my hand on my sword-hilt as I answered:

"Such infamous words as these are an insult to every gentleman, the world over, who has ever presented a friend to his family!"

Doubtless there was apparent in my face, as in the exaggerated formality of my bow to Cross, a plain invitation to fight. If there had not been, then my manner would have wofully belied my intent. It was, in fact, so plain that Daisy, who sat close by my side and, like some others near at hand, had heard every word that had passed, half-started to her feet and clutched my sleeve, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with an appeal against my passionate purpose.

Her husband had not stirred from his erect and arrogant posture until he saw his wife's frightened action. I could see that he noted this, and that it further angered him. He also laid his hand on his sword now, and frigidly inclined his wigged head toward me.

"I had not the honor of addressing you, sir," he said, in a low voice, very much at variance with the expression in his eyes. "I had no wish to exchange words with you, or with any of your sour-faced tribe. But if you desire a conversation—a lengthy and more private conversation—I am at your disposition. Let me say here, however"—and he glanced with fierce meaning at Daisy as he spoke—"I am not a Schuyler; I do not encourage 'friends.'"

Even Sir John saw that this was too much.

"Come, come, Cross!" he said, going to his friend. "Your tongue runs away with you!" Then, in a murmur, he added: "Damn it, man! Don't drag your wife into the thing. Skewer the Dutchman outside, if you like, and if you are steady enough, but remember what you are about."

I could hear this muttered exhortation as distinctly as I had heard Cross's outrageous insult. Sir John's words appealed to me even more than they did to his companion. I was already ashamed to have been led into a display of temper and a threat of quarrelling, here in the company of ladies, and on such an occasion. We were attracting attention, moreover, and Teunis and some of his Dutch friends had drawn nearer, evidently understanding that a dispute was at hand. The baronet's hint about Daisy completed my mortification. *I* should have been the one to think of her, to be restrained by her presence, and to prevent, at any cost, her name being associated with the quarrel by so much as the remotest inference.

So I stood irresolute, with my hand still on my sword, and black rage still tearing at my heart, but with a mist of self-reproach and indecision before my eyes, in which lights, costumes, powdered wigs, gay figures about me, all swam dizzily.

Stephen Watts, a man in manner, though a mere stripling in years, had approached me from the other group, a yard off, in a quiet way to avoid observation. He whispered:

"There must be no quarrel *here*, Mr. Mauverensen. And there must be no notice taken of his last words—spoken in heat, and properly due, I daresay, to the punch rather than to the man."

"I feel that as deeply as you can," I replied.

"I am glad," said Watts, still in a sidelong whisper. "If you must fight, let there be some tolerable pretext."

"We have one ready, standing," I whispered back. "When we last met I warned him that at our next encounter I should break every bone in his skin. Is not that enough?"

"Capital! Who is your friend?"

By some remarkable intuition my kinsman Teunis was prompted to advance at this. I introduced the two young men to each other, and they sauntered off, past where Sir John was still arguing with Cross, and into the outer hall. I stood watching them till they disappeared, then looking aimlessly at the people in front of me, who seemed to belong to some strange phantasmagoria.

It was Daisy's voice which awakened me from this species of trance. She spoke from behind her fan, purposely avoiding looking up at me.

"You are going to fight—you two!" she murmured.

I could not answer her directly, and felt myself flushing with embarrassment. "He spoke in heat," I said, stumblingly. "Doubtless he will apologize—to you, at least."

"You do not know him! He would have his tongue torn out before he would admit his wrong, or any sorrow for it."

To this I could find no reply. It was on my tongue's end to say that men who had a pride in combining obstinacy with insolence must reap what they sow, but I wisely kept silence.

She went on:

"Promise me, Douw, that you will not fight! It chills my heart—even the thought of it. Let it pass—go away now—anything but a quarrel! I beseech you!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Tis more easily said than done," I muttered back to her. "Men cannot slip out of du—out of quarrels as they may out of coats."

"For my sake!" came the whisper, with a pleading quaver in it, from behind the feathers.

"It is all on one side, Daisy," I protested. "I must be ridden over, insulted, scorned, flouted to my face—and pocket it all! That is a nigger's portion, not a gentleman's. You do not know what I have borne already!"

"Do I not? Ah, too well! For my sake, Douw, for the sake of our memories of the dear old home, I implore you to avoid an encounter. Will you not—for me?"

"It makes a coward out of me! Every Tory in the two counties will cackle over the story that a Dutchman, a Whig, was affronted here under the Patroon's very roof, and dared not resent it."

"How much do you value their words? Must a thing be true for them to say it? The real manhood is shown in the strength of restraint, not the weakness of yielding to the impulse of the moment. And you can be strong if you choose, Douw!"

While I still pondered these words Teunis Van Hoorn returned to me, having finished his consultation with Watts, whom I now saw whispering to Sir John and the others who clustered about Cross.

The doctor was in good spirits. He sidled up to me, uttering aloud some merry commonplace, and then adding, in a low tone:

"I was a match for him. He insisted that they were the aggrieved party, and chose swords. I stuck to it that we occupied that position, and had the right to choose pistols. You are no Frenchman, to spit flesh with a wire—but you *can* shoot, can't you? If we stand to our point, they must yield!"

I cast a swift glance toward the sweet, pleading face at my side, and made answer:

"I will not fight!"

My kinsman looked at me with surprise and vexation.

"No!" I went on, "it is not our way here. You have lived so long abroad that duelling seems a natural and proper thing. But we stay-at-homes no more recognize the right of these English fops to force their fighting customs upon us than we rush to tie our hair in queues because it is their fashion."

I will not pretend that I was much in love with the line of action thus lamely defended. To the contrary, it seemed to me then a cowardly and unworthy course—but I had chosen it, and I could not retreat.

There was upon the moment offered temptation enough to test my resolution sorely.

Many of the ladies had in the meantime left the room, not failing to let it be seen that they resented the wrangling scene which had been thrust upon them. Mistress Daisy had crossed the floor to where Lady Johnson stood, with others, and this frightened group were now almost our sole observers.

Philip Cross shook himself loose from the restraining circle of friends, and strode toward me, his face glowing darkly with passion, and his hands clinched.

"You run away, do you?" he said. "I have a mind, then, to thrash you where you stand, you canting poltroon! Do you hear me?—here, where you stand!"

"I hear you," I made answer, striving hard to keep my voice down, and my resolution up. "Others hear you, too. There are ladies in the room. If you have any right to be among gentlemen, it is high time for you to show it. You are acting like a blackguard."

"Hear the preaching Dutchman!" he called out, with a harsh, scornful laugh to those behind him. "He will teach me manners, from his hiding-place behind the petticoats. Come out, you skunk-skin pedler, and I'll break that sword of yours over your back!"

Where this all would have ended I cannot tell. My friends gathered around beside me, and at my back. Cross advanced a step or two nearer to me, his companions with him. I felt, rather than saw, the gestures preceding the drawing of swords. I cast a single glance toward the group of women across the room—who, huddled together, were gazing at us with pale faces and fixed eyes—and I daresay the purport of my glance was that I had borne all I could, and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The dignified sober figure of Abraham Ten Broeck appeared in our wrathful circle."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the results were beyond my control—when suddenly there came an unlooked-for interruption.

The dignified, sober figure of Abraham Ten Broeck appeared in our wrathful circle. Someone had doubtless told him, in the outer hall, of the quarrel, and he had come to interfere. A hush fell over us all at his advent.

"What have we here, gentlemen?" asked the merchant, looking from one to another of our heated faces with a grave air of authority. "Are you well-advised to hold discussions here, in what ought to be a pleasant and social company?"

No ready answer was forthcoming. The quarrel was none of my manufacture, and it was not my business to explain it to him. The Tories were secretly disgusted, I fancy, with the personal aspects of the dispute, and had nothing to say. Only Cross, who unfortunately did not know the new-comer, and perhaps would not have altered his manner if he had known him, said uncivilly:

"The matter concerns us alone, sir. It is no affair of outsiders."

I saw the blood mount to Mr. Ten Broeck's dark cheeks, and the fire flash in his eyes. But the Dutch gentleman kept tight bit on his tongue and temper.

"Perhaps I am not altogether an outsider, young sir," he replied, calmly. "It might be thought that I would have a right to civil answers here."

"Who is he?" asked Cross, contemptuously turning his head toward Sir John.

Mr. Ten Broeck took the reply upon himself. "I am the uncle and guardian of your boy-host," he said, quietly. "In a certain sense I am myself your host—though it may be an honor which I shall not enjoy again."

There was a stateliness and solidity about this rebuke which seemed to impress even my headstrong antagonist. He did not retort upon the instant, and all who listened felt the tension upon their emotions relaxed. Some on the outskirts began talking of other things, and at least one of the principals changed his posture with a sense of relief.

Philip Cross presently went over to where the ladies stood, exchanged a few words with them, and then with his male friends left the room, affecting great composure and indifference. It was departing time; the outer hall was beginning to display cloaks, hoods, and tippets, and from without could be heard the voices of the negroes, bawling out demands for carriages.

I had only a momentary chance of saying farewell to Daisy. Doubtless I ought to have held aloof from her altogether, but I felt that to be impossible. She gave me her hand, looking still very pale and distrait, and murmured only, "It was brave of you, Douw."

I did not entirely agree with her, so I said in reply: "I hope you will be happy, dear girl; that I truly hope. Give my love and duty to Mr. Stewart, and—and—if I may be of service to you, no matter in how exacting or how slight a matter, I pray you command me."

We exchanged good-byes at this, with perfunctory words, and then she left me, to join Lady Johnson—and to depart with their company.

Later, when I walked homeward with Teunis, sauntering in the moonlight, he imparted something to me which he had heard, in confidence, of course, from one of the ladies who had formed the anxious little group that watched our quarrel:

"After Ten Broeck came in, Cross went over to his wife, and brusquely said to her, in the hearing of her friends, that your acquaintance with her was an insult to him, and that he forbade her ever again holding converse with you!"

We walked a considerable time in silence after this, and I will not essay to describe for you my thoughts. We had come into the shadow of the old Dutch church in the square, I know, before Teunis spoke again.

"Be patient yet a little longer, Douw," he said. "The break must come soon now, and then we will drive all these insolent scoundrels before us into the sea!"

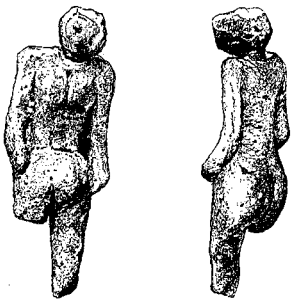
I shook hands with him solemnly on this, as we parted.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN IDAHO.

By G. Frederick Wright.



The Nampa Image—actual size.
(Drawn from the object by J. D. Woodward.)

WHILE attention is from time to time being directed to archæological discoveries in the Orient, the public is hardly aware of the rapid accumulation of facts bearing upon the prehistoric condition of America, and revealing an antiquity of the human race on this continent equal to, if not exceeding, that assigned by tangible evidence to man in the Old World. Already rude implements of human manufacture have been discovered at Trenton, N. J., Claymont, Del., Madisonville, O., Medora, Ind., and Little Falls, Minn., in undisturbed gravel deposits dating from the close of the great Ice Age in America. These discoveries correspond, both in the rude character of the implements and in the geological situation, with the palæoliths found in the valley of the Somme, in France, and at various places in southern England. Authorities estimate their age as from seven thousand to one hundred thousand years, according to their interpretation of the date of the close of the glacial epoch.

In Professor J. D. Whitney's report "Upon the Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada of California," he gives a detailed account of a variety of human remains there discovered, embedded in deposits of equal or even greater age than those just mentioned in Europe and in the Eastern part of the United States. In several instances these remains in California were found in gravel which had subsequently been covered by deep deposits of lava, and where there had been so much erosion since as to indicate a very great antiquity. Among the most remarkable and best authenticated of these California relics of early man is the celebrated Calaveras skull, reported to have been taken in 1866, by a Mr. Mattison, from the gravel under Table Mountain, near Altaville, Calaveras County, and about one hundred and thirty feet below the surface. Overlying this skull there were four strata of lava and three of gravel, besides the one in which it was found.

Bret Harte has made this skull famous in one of his poems, and I fear has unduly prejudiced the public mind against the real weight of evidence respecting it. This humorous poet, after giving his own confused surmises as to the tale of geologic history which the skull might tell, heard these hollow accents from the skull itself:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

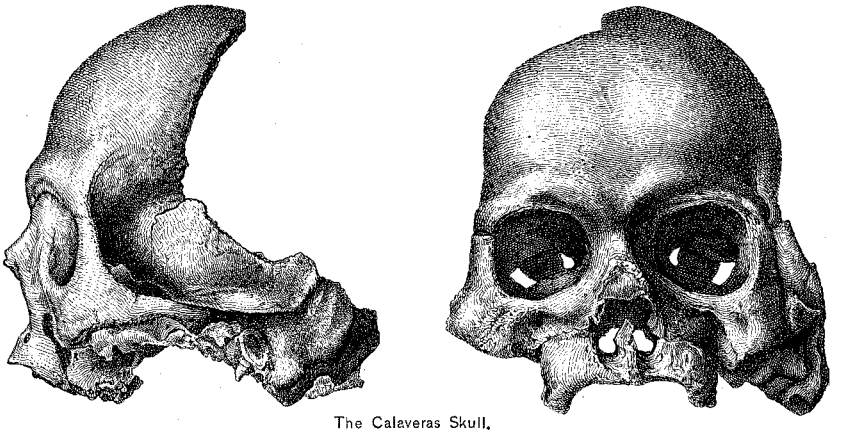
A French critic actually took Harte's poetry for a pure statement of fact.

Rear View of the Image.

But, notwithstanding these gibes, there is so strong a chain, both of direct and circumstantial evidence, supporting the genuineness of the Calaveras skull, that there would probably have been little question about it had it not encountered the strong preconceived theories of two important and influential classes of people, namely, the orthodox theologians and the uncompromising evolutionists. The theologians were prejudiced because they thought the skull was made out to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

older than the creation of man according to the accepted chronology of the Bible. The evolutionists discredited the evidence because the skull was too well formed and too capacious to have been possessed, according to their theory, by the human race at so early a stage in its existence. According to the observations and measurements of Professor Jeffries Wyman, the skull presents no signs of having belonged to an inferior race. This the illustration will abundantly show.



The Calaveras Skull.
(From a photograph.)

The recent discovery at Nampa, Ada County, Idaho, of the miniature but finely wrought image represented in the accompanying cut, will revive interest in the Calaveras skull, and in the whole class of implements reported by Professor Whitney as found in the auriferous gravels of California. Briefly stated, the facts and the evidence in the case are as follows :

Mr. M. A. Kurtz was engaged, about August 1, 1889, in boring an artesian well at Nampa, of which the different strata penetrated are :

	Feet.
Soil	Sixty.
Lava rock	Fifteen.
Quicksand	One hundred.
Clay	One-half.
Quicksand	Forty.
Clay	Six.
Quicksand	Thirty.
Clay	Fifteen.
Clay balls mixed with sand.	
Coarse sand in which the image came up.	
Vegetable soil.	
Sandstone.	

Mr. Cumming, superintendent of that portion of the Union Pacific Railroad, who is a graduate of Harvard College and a highly trained man, was on the ground the day after the discovery, and became fully convinced of its genuineness. For a month the image remained at Nampa, the subject simply of more or less town talk, until, in the early part of September, Charles Francis Adams, president of the Union Pacific Railroad, chanced to pass through there and see it. Upon reaching Boston, Mr. Adams addressed a letter to me stating the facts, and offering to bring me into communication with Mr. Kurtz ; whereupon Mr. Kurtz kindly intrusted the image to my care, and promptly and clearly answered all inquiries. From him we learn that the well was tubed by a heavy six-inch iron tube driven down from the top, that the drill was not used except in going through the lava, and that the valve of the sand-pump was about three and a half inches in diameter ; so that there was nothing impossible in the conditions, while the proximity of the vegetable soil is the appropriate place in which to find such a work of art.

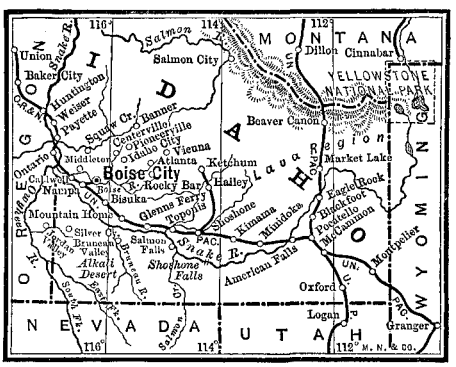
As bearing more particularly upon the genuineness of the discovery, Mr. Kurtz states that he had been on the ground for several days watching the progress of the well, and ran through his hands the contents of the sand-pump as they were dumped out, and so had hold of the image before he suspected what it was ; but on washing it saw its charac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter. The supposition that the image may have been thrown into the well for the purpose of hoaxing the public is negatived by several considerations. The image is made of rather soft material, and if it had been thrown in, would have lain in such a position that the sand-pump, as it came down with a heavy thud upon it, would have broken it to pieces. As it is, the head was broken off by falling from the hand of Mr. Kurtz. Professor F. W. Putnam, to whom it has been submitted, supposed from his examination that the image was carved out of fine pumice-stone. On closer examination, however, it appears that it was modelled from stiff clay such as is found in the clay balls spoken of, and if baked at all in the fire had been subjected to a low degree of heat only. The image is also covered with a coating of oxide of iron, which gives it the mottled appearance in the illustrations, and is, in the view of Professor Putnam and others, conclusive evidence that it has considerable antiquity. The illustration also shows some particles of sand cemented in between the arm and the body by this oxide of iron. This corresponds with that cemented upon the outside of the clay balls which came from the same stratum; so that, independent of the direct testimony, the circumstantial evidence is sufficient of itself to prove the genuineness of the discovery.

The conditions under which the image has been preserved are not difficult to imagine. Extensive lava deposits of recent date (geologically speaking) occur all over the region west of the Rocky Mountains. These are especially noticeable in the upper part of the valley of Snake River, and can be seen to a good advantage in the vicinity of the Dalles, on the Columbia River. To account for the facts under consideration, we have merely to suppose that, subsequent to the occupation of southwestern Idaho by man, some of these lava eruptions obstructed the lower course of the Snake River Valley, causing the water to set back and form a temporary lake over the region where Nampa is now situated. Like all other lakes, this, of course, would become filled up with greater or less rapidity by the silt brought in from the streams above. In the present case, we may presume that the amount of silt was increased by the rapid melting of the glaciers which formerly occupied the head-waters of Snake River in the mountains west of Yellowstone Park. After this lake had filled up with the sediment, a lava overflow covered it and sealed it up, as Pompeii was overwhelmed in the early part of the Christian era.

The bearing of this discovery is of the very highest importance in either one of two directions. From the data at present accessible, Mr. S. F. Emmons, of the Geological Survey, gives it as his opinion that the strata in which this image is reported to have been found are older by far than any others in which human remains have been discovered, unless it be those under Table Mountain, in California. This opinion, however, may be somewhat modified by closer study of the situation. But if we are compelled to ascribe such antiquity to the image, it will go far to relieve the Calaveras skull of the obloquy which has rested upon it on account of its advanced stage of development; for, certainly, the



Map showing the Section of Idaho where the Image was Found.

brain that could have modelled so perfect a form as this must have been far removed from that of the ape-like progenitor supposed by Darwin to be the common ancestor of us all.

On the other hand, there are many indications that some of the extensive lava deposits at the West have occurred within two thousand or three thousand years, though there is no historic record or even tradition of any such eruptions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Mr. Fewkes, secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, brought back this summer from the neighborhood of Zuni, in New Mexico, a fragment from a stream of lava which must have come from a vent twenty-five or thirty miles away, and which had just spent its force as it reached and overwhelmed a corn-bin of the aborigines; for this fragment contains the impress of numerous ears of corn as perfectly preserved as that of any of the perishable articles in Pompeii. If, now, upon examination it shall be found that the volcanic eruptions in southwestern Idaho were more recent than we at present are at liberty to suppose, this, while relieving the evolutionists, will reveal an instability in the earth's crust which geologists have been slow to admit. It should be said, moreover, that until within a few years the European geologists were not willing to credit the reports (now corroborated beyond question) relative to the immense extent of the geologically recent lava outflows in our Western States and Territories. Literally hundreds of thousands of square miles are there covered with lava outflows which have occurred in late tertiary and quaternary times. Professor Winchell has even attempted to account for these by supposing them to be the direct result of the disturbances in the equilibrium of the earth's crust caused by the accumulation of ice over British America during the glacial period. Four millions of cubic miles of ice resting upon that area would, he thinks, naturally enough open seams along lines of weakness in the Pacific States and Territories and cause the lava to flow out, as juice would be made to exude from an orange in one part by pressing upon the rind in another.

Such are some of the questions inevitably raised by this diminutive Nampa image, and such are some of the demands which it will make for explanation upon the sciences of geology and anthropology. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of these questions, but the facts could not well be presented without the aid of such resources for illustration as this Magazine can furnish.

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH."

By Edward S. Martin.

Blest be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose
As much as though he should propose.

Dear Maid: I'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo! there's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear lures is,
But I'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he's going to be,
Futures are actual in one's head,
But *is*ness is what women wed.
Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he *must* leave in the bushes.

Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,
Rapping at Fortune's gate—and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

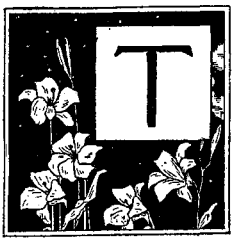
That's all: It's nothing that you'll find
Important, but it's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, to blow the lid
Off *once* helps *some*, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calendar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER III.



HE condition of Fairfax's mind after he left Fowler's house was one of bewildered excitement. Nothing like this experience had ever been imagined by him before. He was such a child when his uncle took him that, to all intents and purposes, he had ceased to be an American. His uncle, a very rich man as well as a distinguished artist, was deeply attached to him, and he had been reared delicately and luxuriously.

Everyone petted the beautiful boy, especially women. But treatment apt to ruin a coarser or more selfish nature simply made Fairfax more gentle, and gave him a pleasurable impression of all the world being an honest fellow's friend.

So the lad flung his *centimes* to beggars and enjoyed their blessings even while he smiled at them, and looked frankly up into the great lady's eyes, no whit the worse for his constant doses of adulation. He was twenty-two the other day, never having been in love. Naturally, shrined in his fancy was a radiant, high-born creature, mistress of several languages, with a velvet voice and a beautiful nature, an angel of varying nationality; but she was hardly more than a dream of the sex, the "not impossible she" of every young man's imagination. And certainly the last of women whom he thought about in such a connection was his homespun cousin Adèle. Still, now and again, across the confusion of his emotions and his efforts to think the situation out images would flit—a white throat tinted by the firelight, and a supple figure in a light pose, and a rapt young face flung back, and dark eyes flashing. Her head was like Antinous's, had Antinous been his own sister and able to shut his mouth tight. (I am giving Fairfax's whimsical comparison, not mine; I doubt whether Miss Adèle had anything Greek about her beyond a low forehead and a straight nose.)

She had a wonderfully sweet voice, too, slow and soft yet not monotonous; really it idealized the accent. And how fascinating was that frequent gesture of hers, opening the palms of her hands and flinging them out, with a sort of gentle vehemence!

Somehow her poor gown only threw a kind of distinction about her appearance into relief. The idea of Adèle turning out such a beauty!

All the while Betty Ward was covering the ground in gallant form, taking advantage of every piece of solid footing to quicken her pace. He had come to the sandy high-road; in a few moments she would be out in the open, clear of the dreary, overgrown, murderous woods; he began to think of his father and the old house, and his dead brothers seemed to look at him with their boyish eyes.

Why should the mare tremble? It was a second before he realized. He had lurched forward in the saddle; there had been the ping of a bullet, he felt a stabbing pain in his shoulder; then another shot made a crackling noise; he was galloping on in the dark. Were there pursuers? He could not hear them; but on and on the frightened horse whirled him past the black lines of forest. It seemed to him that they travelled a long distance before he was able, with his useless right arm, to control her panic.

Directly in front of him he perceived a light, which wavered, rising and sinking like a lantern carried by a rider. Such, in fact, it was, for he could hear a very good barytone voice singing an old Presbyterian hymn:

> "My table thou hast furnishèd,
> In presence of my foes;
> My head with oil thou dost anoint,
> And my cup overflows."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Whoa! quit that, Ma'y Jane!"

Both riders fell to quieting their beasts. Betty Ward neighed and pranced, and Ma'y Jane, a large white mule, responded with a great noise of bray and show of heels.

"Look a here," shouted the mule's rider, "ain't this Colonel Rutherford's Betty Ward? Ma'y Jane never speaks to any other horse she meets up with. Say, who are you, sir?"

"Don't you know me, Mr. Collins?" Fairfax, who could see the other distinctly, called back. "I am Fairfax Rutherford."

With a bound Ma'y Jane was alongside Betty Ward, and her rider was wringing Fairfax's unwounded arm, pouring out a torrent of welcome. "I *am* glad to see you — rejoiced! Your poor father, sir, has had heavy afflictions, and nothing has comforted him like the news you were to come—look a here, boy, what's the matter with your shoulder?"

Parson Collins lifted his lantern.

"Well, *sir!* You've got hurt already. Who did it? When did it happen?"

Fairfax rapidly explained. He had suddenly been struck by a new idea. Jim Fowler's sacrifices possessed his imagination. Only now it was his turn to deceive the slayers. How badly hurt he might be he could not tell; he fancied the wound more serious than it actually was, feeling so faint and giddy and knowing nothing about gunshot wounds. Should he go on, the guerillas might follow and capture him, or he might roll off his horse and lie there in the wood, a prey to any comer; should he go with Collins, the same peril menaced them. But could he persuade the minister to take the money while he galloped on, tracking his way by that bleeding shoulder, it was he whom they would follow, and, whatever happened to him, the money would be safe.

Therefore, on the heels of his rapid words he pulled out the money and asked Parson Collins to receive it: protesting that he had enough money of his own to satisfy the graybacks, were they to catch him.

"They can't know anything about my having the money," said he; "I daresay they only shot at me for my clothes or my boots or my horse."

"They're mean enough," said Parson Collins; "wonder if we all couldn't fight 'em. I've got a splendid revolver and the Lord is on our side—if there ain't too many of 'em," he added, practically; "do you reckon there'll be more than four of 'em?"

"I only heard the shot. It smashed the lantern."

"Lucky for you it did. You'd ought to have put it out—you in the light and they in the dark, making the best kind of a target of yourself." He flung his own coat skirt, a rusty black broadcloth one, over his own lantern; his rugged, kindly face, framed in waving white hair, smiled on Fairfax, and went out in the darkness. Only the indistinct silhouette of a horseman remained.

"Might as well not stick up a signpost for 'em," said Mr. Collins. "Now, Mr. Rutherford, with the Lord's help, we'll fool these vilyuns. I expect you have been bleeding of your shoulder making a trail. You ride ahead for a spell. Moon's out, and it's coming on light enough to see a mite. You'll come to a slash with a burned tupello gum standing chalk white and black in the water. You caynt miss. Stop there and slip off into the water—good bottom, no fear—and get jes' behind that tree and wait on me. I know a short cut to Montaine; and I can find the way on the grass even without a lantern, so they caynt see me. If they are behind us, now, they have seen my lantern go out, and will 'low I have turned into the woods. Now farewell, sir, for the present."

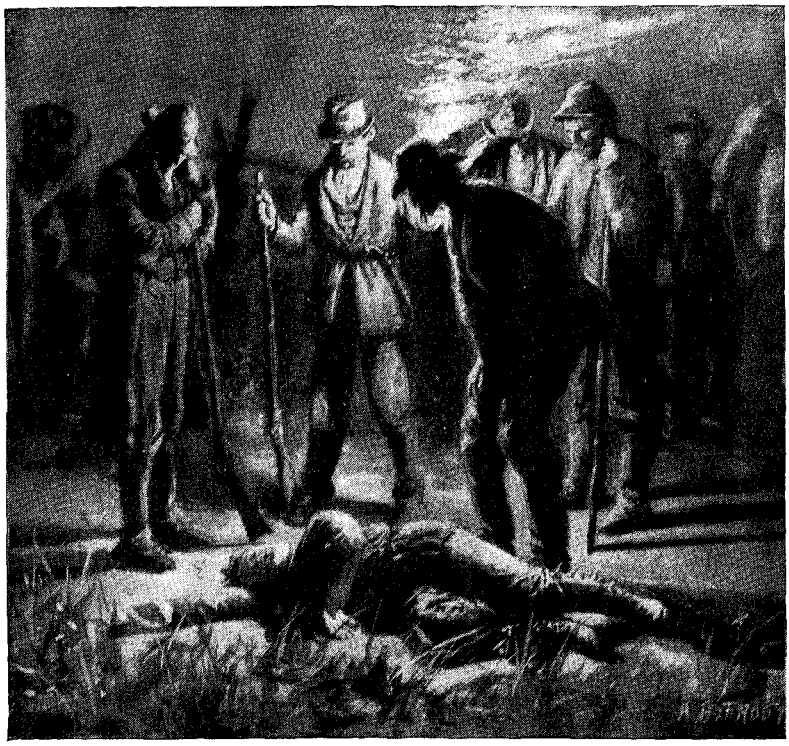
"But take the money!" urged Fairfax.

Parson Collins hesitated, but muttering "Who knows? The colonel caynt afford to lose it, for a fact," held out his hand for the package.

Having received it, the white mule bounded into the wood.

They were as utterly gone, that dark night, as if they had never been; and the only sound which came to Fairfax was the swift thud of Betty Ward's hoof on the sand. It is a feature of the Black River country that it lies in ridges. On the ridges the roads are good, between them they are swamps; hence a road which threatens to mire a horse at every step may all at once climb into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Dead's a hammer, ain't he, Mack?"

a smooth, dry highway. Sand, drifted into the soil in some of the very richest farming lands, helps the geographical peculiarities of the country. Fairfax seemed to be galloping on a floor. By this time he was so faint with his wound and the motion, which felt to him like a pump drawing the blood out of his body through his shoulder, that he could only dimly distinguish objects as he was whirled along. Wasn't that a blasted white trunk? He pulled on the reins, but his weak fingers were numb; the horse did not recognize his voice; he could not stop her. On fire with fright, her wide nostrils sniffing the home air, she raced past the trysting-place like the wind.

Half a mile farther, so near that Fairfax's blurring eyes could see the early morning lights of the plantation, Betty Ward flung up her beautiful head and leaped high above the thorn-tree felled across the road. But her rider lay motionless on the other side.

"Cotch the hoss, Sam, d—— you," bawled a voice out of the trees, "don't hurt 'er, you ——!"

"Caynt cotch 'er, 'less with a *gun*," Sam growled back; "will I shoot?"

"Naw, d—— you, she done throwed *him* all right, an' I wunt have 'er hurted! Lige, try the rope!"

"Lige done cotched 'er!" Sam's voice called back, amid a prodigious scuffling and shouts of "Whoa!" and "Huh!" Evidently both men were struggling with the horse.

The leader, bidding them show a light, crossed to their assistance. Sure that the horse was unharmed, he returned to Fairfax, who lay like a log in the road.

"Dead's* a hammer, ain't he, Mack?" said he, carelessly.

"Ya'as, but he's 'live yet."

"Are it young Rutherford?"

"Looks like. Got the funniest cloze on I ever did see."

"Hole the light. We'll see if we ain't got the money *this* time."

He bent over the insensible man and nimbly stripped him. As he did so he outlined, against the torch-flare, a sharp

* "Dead" is a synonym for senseless, in Arkansas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profile with thin lips, curved nose, hollow cheeks, a sweeping mustache, and inky locks of hair, straight and coarse enough to warrant the common taunt that "all of Dick Barnabas wasn't Jew was mean Injun." He wore a smart military hat and a blue Federal blouse, in very good order; but below the belt, where the United States eagle shone, were two veteran pairs of trousers of Confederate gray, one above the other, and the nether pair almost as much to the fore as the upper, owing to tears and holes.

Barnabas needed only a few moments to discover that the Rutherford money was not on Fairfax's person.

He did not swear. Swearing, with Dick Barnabas, expressed rather a jocose frame of mind than otherwise. He rose silently; and stood stroking his eyebrows down on to the bridge of his nose, and considered.

"Say, Sam," Lige whispered to his comrade, "I wudn't be in that ar young cuss's shoes, not ef ye'd give me the money——"

"What's he studyin', do ye reckon?"

"*Hell!*" was Lige's concise but ample reply.

"Didn't the cunnel done 'im a meanness when they ben in the army, hay?"

"He'd of shot him, if he hadn't skedaddled. Had ever'thing ready an' him under gyuard."

"Well, *sir!* What fur?"

"Oh, jest jawhawkin' a Yank and burnin' his heouse down. Thar ben a young un in the heouse an' the ole man ben mad. Say, what's Dick a-doin'? Looks interestin'."

Barnabas had taken the gold out of Fairfax's money-belt and was parcelling it out with the strict fairness which, whether out of shrewdness or a better motive, he never failed to use with his plunder. The little velvet boxes containing the brooch and bracelet brought from London to Mrs. Rutherford and Adèle, the trinkets for the old servants, and the watch for the Colonel were set aside "fur the pile" (Dick's word, perhaps, for a common stock), to be divided at leisure. Fairfax's English revolvers the guerilla leader stowed in his own belt; the money-belt he flung to one of the men. "Now fer the cloze," said he; "them pants strikes me heavy. Say, you Mack, pull 'em off."

Lige was tossed Fairfax's hat; Sam got his coat; his flannel shirt went to Mack. While the other men were trying to squeeze their feet into his boots and laughing and disputing over the contents of his portmanteau, his dressing-case, his undergarments, and his handkerchiefs, the poor lad began to revive.

To awaken from a swoon is always a painful sensation. The soul returns to the body somewhat as separated cars are coupled to a locomotive—with a jar that shakes both. But to awaken, lying wounded and shaken, plucked like a dead turkey, and to stare up at such a devilish grin of satisfied malice and fury as that which contorted Dick's lips—there is an experience to wrench the nerves.

Fairfax shut his eyes; he forced back a groan.

"Don't like my looks, hay?" said the guerilla; "I'll be a right smart prettier when I get them pants er yourn onto me. Look a yere, I ain't no time fur funnin'; I am Dick Barnabas. Whar's that ar twenty thousan' dollars?"

"I—I haven't any twenty thousand dollars," Fairfax managed to gasp, painfully.

"Ef ye have, you mus' keep it unner you' skin, by——," was the grim answer; "whar's it at?"

"I don't know," said Fairfax.

"Look a yere, boy," said Dick, dropping his voice to a lower key which somehow had a sinister and ominous effect, and incessantly stroking his eyebrows, "you've *got* to know. It's wuth you' *life*, that's what it's wuth. You answer my questions true and straight, an' you' paw'll meet up with ye t'night. You don't, an' I'll kill you! *An' it wunt be nice—easy—killin', either.*"

"I can't tell what I don't know," said Fairfax.

"Looks like he got grit, don't it?" Lige muttered.

Fairfax's hearing, which was in the abnormal state of keenness accompanying certain conditions of nervous strain, caught the words.

His sensitive mouth quivered a little. Too vague for shaping in words, a sensation rather than a feeling, something like this was in his dizzied brain:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If ye pull that trigger, an' hit the myark, ye kin ride off free."—Page 249.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All my boyhood I feared that I was a coward, I forgot it when I had nothing to make me afraid, but the old dread met me as soon as I touched the old swamp; now, now I am in mortal peril

Slick Mose and Adèle.—Page 253.

—oh, thank God, thank God, I am not afraid!"

Was he not afraid? He was trembling, and the cold drops in the roots of his hair ran down his forehead. No, he was not afraid, not as he had been afraid in his childhood; that hideous paralysis of will and muscle, that ecstasy of utterly unreasonable, unreachable terror—he did not feel *that*.

"Wa'al," said Barnabas, "made up you' mind? Spit it out!"

Fairfax looked him in the eye without flinching; he said not a word.

Dick Barnabas never would have won his evil fame had he simply had wickedness and courage; there was a vein of acuteness in his mind, and such sagacity as makes a good off-hand, rough guess at character. Besides, he had known the Rutherfords for years.

"Look a yere," he continued, in quite another tone, "I ain't no friend to Rutherfords, but they all are high-toned gentlemen; I never knowed nare Rutherford wud tell a lie. Ef you'll say, on your honor's a gentleman, that ye doan' know nuthin' beout that money, I give ye my word on *mine* ye kin lope Mack's hoss and light out. Kin ye?"

Their eyes met; the cruel old-race black ones, the frank brown eyes of the Anglo-American; the glitter in each crossed under the torch-rays like sword-blades, but it was the brown flash that wavered. Fairfax compressed his lips.

"You *caynt!*" shouted the guerilla. He wheeled round on the listening men. "Say, Mack, how's that fire you all putt out * in the woods for a warm?"

Mack, a thoroughly brutal-looking fellow, jerked a snort of laughter out of his short throat.

"Doin' *fine*," said he, "right smart er coalses."

CHAPTER IV.

Deep in the dense forests surrounding the farms and cotton-fields of Montaine there still may be seen a ragged clearing. The gum-trees and white-oaks, the cypress and tupello gums and hackberry-trees are like a wall growing out of the wet land about it, for the clearing itself rises high and dry.

* They always "putt out" a fire when they make it, in Arkansas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grotesque cypress knees grin out of the water like a jagged saw. In autumn, gorgeous red and gold stars from the gum-trees, duller red leaves from the long, hanging hackberry branches, rusty needles of foliage from the cypress, and vivid green arrow-heads from the water-oaks, fleck that black and gleaming mirror with its ghosts of trees.

Often one will see a white crane standing on one leg at the edge of the brake, espying its food.

The clearing may hold a couple of acres. It is covered, now, by a wild growth of elbow brush, pawpaw saplings, muscadine vines, and swamp hackberries. "Tar blankets" flap their great leaves above their prickly sides. When spring comes, the "buckeye" bells swing like tongues of flame among the greenery. Yet, strange to see in such a wilderness, here and again a cotton-plant penetrates the tangle, and, during the first October days, flings out its ragged flag of truce to winter. Once, only the cotton-plants were to be seen. Then, on the mound to the right, which was a forgotten chief's last show of pride, an old Frenchman had built him a log cabin, where he lived alone.

He came up the river in his own clumsy boat, leased land from Colonel Rutherford, cleared it, in the wasteful fashion of the country, by girdling and burning the trees; and had a house to take the place of his tent of boughs and blankets within a month of his first axe-stroke.

His lease of the place was short. For some reason Dick Barnabas became persuaded that the lonely tenant had money—gold and greenbacks. He came in the spring and "made a crop"—and, the following summer, when all his field was blossoming in pink and white, a chance messenger from Montaine found the cabin a heap of smoking embers, and the Frenchman's body in the swamp. How he died no one rightly knew, but there were tales of torture as well as murder; and certain it is that the man who found the mangled body told his tale with sobs and oaths; nor could he ever be persuaded to set foot on the place again. The cotton-field had holes all over it, where the guerillas must have digged for hidden treasures. In one of these holes, widened and lengthened by his own spade, Barnabas's victim lies to this day.

Why Dick should choose the spot for his rendezvous his men could not understand. They were merely ordinary desperadoes—the scum of warfare and a wild country, some of them hardly as bad as that, being disbanded soldiers or deserters who had joined the "gray-backs," intending to plunder in patriotic fashion, and harass only the Federals and Federal sympathizers—but had drifted into an ever-widening whirlpool of crime. They had no stomach for torture and murder in themselves, however necessary to wring money from their victims; and they would willingly have thrust certain black passages out of memory. Le Rouge's cries stuck in their ears.

Dick told them that he chose the place because it was a spot held accursed and haunted.

"Ef they all see the smoke, so much the better," he jeered.

But the men exchanged furtive glances.

"'Tain't nuthin' for laffin' 'baout"—Lige's opinion, as usual, was confided to his crony Sam—"they does see smoke a-risin' an' hear schreechin' an' nare mortial critter nigh. Ya'as, sir."

"Mout of ben aowls," suggested Sam, who was hard-headed and not superstitious.

"Does aowls holler French lingo?" Lige retorted. "An' how come them buzzards will sail an' sail overhaid? They didn't useter! Sam, I are sick er this yere."

"Look a' *him*," said Sam; "he ain't consarnin' hisself much, be he?"

"He is the *devil*," said Lige.

Perhaps to win from his ruffians just this very mixture of fear and admiration and wonder may have belonged to Barnabas's motives.

At any rate it is a question if he were not cunning in bringing Fairfax here. Had he proceeded to extremities while the young man's will was strung to its highest tension to resist, he might have been balked. Fairfax always believed that he could have held out *then*.

But the long ride through the brake in darkness and silence, bound, helpless, stabbed by every stumble, was too much for the poor boy's nerve.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barnabas led the way. Not a word was spoken. Fairfax could think, could realize the full horror of his position.

Creeping—creeping—the old numbness of terror, the hand on his throat, the chill in his veins—oh, if he could only die, he thought, before those beasts began on him!

They were half an hour going from the road to Le Rouge's cabin, riding straight as the crow flies. Sometimes they trotted on high ground covered with cotton-stalks, sometimes the horses were up to their knees in the bog; and once Fairfax felt a heave of his mule's flanks and heard the swash of waters as if the animal were swimming. He tried to collect his thoughts, he tried to pray, but his mind would wander. It is likely that he was taken with a chill, having travelled for days through an air laden with miasma; and with the pain from his wound and the loss of blood he was half-delirious.

His thoughts were only a jumble of hideous pictures. What was the story that he had been told about Barnabas at Jacksonport? Pulling out a man's nails was too mediæval! And the other—ugh, that was worse! When he was a little, little child, Mammy used to tell horrible stories. How they terrified him! That one of the big conjure-men who threw lizards into Mammy's mother so that she died—but that was not so frightful as the one about the little black cat without a head that would come and sit by a "mean" boy's bed and purr and purr; and, if the boy should make the least bit of noise, would leap on the bed and rub its dreadful neck against him. What a ghastly fancy! Why must he remember it now?

Adèle didn't believe in the cat. She jumped out of the bed and lit a light, and ran into Fair's room to look under the bed. She called "Pussy! pussy!" very loud; and there wasn't anything under the bed, and she sat down beside Fair and held the trembling little creature in her strong, warm arms until he fell asleep. Was he a coward yet?

"Halt!" rang out Barnabas's thin, high voice. They had arrived at the camp. The camp-fire was blazing against a log.

"Rake out them coalses!" commanded Barnabas.

Mack and a small dark man, said to be Barnabas's cousin, were the only men that bestirred themselves. Four or five other men stood sullenly, agreeing to any wickedness of their leader but not anxious to help.

Lige scowled and whispered to Sam that he had a mind to kick, he warn't no Injun, by ——

"Twenty thousan' dollars are a right smart er money," said Sam, "an' only ten of us to git it." And Lige sank into moody silence.

When Fairfax was lifted from his horse, his cramped limbs refused to support him; so that he fell in a heap on the ground.

"Feller's chillin', shore," the small dark man observed to Barnabas.

"Nev' mind, Leah, he'll be warm enough right soon," answered Barnabas, with a leer; "I'll scorch him for five hundred!" which saying has passed into a common word in that country.

Then he addressed himself to Fairfax: "D'ye see them coalses, Bud? They're all fer *you*, ever' last one, twell ye tell whar that money's at or you're daid—one!"

The skies had cleared and the moon was rolling high in the heavens, while far toward the east was a faint lightning, the promise of the dawn.

Fairfax cast his frenzied eyes round the dark circle of figures. "Are you *all* fiends?" he cried.

Sam griped Lige's arm, whispering: "Shut up! he's fixin' tuh give in. Don't you make a fool of you'seff!"

"I reckon," said Barnabas, coolly. "Now, Bud, this yere's the last time er axin'. *Whar's hit at?*

. . . . . .

Five minutes later, the moon at this time shining brightly, an eye-witness would have noticed that Barnabas's men, not clean enough to grow pale, were drawing their breath quickly and hard. Lige held his hand before his nostrils. Sam, in spite of the twenty thousand dollars, could not keep his eyes on one hissing and glowing spot of light, over which Mack's coarse face and great shoulders kept stooping. Far less could he bear to look at a distorted, white young face and writhing chest.

But a horrible and engrossing inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

est kept every other eye on that awful wrestle between physical torment and a man's will.

Barnabas lifted his finger. Mack's pan of coals was stopped midway.

"Now, look a yere, Mister Rutherford," said Dick, in a quiet, conversational tone, "you' doin' a mighty fool thing gittin' you'seff all burned up this a way. Wich do you reckon you' paw is a wantin' most, that ar money or his onlies' son?"

It is the chief and besetting temptation of a many-sided, tolerant nature that, however much it has risked on any course of action, such action may all at once present itself under an entirely different aspect. Suddenly his own conduct appeared to Fairfax strained and ridiculous. Why throw away his life? His uncle would pay his father back that money. Only let him buy his way out of this agony.

He tried to catch at some semblance of spirit in his defeat. "I daresay you're right," he said, holding his words steady by a tremendous effort.

"In co'se I'm right, Mr. Rutherford," said Dick. "Say, I'll make you a fa'r offer. You tell me all ye know, an' the minnit we git the money you kin light out."

"I gave it to someone else."

"Who? Aw speak out, we wunt hurt him if he gives up the money."

Then Fairfax told. He had given the money to Mr. Collins. He did not know where Mr. Collins had gone.

Dick Barnabas's eyes glittered. "Parson Collins, hay? We'll find him quick nuff. Gether some pawpaw strips, will ye, Race? H'ist 'em on his mewl, an' tie the young gen'lman up, comf'table. Fling some trash on that fire, Mack. Now, boys!"

The loose branches and cotton-stalks, "trash" in the vernacular, shot up a ruddy column, by the light of which the brilliant masses of gum-tree foliage and the tall cypress trunks started out of the night; and the waters gleamed like molten steel beneath the trees, or splashed into white spherules under the horses' feet. One by one each horse or mule plunged into the brake and the muffled noise of wading would come back.

"I are cl'ar on one p'int," said Lige to Sam, taking advantage of their position in the rear, "I ain't gwine roast er stick Ole Man Collins that guv me a hoss in the war and nussed we uns in the hospital. Naw, sir—not fur forty thousan' dollars. An' Mis' Collins, when she was 'live an' I ben a little trick, she guv me a ginger pone, onct. An' don' ye 'member how, when he ben chaplin in the ole man's rigimint, how he wud be a-holpin' the doctors with the wyoundid, a trottin' raounn' ot heedin' the bullets nare more'n gum-balls?"

"Ya'as, that's so, fur a fact," acquiesced Sam.

Lige warmed in praise of a hero of his childhood. "An' what a hunter he is—shoot the wink offen you' eye! An' he knows more 'baout beasts than are man on earth; he does so. Look a' Dick Barnabas a-ridin' Betty Ward this way kase Bailey got the big shoulder; Bailey wudn't 'a' *had* the big shoulder ef he'd of fotched him right straight t' the Parson. Naw, he cud cure him, hisseff, he cud; now, look a' the hoss! You better believe Parson knows more'n in a day 'n Dick done all his life. Say, ain't ye never heerd how he set the hide on Dick with that mewl trade?"

"Ya'as, sir," said Sam, shaking his head, "he *is* slick at a trade. Dear, dear, dear, ain't it turrible fur t' hev t' do a man like that mean! But twud be turrible t' lose all that money tew. 'Clare I caynt tell wich 'ud be the most turribler!"

"Who's that fool gabbin'?" a fierce whisper demanded. Thereupon both men were silent. They had emerged from the swamp and were riding through a high, fertile region of farming lands. Just in front of them was a whitewashed wooden house, with a gambrel roof, like most Arkansas houses in the country at that date.

It was not a large house; but there was a certain air of prosperity in the neatness and repair of all its belongings, and the presence about the yard or "gallery" of various primitive conveniences, such as sections of cypress logs sawed level for horse-blocks, a trough hollowed out of a log by the pump to keep the milk cool, a "hitchin'-bar" made of a young iron-tree and slung

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

across two posts of the same wood, a "dish-rag" vine climbing up the porch-lattice, some gourds swinging from nails in the house-wall, and a churn back in the gallery, where hung a very good saddle and a powder-flask.

The light of the fire and a flicker from a single "grease lamp" seemed to indicate that someone was at home.

The band silently surrounded the house. "He'll shore git off ef he makes a break, *my way*," Lige found time to remark to Sam.

"Me too," said Sam.

But, apparently, the minister had no intentions of flight. He opened the door to their first summons.

Many a man in that wicked company remembered afterward how he looked; an old man, but hale and vigorous, and greeting them with his every-day shrewd smile.

"Walk in, gentlemen," said he; "what can I do for you all?"

The men swaggered in with vast bluster and curses, howling for the money.

As soon as the uproar had abated a little: "Now, gentlemen," said Parson Collins, "there ain't no need of you all rarin' and chargin' and taking the name of the Lord in vain; *I* ain't an army."

"Noner you' monkeyin'," snarled Dick, "you' pardner done guv ye 'way. You got the money. Whar's it at?"

"I am right grieved to see you in this condition, Mr. Rutherford," said Parson Collins, "I am so——"

So weak was Fairfax that the tears rose to his eyes at the words; he spoke bitterly: "If I've gotten *you* into any trouble, Mr. Collins, I shall wish I had let them kill me. But they promised to let you go free if you will give up the money. I release you. I beg you tell them where it is——"

"Now you'r' talkin', Bud," bawled Mack, slapping Fairfax on his wounded shoulder. Barnabas savagely told Collins to make haste and show them where the money was hidden. "If you will do that, Mist' Collins," he added, with a swift change from his frantic vaporings to his suavest manner, a shadow of that wheedling obsequiousness which is the trade-mark of the worst of his father's race, "ef you will, I will be happy ter 'low a gentleman I respect so much t' git off all right. You'll fin' me squar' ef you'll act squar'."

Brother Collins appeared to consider. He rubbed the palms of his hands together and wrinkled his eyelids, half-shutting his eyes, just as his manner was when revolving a horse trade.

"Well," he said, "I don't mind admitting that I *did* have the money."

"An' ye got it now," said Dick.

"No, sir, not one cent."

A vile oath burst from Mack, and two or three of the guerillas were for roughly handling the minister; but Dick restrained them. His swarthy skin had turned a dull red; and his fingers crept up to his eyebrows. He asked Parson Collins to whom he gave the money.

"And if I don't tell you, you all will torture and kill me, I expect," replied the Parson, no whit disturbed.

"I reckon," said Dick.

They looked at each other.

"Oh, d—— it all, ain't he got grit?" Lige gasped.

"But—if I do tell you?"

"Ef ye tell me all ye know 'baout it, who ye guv it ter, an' when, an' how, I swar I wunt hurt a hair er you' haid nur let nare one er my men hurt ye, neether."

"For God's sake, tell him, Mr. Collins," cried Fairfax.

"And—you won't rue back?"

"Ye know I never did rue back, an' I never will."

Was it possible that a grim smile was curling the Parson's lips? His big fingers slipped down under bony knuckles and interlaced.

"It's a trade?" said he.

"It's a trade," said Dick.

"Well, to tell you all the plain truth, then"—Parson Collins wore his pulpit expression prefatory of a good story—"When I heard you coming I became alarmed, and—I gave the money to Slick Mose!"

Disappointed as they were, half the men grinned; every man of them knew that they couldn't follow Mose into the swamps; even if they did, the chances were that they would stop at a rattlesnake's den, where Mose's playfellows were crawling over the bank-notes. Parson Collins might as well have flung

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them into Running Water for any hope the guerillas could see of getting them. Yet the humor which redeems the most degraded Westerners helped these ruffians to a sardonic relish of their own discomfiture.

"Got the dead wood on ye agin, Dick," said one of the men. "That ar's the best aout at tradin' you ever did make, Parson," shouted Horace, while Fairfax, half-dead though he was with exhaustion and agony, could not restrain a hysterical laugh.

"Slick Mose—that's Who," continued Parson Collins, running his shrewd eye down the line of murderous faces with that same air of addressing an audience and speaking in his distinct, rapid, pulpit tone. "When I perceived your approach, or rather when Mose, who was providentially present—come for persimmons—did, I said to myself—in the words of the hymn—'a trust to keep I have,' and it ain't safe to keep it; so I committed the package to Mose, and he jumped out of that window to the right. That, gentlemen is the How. I did not look, and I do not know in which direction he went."

"Doan' see's thar's anythin' leff fur we uns but 'cept t' light out," said Lige. "Parson done skinned us *fine!*"

Dick gave him an evil glance. Yet his words were not vindictive.

"I sayd nare un er we all would hurt a h'ar er you' haid, Parson. An' I ain't gwine tuh rue back. Reckon ye wunt refuse tuh look a' Bailey's big shoulder a minnit now. You Lige, an' Race an' Brad, go back fas' ye kin tuh the boys on the road an' bid 'em wait on me thar. Tell 'em how we was done. Mack, you an' Sam an' Lum Case stay yere—you in co'se, tew"—nodding to his cousin. "Burn the wind, now! I'll be raoun' mighty briefly."

The men obeyed, with one exception; Lige answered, sulkily:

"I'd ruther stay yere."

In spite of his seeming apathy, Dick's Indian blood was at boiling-point. Lige stood in front of the open window; before he had time to realize the situation he found himself sprawling on the ground outside.

"When I tell my men ter go, I 'low fur ter have 'em," said Dick, coolly.

"You'll pay for this," Lige growled.

Without another word he gathered himself up, mounted his horse, and rode away—not with the troop. He only rode to the belt of sycamores beyond the fence before he deliberately turned his horse.

Out to the right, in front of the house, a flame had leaped up, illumining a little patch of ground; and figures of men moved across the light; they seemed to be occupied with the black horse.

Lige cautiously skirted his way through the woods into a clump of pecan-trees. He had left his horse, halfway, tied to a tree. In the dark himself, he could see every movement of the group by the fire.

A peaceful enough group it was, to all appearances. Brother Collins was fomenting the black's "big shoulder;" the others watched him; Mack still guarded Fairfax.

Dick called to one of the men to lead the horse away; simultaneously some quick signal of his was obeyed by three men falling on Brother Collins and skilfully binding him. The old man, surprised though he was, made a stout fight, delivering such a whole-souled buffet to one assailant that it bowled him over into the fire. But presently he was overcome and tied to a tree by pawpaw strips like those which held Fairfax. During the tussle Dick was shouting continually that they should not hurt him. "Nev' mind how he does ye," was his cry, "doan' hurt a ha'r er his haid!"

"Now then," he continued, "you Mack, hole up that feller's arm. Holp 'im, 'Ziah. Put the gun in 'is hand an' hold 'is arm studdy a-p'intin' at Brother Collins' heart. Caynt ye sight no better? Thar ye be, slick's a scalded hoeg! Parson, I never rue back. We ain't hurted a h'ar er you' haid, nur we don't aim tew. But thar ain't nare man livin' shall make their brags that they skinned Dick Barnabas twicet in a trade. Mr. Fairfax Rutherford, if ye pull that trigger, *an' hit the myark*, ye kin ride off free. If ye don't, killin's ain't tuh be compared with how I'll do ye. Thar's plenty more coalses."

"And killing ain't to be compared with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the punishment that's waiting on you all in the world to come," shouted the undaunted preacher, "pore misguided, bloody sinners that you are! You ride fast, but Death will catch you, and ayfter death—the judgment!"

"Oh, Lord, ain't he chuckful er grit!" moaned the unseen listener, in an anguish of admiration.

Dick Barnabas knew too much of the Parson's rough eloquence to let the fiery words flow on.

"Shet up!" he yelled, "or I'll roll that feller thar in the fire."

The Parson looked at Fairfax compassionately.

"Dick," said he, very gently, "I'll give ye back the right to shoot *me*, if you'll let the pore boy off. You got the best of the trade, then."

"Naw, sir," said Dick, "I don't, nur you don't neether."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Collins," Fairfax spoke up feebly, but with a show of spirit—only the show, poor fellow—"I'm about finished now; these devils can't make me suffer long. Forgive me for bringing this on you, and tell my father to forgive me too. Give him my love——"

"That'll do, Bud," interrupted Dick, in his softest tones, which had a squeak reminding one of the noise made by a rusty saw toiling through a log; "you spoke you' speech fine. Ziah, pull a thorn off that ar tree an' stick that piece er white paper over Parson's heart. Mack——"

He only made a gesture with his finger at the coals, looking Fairfax coldly and cruelly in the eye.

There was that in his look paralyzing the will like a snake's bite. Desperately Fairfax rallied his sinking courage; all his being concentrated into one throb of defiance: "I will not, I will not, I will not."

So, shutting his eyes, he heard the words say themselves over in his brain. He thought nothing else, not of his father, not of the brave old man so basely done to death, not of the mortal ignominy to be his if he failed; only tight-clinching his free hand, blind, deaf, his soul clung to those words:

"I will not, I will not, I will not."

"Now, Mack, *ready!*" called the cruel thin voice. "Last show, Bud!"

A pain that goaded every tortured nerve into revolt; worse, worse than the pain, the sickening, familiar terror—he tried to cry, "I will not, I will not;" he was crying it in his soul.

Dick, who stood obliquely at a little distance in front of the fire, bent for another shovel of coals.

At the same instant came a man's scream, and the crack of a pistol.

Parson Collins' head fell forward on his chest; only a stained and blackened shred remained of the white spot over his heart. Behind the trees a man groaned and shut the sight away with a ragged arm.

"Good shot!" yelled Dick, "plum through his heart by——! H——! take away his gun, you fools! What's got ye?"

The two men holding Fairfax, the devil's readiest tools in the gang, had nearly released Fairfax to stare in a strange, frightened way at each other.

Quick as thought, Fairfax turned his pistol at his own head, but the man Sam struck his elbow such a blow that the weapon was knocked out of his hand into the dark.

"Ef I'd 'spicioned ye was aimin' ter shoot that shoot at youseff Mist' Rutherford," said Dick, "I wudn't a sp'iled you' shootin'. Boys, let 'im go. I ain't gwine rue back on nare bargain. Goodnight, Mist' Fairfax Rutherford. You' the onlies' cyoward I ever knowed er you' name. You' paw done saved his money an' he got his son back, but I are a right smart mistaken if he wudn't ruther of lost ever' cent an' had his son killed up than git him back this a way. My respecks ter him, an' tell him Dick Barnabas ain't paid out his accaount *yet!*"

CHAPTER V.

ADÈLE RUTHERFORD had done what she could for the Fowlers. She had persuaded Mrs. Fowler to lie down in the other room with her baby. The children were asleep except Bud, who sat by the bedside whereon his father lay in his poor best of clothes with Adèle's own handkerchief bound about his head. Bud looked at him and thought. Strange thoughts for a child to know,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gropings after a clew, misty plans for vengeance, images of the murderer's punishment over which his fiery young soul gloated with a thorough-going ruthlessness only possible to children — and women.

Adèle was opposite him. She had plenty of perplexing and sorrowful thoughts to harass her, but she was not altogether heavy-hearted. Often she reproached herself that she was not, the tears springing to her eyes at the sight of the motionless form on the bed and the memory of his sacrifice.

"Oh, forgive me," she could have whispered in that quiet ear, "I am not bad-hearted; but you see Cousin Fair has come."

In truth Cousin Fair had occupied a much larger place in Adèle's fancy than she had in his. He only remembered a kind, strong girl, whose frocks were always being torn climbing where little girls ought not to climb. Uncle Fair called her, peevishly, a "perfect Miss Hoyden," and until he was old enough to read English comedies the boy puzzled over the name. Later there were a few pictures of her luring him into break-neck sports; a mild one was sneaking out to the pasture to ride the colts which Unk' Ras' was breaking; and a pretty mess Miss Adèle would make of a clean frock on these jaunts! Once she was thrown into a thorn-bush. Her arm was scratched so that it swelled to a frightful degree; but she would not let him say anything about it. He had wept over the piteous sight, but she laughed merrily and vowed that it didn't hurt her. Another time one of Adèle's teeth must be pulled. The Colonel, who could not endure to hear a child cry, promised her a new horse if she would not utter a sound. She stood bravely by her bargain; but really it profited the soft-hearted dentist little, because Fair, beholding the awful preparations, hid in the room, and howled at the top of his lungs. During their early childhood the cousins were devoted to each other. Often, after they were separated, did poor little Fair sob himself to sleep thinking of Della—longing for his father and the old plantation and her. But children's griefs are transient; he grew fond of his English nurse, who never scared him, "knowing her duty far too well, sir, to hever repeat 'orrid tales to children, wich she had knowed a most lovely child hit gave epileptic fits to, and ee never growed no more in consekense." And his uncle's friends had children who took Adèle's and his brother's place.

When he came home to Arkansas, on his one visit there, he was very amiable and attentive to Adèle, being a polite little boy; but privately he thought that she could not be a very nice little girl, for she was always doing those things which he had learned that nice little girls never did; and she was *very* ignorant, not able to talk French at all and not knowing any of the kings of England. Nevertheless she was great fun, and he wished ardently that he could ride and swim and row like the young romp. "She's awfully brave, Uncle Fair, don't you think?" he said to his uncle. And the latter glancing down the avenue at a joyful procession of four small darkies and a calf, with Adèle hanging on to its tail, had shrugged his shoulders, grumbling, "Brave! she hasn't enough sense to be afraid!"

Therefore Fair's approval of Adèle had its reserves; not so her admiration of him. She thought him simply the prettiest, sweetest, and cleanest little boy that she knew. He had seen all kinds of wonderful things, and he could play the fiddle almost as well as Unk' Rastus, yet he wasn't biggitty—not the least bit on earth.

Uncle Fairfax did Adèle injustice; she was clever enough. So he himself concluded when one day she rested two sharp elbows on the horse-block by the steps, tousled hair blown about her fair, freckled face, plenty of burrs in her skirts, and her hands none too clean, and said, slowly: "Unk' Fairfax, how come you 'n Fair don't talk like we all?"

Mrs. Rutherford was in the gallery. "There, Adèle," she exclaimed, plaintively, "I am glad you are beginning to see what I tell you every day on earth. But you will talk nigger talk——"

"Unk' Fairfax an' Cousin Fair don't talk like you neether," interrupted the girl, unfilially. "But you talk sweeter'n ary," she added quickly, and with a most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indecorous handspring she landed on the gallery floor to half smother her mother with kisses. "Say," she concluded, "I aint gwine to talk nigger talk no mo'. You see!"

"How come you'n Fair don't talk like we all?"

The day of Fairfax Rutherford's departure Mrs. Rutherford dreaded an explosion of grief, for she knew the child's intense nature; but Adèle had choked back her sobs, thrust all her childish treasures on Fairfax—all, that is, which were left, since for a week she had been parting with them one by one—and she had stood on the shore, waving a clean new handkerchief until the boat rounded the bend. But then Slick Mose could not run faster than she sped from the landing. Away, away into the woods, where there were no houses, no people, where a desolate little girl could lie flat on the ground and sob and cry until the sun set. Only the hawks in the air and the quails hopping through the elbow-brush could hear her. They may have made out one sentence: "He *did* cry—a little!"

"*Il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue.*" In this early love-passage Adèle was not, as behoved a nice little girl, "the one who tenders the cheek." But presently the elasticity of her age and her health asserted itself. She turned all her energy into the task of transforming a madcap into a proper young lady. She flung herself into household details with the same enthusiasm which she had brought to the boys' sports. Neither did she quite give up the sports; that would have "mortified" the boys. This was the period when she sought for the kings of England in Macaulay, and conscientiously read every book of the little library from the "Essays of Montaigne" to "Youatt on the Horse."

There was a correspondence, growing more and more infrequent but never quite failing; for Fairfax, boy though he was, had delicate intuitions and the kindest of hearts. He knew that his letters were very precious to Adèle. It was no end of a bore to write, but he did write, all the same, and he never told anyone that it was a bore. Adèle, to-night, in that miserable room, with death and despair within and the murderer lurking without, forgot the sinking fortunes of her family, forgot her own sorrows and dangers, forgot that the South was ruined, and let her thoughts drift through these letters, every one of which wove a fresh charm about her hero. Once she slipped her hand into her pocket; there was a faint rustle as of paper. The truth is, there were a few letters in her pocket; she had brought them with her to read over for—what was the number of the time? And I daresay Fairfax found one perusal of the carefully written replies quite enough to satisfy him.

If Bud had not been present she would have brought out the letters now. Their meeting had been strange and sad and hurried; but she was more than satisfied. She expected nothing for herself, and her prince was all that she had dreamed.

A sentence from Bud aroused her. He said: "Miss Della, I ben studyin', an' I reckon I kin tell how Dick diskivered baout that ar money."

"How, Bud? Has he got a spy on the plantation?"

"He mought hev. He got one shore in Jacksonport. Look a yere, Miss Della,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I seen a letter to ole man Parnish daown tuh Mis' Craowder's las' week. She sayd he got 'em riglar, an' they come from Jacksonport, an' she 'lowed he war waitin' on number two kase of his wife died up las' month. But I don't, Miss Della. Them letters ben writ tew cl'ar an' slick fur are gyurl wad take up with *him*. I say them letters come from Dick Barnabas's spy. Ye knows ole man Parnish is powerful thick with Dick. Nuther thing, Miss Della, oner them letters come the verry same day the money come. Mis' Craowder done tole paw when she sent the word. Dick Barnabas ben a watchin' the hull bilin' er us. Reckon he knows Mist' Fairfax Rutherford done come, tew."

Adèle recoiled.

"Mabbe," Bud went on, with the merciless directness of childhood, "mabbe they didn't jest know who'd get the money, an' they killed off paw fust, an' some more ben waitin' on Mist' Rutherford furder daown the road."

"God forbid!" cried Adèle.

"I don't want 'im fur tuh git hurted, neether. I want 'im tuh holp we uns kill Dick." The boy looked about him with a kind of shamefaced look and lowered his voice: "Say, Miss Della, I are so sick 'er them graybacks I most wisht the Yanks wud come. We cud sell the cotton, onyhow. A passle of fellers sayd they ben Marmaduke's men an' putt out a fire in we all's cotton patch; but paw he got the jug an' guv 'em a drink an' talked tuh 'em, an' they didn't put tout a much good fire, an' ayfter they ben gone, paw an' I packed up water from the creek an' throwed it on; but we all's tew bales at Bolus's gin, the graybacks burned them when they burned the gin. Now, Miss Della, they says we all is fightin' fur our homes an' property, but looks like when we git done fightin' we wunt have no property leff, kase our own folks is burned it all up."

"It was to prevent its falling into the Yankees' hands," said Adèle; "but I don't think it was right to impoverish us all on a chance of its hurting the enemy. I don't believe General Lee or Mr. Davis knows anything about it."

Adèle shared the Southern worship of Lee, and had a feminine loyalty in the teeth of facts.

"You got you' cotton off slick," said Bud; "*you* done it, tew." He gazed at her admiringly.

"There was no one else to do it. Unk' Ralph was away in the army, and ayfter all our trouble to make that crop I wasn't going to lose it. Who do you reckon showed us where to hide it?"

"Slick Mose?"

"Yes, Slick Mose, and the creature was pleased as pleased to see them all hunting. They were very civil, poor fellows. It was an ungracious duty; but they weren't to blame. They set the fields afire and burned up what was left afield; but it wasn't much, and a month ayfter the Federals came and I sold that Jew at Jacksonport the cotton—— What is it?"

The boy was on his knees by the door, listening. Adèle joined him.

"It is the splash of a boat," she whispered; "somebody is coming down Running Water in a boat."

"He's got aout," said the boy.

They waited breathlessly until a scratching noise was heard at the door, accompanied by a kind of whine such as a dog makes.

"It's Mose!" cried Adèle, unbarring the door. "Here, Mose!"

The ragged and soaked shape darted, half crouching, into the room to fling itself at Adèle's feet, gesticulating and moaning. He would run away for a little space and then return, all the while shrilly entreating.

Bud, as fearless a youngster as ever lived in the bottom, put a safe distance between himself and the fluttering, jabbering creature.

Adèle had grown very white. "Somebody is hurt," she murmured; "he wants me to go with him. I hate terribly to leave you all—— Hark!"

Mose crouched on the ground as if he would hide behind Adèle, he trembled until his teeth chattered. The sound was the soft, prolonged swish of horses' feet wading through mud.

Adèle peered through the crack. Morning, wan and gray, was creeping over the low-cotton fields and the ragged black forest. She could see Dick Barnabas with four men, riding down into the ford. One of the men led the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

famous white horse, while Dick rode a white mule.

"That ar's Parson Collins's Ma'y Jane," cried Bud, "an'—— Oh, Lordy, Miss Della, thar's Betty Ward! D'ye reckon they all got that 'ar money?"

Adèle had risen, ashy pale; she made ready swiftly to go with Slick Mose, saying, while her shaking hands caught at her hat, "You're safe now, Bud; they won't come back after they have passed the house. I'll send Mose back home, and we will send out to you to-morrow."

Of the terrible fear in her heart she could not speak; but Mose was not more anxious to go than she. Slick Mose had the preacher's "batteau." He could row, as he could swim, better than any sane man around. He sent the rude boat forward with frenzied vigor. Once, lifting his oar, he pointed to the western sky and Adèle's heart contracted; she knew that no sunrise ever painted that lurid and flickering glare. At last the boat halted under the cypresses. No one but Adèle would have leaped unhesitatingly from log to log, to follow Mose into the brake. Were the path through quagmires she must have followed him, for now a hollow, crackling sound could be heard and showers of sparks streamed upward. Slick Mose was running, uttering his half-animal cry of pain. He chose the path so skilfully that not once did their feet sink below the surface. Fleet of foot as the idiot was, Adèle kept close to him. They emerged into the open.

Parson Collins's house was blazing before them, aflame now from pillar to roof-tree; but not a human creature was in sight. Mose ran to the sycamore to which the preacher had been bound. Blood-stains on the trampled ground, embers of a fire, sparks from which had probably set the house afire; on one side a litter of paw-paw bark, footprints everywhere of men and horses—one could still see these, but if Mose had left any dead witness of a crime, whose wounds might appeal to the indignation of men, the smoke and flame hid his fate.

There was something tragical about the spectacle; the absence of all the stir and bustle and outcry usual to such a calamity, the lonely house, with its gaping doors and windows, burning unheeded.

Slick Mose would have rushed into the flames had not Adéle, half by force, half by persuasion, withheld him. Sick with indescribable apprehension she screamed "Mr. Collins!" and "Cousin Fair!" until her voice failed her. All at once Mose wrenched himself from her grasp and began to dart round the house, at intervals stooping to examine the ground, uttering long wails like a dog when he trees a coon. In another moment he bounded into the forest. She followed him; the creature's instinct was her sole dependence. It did not fail her either, for a little space in the wood they came upon an insensible, dishevelled figure lying half on a log, while an old negro woman alternately wailed and flung water over the pallid face, and two small children were crying with fright on either side.

Adèle darted forward; she had recognized Parson Collins's old cook, Aunt Mollie Collins.

"O my heabenly Marster!" shrieked Aunt Mollie; "O Miss Della, de gray-backs done make dis po' boy kill ole Marse. Ole Marse make me run fo' de woods an' I seen—I seen—dey burn 'im wid de fire—O Lawdy! Lawdy!" She burst into incoherent wailings. Then it was that Adèle bent over her cousin with that cry which Mose had tried to copy, "O Fair! O Fair!"

He opened his eyes, they were the blank, glassy eyes of insanity. Yet he knew her. "Adèle," whispered he, "listen, don't tell my father, it's a secret. I'm the only Rutherford ever was a coward."

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A HAUNTED ROOM.

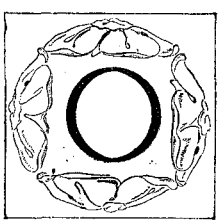
By John Hay.

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
  Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand;
  And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.
A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
  On every object which her robes have fanned,
  And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.
Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
  Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
  The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face!
  But no, it shows my own face, full of care,
And my heart is her beauty's dwelling place.

THE MINNESOTA HEIR OF A SERBIAN KING.

A CONSULAR EXPERIENCE.

By Eugene Schuyler.



N one of my visits to Belgrade I happened to hear some vague rumors about an unfortunate American who had been seeking for treasure in several of the ruined old castles of Serbia. I heard enough to interest me deeply, and seized the first occasion for obtaining accurate information. What I am now about to tell was chiefly derived from Mr. Miyátovitch, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs, but at that time Minister of Finance. He was kind enough to give me not only all the details he knew, but copies of certain papers in his possession, and to note down for me the most important points. It is more convenient, however, to express myself in my own words and in my own way, though many of the expressions which I heard still cling to me.

In July, 1875, a man, evidently a foreigner, came to the Ministry of Finance at Belgrade. When he obtained an interview with the Minister, and was asked why he came to Serbia, and why especially he wished to see the Minister of Finance, he said—in a strange German-English dialect—that he was a citizen of the United States, and owned a farm in Minnesota which he worked with his children; but that he was unfit for hard work, as he had served in the war as a private, had been wounded, and was then receiving a pension of six dollars a month. The first impression which he produced on the Minister—and the Minister had the pardonable weakness of trusting to first impressions—was a favorable one. He was a man apparently of between fifty-five and sixty years old, of middle size and well built,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a fine head and face. His forehead was high; his bluish-gray eyes expressed goodness and gentleness as well as a strong will; his nose was well proportioned and well formed; his thick brown beard was slightly sprinkled with gray. He was poorly but neatly dressed, and had all the air of an earnest, sober man, accustomed to earn his own living. On being asked again what had brought him to Serbia and what he wanted, he presented his American papers, began to smile, and said: "You will laugh at me, and perhaps pity me, and think me an old fool; but the reason that I have come out here all the way from Minnesota is to search quite alone for what was left to me by my ancestors." There was nothing extraordinary in the request for permission to seek for hidden treasure. Such permissions are often asked for; sometimes as many as twenty or thirty in a year: and once in a while there seems to be an epidemic of the sort in different districts. But the Minister was surprised that so old a man, who seemed so sensible and modest, should abandon his family and his country and come as far as Serbia with the sole object of hunting for a treasure. Then, as on many subsequent occasions, the Minister tried to dissuade him, and to prove the uselessness of his work. But all was in vain. "No, no, dear sir," he said, "the treasure is still buried in the ground, or there would be something of it in the European museums: I have been in many places in Europe and have never seen anything like it, and therefore I am sure of my enterprise, as I am searching according to my documents." He then said that he was of Serbian origin; that his name was August Boyne de Lazar; that he was born in Chemnitz in Saxony in 1818; and that after the Revolution in 1848, in which he was implicated, he had emigrated to the United States. He claimed to be descended from a family closely related to that of Prince Lazar; which was once so rich and powerful that it owned Sókol, Shábatz, and other towns in the Shumadia—that wonderful forest-country, even the name of which is derived from a word expressing the rustling of the leaves. When he said this, the Minister, who is well versed in history, remembered an old tradition that the Obilitch family had owned property in this region; and he advised the American, if he searched at all, to confine himself to the delta between the Sava and the Drina, where these towns are situated. Boyne knew the name of Obilitch, but nothing of the connection of that family with King Lazar, and had never heard of the hero Milosh.

In order thoroughly to understand the circumstances, it is necessary to make here a slight historical digression. The literature of Serbia is rich in ballads of an epic character. These were among the earliest Slavonic ballads collected, and were of great interest, especially to German scholars, as throwing light on the possible composition of the Homeric poems. One great cycle of these ballads is concerned with the battle of Kóssovo, where on Vídovdan (St. Vitus's Day), June 15, 1389, the Serbian King Lazar was defeated by the Turks, and Serbian independence was lost for nearly five centuries. This defeat was rendered decisive by the defection of Vuk Bránkovitch, one of the sons-in-law of Lazar, who, believing the day lost, went over to the Turks. Vuk had had a personal quarrel with another son-in-law of Lazar, Milosh Obilitch. At a banquet which Lazar gave the night before the grand battle he brought out a great gold goblet and drank to the health of Milosh, taunting him with his disloyalty. The latter accepted the toast, finished the cup, and strode out of the tent in a fury; swearing that he would show if it were he who could be disloyal. With two of his friends he rode into the Turkish camp straight to the tent of the Sultan Murád I. (Amurath) and demanded an audience. On the advice of the Vizier, Murád, instead of giving his hand to be kissed, offered his foot, which Milosh seized, pulled him to the ground, and stabbed him in the belly. After killing the two Viziers he mounted his horse and rode away with his companions, pursued by the Turks, but leaving a broad swath of death as they galloped through the camp. The other two were killed and Milosh was captured. The Sultan did not die on the spot, but was so grievously wounded that his son Bayazéd (Bajazet), the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who was afterward captured by Tamerlane and kept in a cage, fought the battle in his stead. King Lazar was taken prisoner, and both he and Milosh Obilitch were brought to the dying Murád for his orders. The Sultan ordered them to be executed, and commanded that Milosh Obilitch should be buried by his side and King Lazar at his feet; to show that all Christians were *rayahs* or subjects. Milosh spoke up and said:

"Thou art dying! I also am death-doom'd.
I beseech thee, O Murád, great Sultan!
Let not thus our dead bodies be buried,
Let the two Tsars lie in death side by side!
Let me lie at the feet of Tsar Lazar!
His true knight was I ever in this world;
His true vassal I would be in that one!"

It is said that Murád, struck with the bravery and fidelity of Milosh, granted his petition.

Milosh is the hero from whom the treasure-seeker was apparently descended. The proofs of this descent are very curious.

When August Boyne left Saxony to go to America his father gave him some papers and documents, a small Bible containing notes, and told him all that he had heard from his own father and could remember about the family history. Long afterward, when Boyne was ill in a hospital at Chicago, this Bible was stolen from him; it was recovered, but—portions of the notes having been apparently purposely cut out—in a mutilated condition. In order to guard against further loss, copies were made of all that remained, which were duly certified and attested by the proper judicial and notarial authorities. Among the papers shown to the Serbian Minister was one "the validity of which was proved by many signatures and legalized by American authorities. [I give here the Minister's exact words.] It was said therein that the document consisted of four leaves; but only two came into my hands. The other two had either been lost by Boyne, or had been stolen from him." This professed to be written by Andría Obilitch, the great-grandfather of August Boyne. It was in German and ran as follows:

"Brandenburg, May 1, 1759.

"My Dear Son, Frederic de Lazar: I hand over to thee my last Will and Testament relating to our family matters, which I know from my parents in Serbia. I could never go there myself, for I was so long in the military service; and afterward was too ill and old. Other secret things and matters I will tell thee orally. But here it seems necessary and important to describe the days of my youth and my experience. My father was a Prince of Serbia. I was born in the year 1697 in a castle in the Shumadia; and was brought up in the castle of Shábatz on the river Sava. In the year 1704 there was great excitement and commotion in consequence of the Turkish tyranny; and there were disasters without precedent.

"One night, when the reflection of burning houses reddened all our windows, I woke up dazzled by the bright light of the conflagration; and was seized by the hand of a faithful servant. 'Get up, Andría,' he cried to me, 'we have no time to lose; the long-beards are near.' The long-beards were the Turks—so we called them. I was always afraid of them—they were terrible, and came often to our town to kill and plunder, and I rose instantly. The servant took me in his arms. I heard fearful noises everywhere about me. My mother came into the room very much agitated and excited, and wished to see me. At the same moment we heard the firing of muskets quite close to us. One of the doors was burst open; smoke and sparks flew all about us, and a gang of fierce-looking Turks rushed into the room. They swung around their heads their swords, which glittered like reddish flame, and, shouting terribly, threatened to kill and massacre all of us. The servant, in his fright, let me fall to the ground; and I rolled under some furniture and crept off as far as I could get. But I could see how he fell a victim to his fidelity, in the attempt to save me, by the cruel hands of the Turks. I could also see—oh, horror!—how they caught my mother, how they took her by the hair and cut her to pieces. When this was done they left the place. This bloody scene remained deeply engraved on my mind; so that even now, after many years, I see these horrible details again enacted. I remained alive among the dead; but felt, after a while, that I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was taken up and carried into the street. They washed my face, which was covered with blood, put me on a cart, and off we went in great haste, as fast as the horses could run. We saw all round us villages in a blaze, and people and cattle running in all directions. From time to time we met many carts, and people laden with their property, going along our road to the Shumadia forest. When we reached the forest we were warmly received, with joyful acclamations. They took me down from the cart, and passed me about from one to another. All were surprised that I had survived, and covered me with kisses. My man—the same who brought me here—took me into his arms, carried me into a tent, and told me to lie down and rest. He told me that his name was Yefrém Nádustratz (one who has lost all hope), that he was a servant of our family, and that he had saved me out of gratitude to my father, his master. The people called me Andría Obilitch. They afterward built houses and shelters, and my servant and preserver also built a house. He was clever in healing horses, and lived well, and I often travelled about with him. When I was about twelve years old, I went with him to Sókol; and as we came back, he said: 'We will pass now on the Belgrade road, so that you may see where your father lived. Do you see yonder that half-ruined tower, and the ruins of buildings?' 'Yes, I see.' That was where your father Lazar lived. He was a prince of the Serbian land, and a famous and highly esteemed lord. All of your family were greatly respected. But they were all killed by the Turks, who carried off great treasures. You are now the only surviving member of your famous race. I saved you when Shábatz was burned. The Shumadia Castle alone remains in the possession of your family; but, you see, it is worth nothing now. The Turks killed every living soul, and burned down all the villages, and it will be worth nothing during your lifetime.'"

The castle of Sókol is now a picturesque ruin—like so many others in Serbia—which gives a great idea of the power and wealth of its former owners. The general effect of all of them is occidental rather than oriental. The old nobility of Serbia, as well as of Bulgaria and Greece, were either exterminated by the Turks, or reduced to peasantry by being stripped of their lands. In Bosnia, on the other hand, the nobles saved their estates by turning Mohammedan. They are still fanatical Mussulmans; but they speak Serbian and rarely Turkish, retain their family names, and use coats of arms.

The remaining part of the story was on the missing sheets, and has to be filled in from the family traditions told by August Boyne to the Minister. There was, however, a copy of the notes from the old Bible, about the descendants of Andría Obilitch; by which it may be seen that one of his sons, Frederic, was born in Brandenburg on May 7, 1744; that Frederic's son, John, was born on June 12, 1784; and that John's son August—the man in question—was born in Chemnitz on August 5, 1818.

The accuracy of names in this document and its general air of historic truth make it curious and interesting. Mr. Miyátovitch believes it genuine, and has published it as throwing light on the popular rising against the Turks in 1704. One might, perhaps, account for the character of the story by supposing it to be a romance invented by some soldier who had served in the army of Prince Eugene, when he besieged and took Belgrade, in 1717. This, however, could not be the case if we are to accept the family history as handed down and related by Boyne.

According to the oral account Andría lived in this way for some time longer; until Yefrém, feeling himself infirm, said to the boy: "I shall die soon, and you will be left alone to live as you can. If it is possible, escape across the river away from the Turks, so that your life may be preserved; and perhaps your descendants may some time come back, and get again the lands and property of your family." Later on Yefrém, after swearing the boy solemnly to secrecy, took him to the ruined castle; made him observe carefully, and try to remember certain signs and landmarks; and finally led him through subterranean passages of great length into a vaulted room, where the goods and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treasures of Andría's father were heaped up. There were, he said, many splendidly ornamented oriental arms, and weapons of excellent workmanship, books and documents, deeds and diplomas, rich drinking-cups, and many utensils of gold and silver, mosaics and enamelled trinkets, medals and money, and strong chests full of valuables. It was impossible to take anything away, from fear of the Turks. Besides this, Yefrém felt that it was a solemn trust which he had no right to deliver up to the boy. He allowed him, however, to take one ancient coin in order to impress the secret on his mind.

Soon after this—it must have been about the time that the Austrians were besieging Belgrade—Yefrém found a means of escaping from the country with Andría; and in search of some honest and honorable employment they made their way through the Slavonic-speaking countries to Silesia. Yefrém died, and Andría took service with a great landed proprietor. Here he fell in love with a pretty peasant-girl, who was born on the estate, and was consequently the serf of the lord of the manor. For that, or for some other reason, he was not allowed to marry her; but he gave her the old coin which he had brought from the vault and had carefully kept. One day the lord, his master, played cards with a German baron, and, among other stakes, lost the girl who was Andría's sweetheart. Andría in a frenzy of anger and despair tried to kill the baron; but, mistaking the man, killed one of his attendants. For this he was obliged to run away and hide himself; and, meeting some recruiting sergeant, he was enlisted in the body-guard of the King of Prussia. He was then about twenty-two years old. One day, many years after, when there was a festivity at court, and Andría was on guard at the door of the ball-room, a fine lady passed on the arm of a gentleman; and by some accident dropped her bracelet. Andría picked it up, and even in its setting of jewels recognized the coin; then, raising his eyes as much as he dared, he recognized the girl he had once loved. She had married, it seems, an officer who had become a great general, and she was then a fine lady. The gentleman who was with her admired the coin, which seemed curious and rare, and had an inscription in an unknown language; and the King, sending for the director of his numismatic collection, asked him if such a piece existed in his cabinet. The director replied that he had recently bought a similar one at Venice.

It must be remarked here that Venice had in the Middle Ages an active commerce with the whole Balkan Peninsula, and that the Venetian coins served as models for the old Serbian money. About all this August Boyne knew nothing, and when he first told the story to the Minister had never seen any old Serbian gold coins, which are extremely rare.

As time went on Andría prospered; the King, who had taken a fancy to him, helped him; and he was able to build a house with the right to convert it into an inn. This he did when he had grown too old to be of use in active service; and, as he often told his guests stories about fights in Serbia, to which he gave the name of *boyne* or *voyne* (in Serbian *boy* or *voy* means a fight, and *voyna* war), they came to call the house the Boyne Inn—*Gasthaus zum Boyne*—and he and his descendants adopted it as a surname. The *de Lazar* was evidently an attempt at translating Lazarevitch, the son of Lazar, the patronymic which Andría had from his father—Andria Lazarevitch Obilitch—and had nothing to do with the old King Lazar.

About the life of Andría's son and grandson I know nothing, nor why one of them went to Saxony; nor did the Minister remember that August Boyne had told him anything in particular about his life up to the age of thirty, when he emigrated to America. I must return to his appearance in Belgrade.

As I have said, the Minister at first tried to dissuade Boyne from what he considered a useless and absurd undertaking; and, when he found this of no avail, advised him to search especially near Shábatz and in that region; where he knew, as a historian that the Obilitch family had possessed lands. Boyne spent a whole year in that part of the country, and then began to explore the districts of Moráva and Kragúyevatz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He occasionally returned to Belgrade; and the Minister, who had become more and more interested in him and had been greatly impressed by his straightforwardness, his earnestness, and his simple piety, assisted him from time to time with food, linen, clothes, and even money. Boyne had gradually learned a little Serbian, and wherever he went tried to do good to the people about him; leaving a most favorable opinion of him on all with whom he had to do. What particularly struck my friend the Minister was that he generally prayed aloud, and that his prayers were extemporized, and suited to particular circumstances. "I was deeply touched," the Minister said, "when he prayed for Serbia, the Prince, the whole Serbian nation; and specially for the children of this nation who frequent the schools, upon whom he implored the Almighty's blessing. At the time when he asked for the concession, and permission to search for the treasure, he said that he would spend it entirely on the construction of a Serbian railway, and that he would not carry out of the country a single farthing. But later he changed his mind and said: 'It is nearly two years that I live in this country among the Serbians; and I see that the nation is not pious and has forgotten God and His goodness to men: and so, if I find my treasure, I wish with the money to build many good schools to teach children the fear of the Lord, and to educate them in the love of their neighbors.'"

In May, 1876, Boyne was full of hope, and said that he had found certain signs on an old ruined castle not far from Kragúyevatz. He came again to Belgrade in June during a period of great heat, on foot and utterly destitute; and was almost immediately taken ill. The Minister was absent at the time; but a lady went to see him in the wretched cottage where he had found a lodging, and provided him with linen and other necessaries. This friend on a later visit found that everything had been stolen from him in the weak state in which he was; and therefore had him transferred to the hospital. He was accompanied at this time by an ill-looking man, whose acquaintance he had somewhere made, and whom he had engaged to help him in his work. When the Minister returned to Belgrade he went to see poor Boyne, and found him dying. He expired on the morning of August 3, 1876, and was buried among the poor in the highest spot of the cemetery of Belgrade, whence there is a lovely view over the Danube. The body of this unknown and friendless American, the possible descendant—and the last—of the hero King Lazar, was followed to the grave by one mourner only—the Serbian Prime Minister. The face of the poor man after death took on such a Serbian type that the Minister took the trouble of having him photographed. His death was doubtless due to fever brought on by overwork and exhaustion; but the lady, with whom I have talked, felt sure that he had been poisoned. What supported her in this theory was that the man whom he had taken as his assistant had disappeared; carrying with him most of the papers, notes, and the various small objects that belonged to him.

Seven or eight years after this I met in Athens Mr. Arthur J. Evans, now keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, with his wife—a daughter of Mr. E. A. Freeman the historian—who had come from a journey in Macedonia. At Príshtina, or somewhere near there, Mr. Evans had bought some fine old Serbian gold coins from a man who, although he seemed to have a large quantity of them, would only show them one by one, behaved very mysteriously and suspiciously, and then disappeared. Some of these coins were unique; of others only one or two specimens were known to exist. I told him the story of poor August Boyne, and he agreed with me in thinking that possibly at least a part of the Obilitch treasure had been found.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE noise of Browning commentators has grown of late years into such a hue-and-cry, that the man who prefers the companionship to the investigation of the poet inclines more than ever to take his pleasure silently. He is shy (especially in print) of the expression of his enjoyment, or of signs of the faith that is in him, lest they be confounded with that kind of view-halloo which these gentlemen are accustomed to give when they catch sight of a new problem or interpretation. Of course there are commentators and commentators, of Browning as of Shakespeare; but, as Bishop Blougram said,

> "Even your prime men who appraise their kind
> Are men still, catch a wheel within a wheel,
> See more in a truth than the truth's simple self,—
> Confuse themselves—"

and, it may be added, in the present case really succeed in putting themselves seriously in the way of many a simpler wayfaring man's intellectual pleasure, by frightening him off one of the greatest and fairest fields in literature.

It may be that Browning can never speak to the largest audience; but it is certain that the audience to hear him and know him will not be as large even as it should be—as large as, if report be true, he himself felt with some resentment that it ought to be—until men's minds are cleared of cant about him. What is the reason why men without a touch of the Philistine in them should aggravate one by persisting in approaching Browning's work as though it involved first of all some kind of intellectual *crux*,—the employment of some other faculties than those that commonly receive true poetry? They would resent the imputation, perhaps; but have they not been made unconsciously to assume that the field is one of thistles by the wagging of some possibly long-eared head over "Sordello," or the notion that he who enters here must swear full allegiance to "The Ring and the Book"? Not every head is of that description that finds interest even in the former of those two poems, and the latter and its successors have their own great place and function; but why insist upon opening at "Sordello" or "The Ring and the Book" a poet who has given us between them a whole cycle of the most direct, human, living poems in the language? Nobody insists upon our exclusive interest in the Second Part of Faust.

If I had a New Browning Society in view, it should be one to show—not indeed that the great poet just dead had touched human life and thought at more points, and more truly and deeply, than any in English since Shakespeare (for it may be years too early to preach that doctrine),—but that the Browning of "Men and Women," of the long list of poems which he grouped in his works as Dramatic Lyrics and Dramatic Romances, of "Pippa Passes" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," is not a poet of schoolmen, and has no esoteric doctrine to teach; but is before all things the poet of the red-blooded human being; of the vital, the active and the vigorous in both feeling and intellect; and that he is "lucid" in the highest sense in which that much-abused word is ever likely to be applied. That *this* Browning, in short, however time may deal with his later work, is quite safe among the commentators; being one whose sane and strong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

genius is as sure to widen its influence as to keep it while the language lasts.

"WHAT are 'men's women?'" asked, only the other day, the most charming of her sex; "men are forever saying of so-and-so, whom, by the way, I detest, that she is 'a man's woman.' Teach me how to be one, please. Wherein lies the charm? Must I smoke like your Venetians? Must I talk horse? Must I adopt all the other of your dreadful ways?"

Certainly not, dear madam. Yet it is quite true that while one man's ideal differs most fortuitously from another's, as one star differeth from another star in glory, there are those who are known among us as "men's women," for a happy combination of qualities somewhat difficult to describe. Are you old enough to have seen the comedy of the "Belle's Stratagem," unabridged? and if so, do you remember *Mrs. Racket's* definition of a fine lady? "A creature for whom nature has done much, and education more; she has taste, elegance, spirit, understanding. In her manner she is free, in her morals nice. Her behavior is undistinguishingly polite to her husband and all mankind." That will do admirably for a foundation. But a "man's woman" I take to be all this and something beyond it. To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over-intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? she half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return, he adores her.

This is all very well, you say, but I don't like that woman. Dear madam, as it never enters into her calculation that you should, she does not take such pains with you. She makes dear foes among you, of course. Sometimes, even, she does not escape calumny. But this, having no actual basis, falls of its own weight, and in the end, as you yourself will admit, you stand in awe of her. Your question proves it. I have tried to tell you why *we* like her; and if you must have a word of definition, here it is: She is one who has the gift to study men, and who, having studied many, finds the process still amusing. If you lack this primal requisite, abandon the unequal contest; you will never become like her by a servile imitation of her tricks and her manners. In spite of these, which set you so against her, let me entreat you to believe her a deserving woman indeed. To become such a woman there is, happily, an infallible prescription, dating from a Venetian province, in the good old times when "the doges used to wed the sea with rings." Like mine, it was given for the asking, by one Iago, on the quay at Cyprus; and I recommend to you every line of it except its lame and impotent conclusion.

WHAT is a man to do about those interesting possibilities that he calls his first loves? I say "possibilities," using the plural (and thereby doing violence, perhaps, to popular prejudice), because of the conviction that experience does not always teach enough, and that in a good many cases experiences are needed. If there are any agencies which are more usefully instructive than first loves in ripening adolescence into manhood, this deponent knoweth them not, and his ears are erect, and his eyes intent for the catalogue of them.

By first loves be it understood to include not only that preliminary being who first makes the incipient man aware of a peculiarity in his affections, but all the constellation of beings, more or less angelic, who become the successive guiding stars of his existence, from the time he achieves tail-coats until some woman takes him for better or worse, with all the fruits of a protracted training in him. Of course, there are some individual males who find their pole-star at the first essay, and never wabble afterward

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their courses. The limited knowledge of men of this sort may prevent them from realizing that their experience is exceptional. They must go to the books to learn what is the common lot of common men, and there is no book that recalls itself at this moment to which they can go to better purpose than to Edmond About's "Story of an Honest Man." There they will discover, if they need it, how the impact of successive entities upon the affections may hammer them at last into a durable article, graceful to contemplate, and able to stand the wear and tear of a work-a-day life.

Now as to those several entities. Many a man, unlike About's autobiographical hero, feels constrained to regard them as monuments of his own inconstancy and weakness, and either buries his memories of them in unmarked graves, or recalls them shamefacedly and with a very sneaking sort of tenderness. The greater fool he! I miss the proper point of view if such half-hearted sentiments are not mistaken; and if, by entertaining them, he does not needlessly contribute to blot out some of the most charming and interesting oases in all his desert of a past. A lad at college, though college for the time is all the world to him, does not deem it necessary to forget that he was once at school; nor does a man new launched in the real world affect to forget that he was once a part of the microcosm known as college. Indeed, the difficulty often is to make a college man remember anything else. But, by a very prevalent affectation, a married man is supposed to forget that eyes are fine in more than one color, or that other agencies than age or dye have ever been potent to change his views as to the proper hue of hair. The truth is, to be spoken flatly and with confidence that it is the truth, that a man who does not love his first loves all his life long makes a great mistake and does injustice to his own past. But, of course, he is to love them as they were. The affection they inspired in him, when they did inspire it, is a part of himself for all time, and they, as they then seemed, are a part of him too, and it is as idle for him to try to eradicate them from his actuality as for the leopard to attempt to change spots with the Ethiopian. That he should love what they may become with the lapse of years is manifestly inexpedient and unreasonable, as well as usually improper, if for no other reason, because

"One must not love another's."

There was obviously a corner in Praed's heart where "the ball-room's belle" had permanent lodgings, but obviously, too, he had no special tenderness for "Mrs. Something Rogers," but regarded her, no doubt, with an interest that was always friendly, but never uncomfortably acute, as one is apt to regard the cocoon from which some particularly lovely butterfly has escaped. True always to the butterfly, doubtless Praed disassociated it from Mr. Something Rogers's cocoon. When the fledgling Pendennis loved the Fotheringay, he loved her from his hat to his boot-soles, and don't imagine that he ever succeeded — even if he was fool enough to try—in erasing that lovely image from his memory. The Fotheringay saw the beginning of a habit of woman-worship of which, in due time, Laura reaped the benefit. And there was Genevieve! What an education she was to Coleridge! And can you imagine that he ever recanted, whatever Mrs. Coleridge's baptismal name may or may not have been!

Men may as well make up their minds—and women, too—that first loves are facts—most respectable and laudable facts, and not shadows; and while they need not be obtruded on a world that is not interested in them, they are neither to be snubbed nor denied, but respectfully entertained and cherished. Of all history, the most instructive to a man is his own. He can keep it to himself, if he will, and oftentimes it is very proper that he should, but he cannot afford to forget any of it. The discreditable parts he must remember as a warning to himself, and the rest, his first loves among them, to encourage him.

THE tours of the college glee-clubs during the holidays, and one or two dinners of Yale and Harvard clubs that came to my notice, suggested certain reflections as to the proper limit of a graduate's devotion to his *alma mater*. When he stands up in evening dress, with a glass of champagne in his hand, and drinks her health, of course he is excusable if he tints his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotion with enthusiasm, and declares that he is hers and that she is his always, and more or less exclusively. But how far is this really so, and if it is so, is it a laudable or desirable fact?

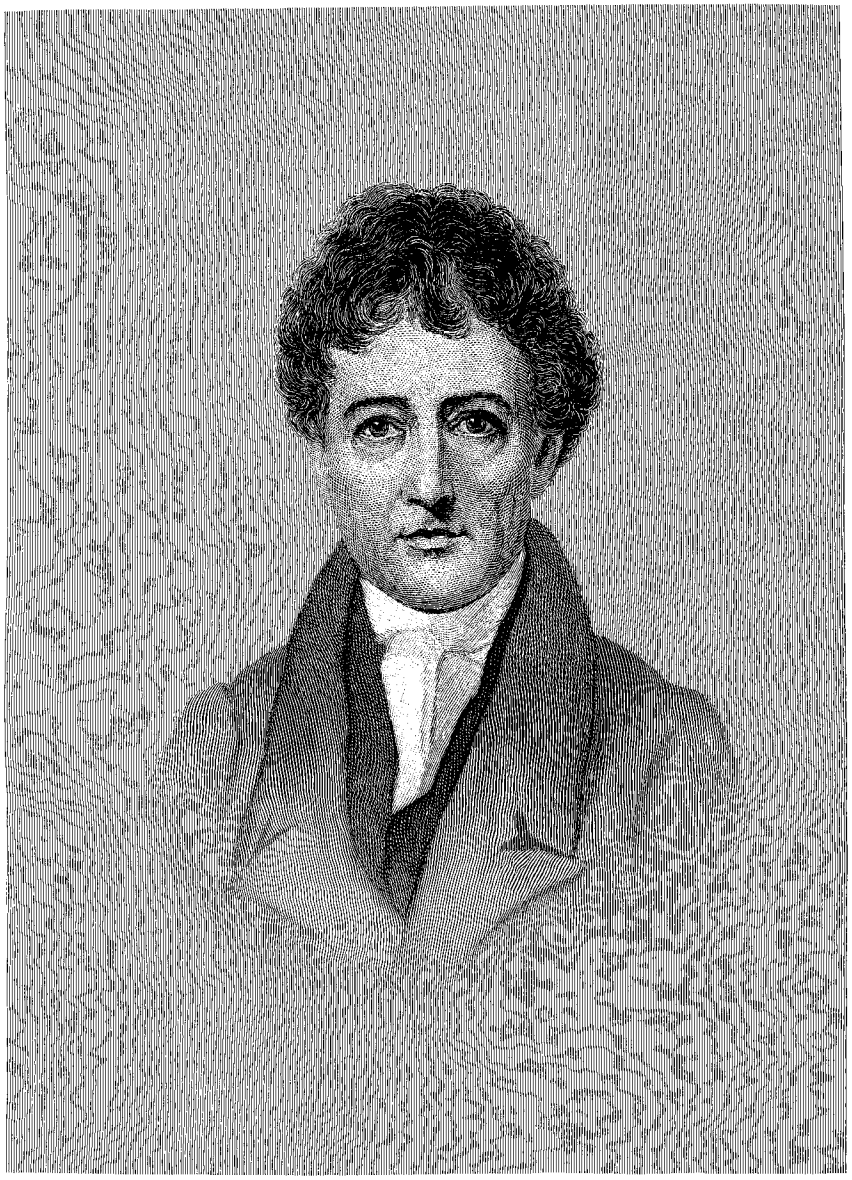
College usually puts a stamp on a man which sticks to him all his life long. It shapes his tastes, and usually determines in what company he is to begin the serious work of living. It starts him. The most salient fact about a new graduate of Yale, say, or Princeton, who comes to New York to work, is that he is "a Yale man," or "a Princeton man."

That is all very well, at the start. It identifies him to a certain extent, and is useful for descriptive purposes. But leave him in the world—New York, still, perhaps—for ten years. Then, if he is still described as "a Yale man of '89," without much further detail, I think it is a fair inference that he has not been doing much. The description isn't creditable any longer. There ought to be more to say about him.

I should confess to a feeling of satisfaction if some man whom I had known for ten years in this city of Oshkosh, where I live, should ask me suddenly, "Were you ever in college, Jones?" I should tell him I had been, and if he asked me where, I should tell him that; and I should be better pleased that he should be interested enough in me, or in my mental processes, to want to know where they were trained, than that his first thought should be of my college, and his after-thought of me. And I think, moreover, that I do better by my college by putting in the best work I can on my own account, than if I proclaimed my faith in her methods more loudly, and was more effusive in my sympathy with others who did not have the advantage of her fostering care. Of course, the crime of too much concentration upon college and college men is the crime of the new graduate. But equally of course, it is something to be got over as promptly as may be—something narrowing, exclusive, and a hinderance to usefulness.

When you get out of college, young man, get clear out. You can get back for half a day or so at any time—at a boat-race, a foot-ball match, at commencement—whenever there is a reasonable excuse; but in your daily walk and conversation be something more than a college man—be a citizen. Be even an alderman, if you can. Take the world to be yours, as Bacon took all learning to be his, and don't forever limit your view of it by what was once visible from some point in New Haven or in Cambridge. Go and be a *man* somewhere. Don't be satisfied to be a mere "graduate" for all time. Of course you owe your *alma mater* a debt that you are always ready to pay, and a loyalty that should have no breaks in it. When you have grown to the size of Daniel Webster, and your Dartmouth asks you to defend her in court, you are going to be proud when you do it. That is all right. You can't do too much for her, or do it too well. If you accumulate any reputation that is worth having, feel honored indeed when she offers to share it with you, but don't be too persistently anxious to strut in her plumes to the disparagement, it may be, of worthy men who have no claim to any similar privilege.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHARLES LAMB.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED